Thomas Carlyle

Dear Robin & Kate —

Happy Christmas

with love,

Justin

xx

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FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

LIVES OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER AND JOHN STERLING

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LTD.
LONDON ❧ MCMVII

LIFE OF
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

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PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

[1845.]

THE excuse for reprinting this somewhat insignificant Book is, that certain parties, of the pirate species, were preparing to reprint it for me. There are books, as there are horses, which a judicious owner, on fair survey of them, might prefer to adjust by at once shooting through the head: but in the case of books, owing to the pirate species, that is not possible. Remains therefore that at least dirty paper and errors of the press be guarded against; that a poor Book, which has still to walk this world, do walk in clean linen, so to speak, and pass its few and evil days with no blotches but its own adhering to it.

There have been various new *Lives* of Schiller since this one first saw the light;—great changes in our notions, informations, in our relations to the Life of Schiller, and to other things connected therewith, during that long time! Into which I could not in the least enter on the present occasion. Such errors, one or two, as lay corrigible on the surface, I have pointed out by here and there a Note as I read; but of errors that lay deeper there could no charge be taken: to break the surface, to tear-up the old substance, and model *it* anew, was a task that lay far from me,—that would have been frightful to me. What was written remains written; and the Reader, by way of constant commentary, when needed, has to say to himself, "It was written Twenty years ago." For newer instruction on Schiller's Biography he can consult the *Schillers Leben* of Madame von Wollzogen, which Goethe once called a *Schiller Redivivus;* the *Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe;*—or, as a summary of the whole, and the readiest inlet to the general subject for an English reader, Sir Edward Bulwer's *Sketch of Schiller's Life*, a vigorous and lively piece of writing, prefixed to his *Translations from Schiller.*

The present little Book is very imperfect:—but it pretends also to be very harmless; it can innocently instruct those who are more ignorant than itself! To which ingenuous class, according to their wants and tastes, let it, with all good wishes, and hopes to meet afterwards in fruitfuler provinces, be heartily commended.

T. CARLYLE

London, 7th May 1845.

THE

LIFE OF FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

PART I.

SCHILLER'S YOUTH (1759–1784).

Among the writers of the concluding part of the last century there is none more deserving of our notice than Friedrich Schiller. Distinguished alike for the splendour of his intellectual faculties, and the elevation of his tastes and feelings, he has left behind him in his works a noble emblem of these great qualities: and the reputation which he thus enjoys, and has merited, excites our attention the more, on considering the circumstances under which it was acquired. Schiller had peculiar difficulties to strive with, and his success has likewise been peculiar. Much of his life was deformed by inquietude and disease, and it terminated at middle age; he composed in a language then scarcely settled into form, or admitted to a rank among the cultivated languages of Europe: yet his writings are remarkable for their extent and variety as well as their intrinsic excellence; and his own countrymen are not his only, or perhaps his principal admirers. It is difficult to collect or interpret the general voice; but the World, no less than Germany, seems already to have dignified him with the reputation of a classic; to have enrolled him among that select number whose works belong not wholly to any age or nation, but who, having instructed their own contemporaries, are claimed as instructors by the great family of mankind, and set

apart for many centuries from the common oblivion which soon overtakes the mass of authors, as it does the mass of other men.

Such has been the high destiny of Schiller. His history and character deserve our study for more than one reason. A natural and harmless feeling attracts us towards such a subject; we are anxious to know how so great a man passed through the world, how he lived, and moved, and had his being; and the question, if properly investigated, might yield advantage as well as pleasure. It would be interesting to discover by what gifts and what employment of them he reached the eminence on which we now see him; to follow the steps of his intellectual and moral culture; to gather from his life and works some picture of himself. It is worth inquiring, whether he, who could represent noble actions so well, did himself act nobly; how those powers of intellect, which in philosophy and art achieved so much, applied themselves to the every-day emergencies of life; how the generous ardour, which delights us in his poetry, displayed itself in the common intercourse between man and man. It would at once instruct and gratify us if we could understand him thoroughly, could transport ourselves into his circumstances outward and inward, could see as he saw, and feel as he felt.

But if the various utility of such a task is palpable enough, its difficulties are not less so. We should not lightly think of comprehending the very simplest character, in all its bearings; and it might argue vanity to boast of even a common acquaintance with one like Schiller's. Such men as he are misunderstood by their daily companions, much more by the distant observer, who gleans his information from scanty records, and casual notices of characteristic events, which biographers are often too indolent or injudicious to collect, and which the peaceful life of a man of letters usually supplies in little abundance. The published details of Schiller's history are meagre and insufficient; and his writings, like those of every author, can afford but a dim and dubious copy of his mind. Nor is it easy to decipher even this, with moderate accuracy. The haze of a foreign language, of foreign manners, and modes of thinking strange to us, confuses and obscures the sight, often magnifying what is trivial, softening what is rude, and sometimes hid-

ing or distorting what is beautiful. To take the dimensions of Schiller's mind were a hard enterprise, in any case; harder still with these impediments.

Accordingly we do not, in this place, pretend to attempt it: we have no finished portrait of his character to offer, no formal estimate of his works. It will be enough for us if, in glancing over his life, we can satisfy a simple curiosity, about the fortunes and chief peculiarities of a man connected with us by a bond so kindly as that of the teacher to the taught, the giver to the receiver of mental delight; if, in wandering through his intellectual creation, we can enjoy once more the magnificent and fragrant beauty of that fairy land, and express our feelings, where we do not aim at judging and deciding.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was a native of Marbach, a small town of Würtemberg, situated on the banks of the Neckar. He was born on the 10th of November 1759,—a few months later than our own Robert Burns. Schiller's early culture was favoured by the dispositions, but obstructed by the outward circumstances of his parents. Though removed above the pressure of poverty, their station was dependent and fluctuating; it involved a frequent change of place and plan. Johann Caspar Schiller, the father, had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army; he served in the Netherlands during the Succession War. After his return home to Würtemberg, he laid aside the medical profession, having obtained a commission of ensign and adjutant under his native Prince. This post he held successively in two regiments; he had changed into the second, and was absent on active duty when Friedrich was born. The Peace of Paris put an end to his military employment; but Caspar had shown himself an intelligent, unassuming and useful man, and the Duke of Würtemberg was willing to retain him in his service. The laying-out of various nurseries and plantations in the pleasure-grounds of Ludwigsburg and Solitude was intrusted to the retired soldier, now advanced to the rank of captain: he removed from one establishment to another, from time to time; and continued in the Duke's pay till death. In his latter years he resided chiefly at Ludwigsburg.

This mode of life was not the most propitious for educating such a boy as Friedrich; but the native worth of his parents

did more than compensate for the disadvantages of their worldly condition and their limited acquirements in knowledge. The benevolence, the modest and prudent integrity, the true devoutness of these good people shone forth at an after period, expanded and beautified in the character of their son; his heart was nourished by a constant exposure to such influences, and thus the better part of his education prospered well. The mother was a woman of many household virtues; to a warm affection for her children and husband she joined a degree of taste and intelligence which is of much rarer occurrence. She is said to have been a lover of poetry; in particular an admiring reader of Utz and Gellert, writers whom it is creditable for one in her situation to have relished.[1] Her kindness and tenderness of heart peculiarly endeared her to Friedrich. Her husband appears to have been a person of great probity, somewhat rugged of temper, but sincerely desirous to approve himself a useful member of society, and to do his duty conscientiously to all men. The seeds of many valuable qualities had been sown in him by nature; and though his early life had been unfavourable for their cultivation, he at a late period laboured, not without success, to remedy this disadvantage. Such branches of science and philosophy as lay within his reach, he studied with diligence, whenever his professional employments left him leisure; on a subject connected with the latter he became an author.[2] But what chiefly distinguished him was the practice of a sincere piety, which seems to have diffused itself over all his feelings, and given to his clear and honest character that calm elevation which, in such a case, is its natural result. As his religion mingled itself with every motive and action of his life, the wish which in all his wanderings lay nearest his heart, the wish for the education of his son, was likely to be deeply tinctured with it. There is yet preserved, in his handwriting, a prayer composed in advanced age, wherein he mentions how, at the child's birth, he had entreated the great Father of all, "to supply in strength of spirit what must needs be wanting in outward instruction." The gray-haired man,

[1] She was of humble descent and little education, the daughter of a baker in Marbach.—For much new light on Schiller's Parentage, Boyhood and Youth, see *Supplement of* 1872, *infrà*.

[2] His book is entitled *Die Baumzucht im Grossen* (the Cultivation of Trees on the Grand Scale): it came to a second edition in 1806.

who had lived to see the maturity of his boy, could now express his solemn thankfulness, that "God had heard the prayer of a mortal."

Friedrich followed the movements of his parents for some time; and had to gather the elements of learning from various masters. Perhaps it was in part owing to this circumstance, that his progress, though respectable, or more, was so little commensurate with what he afterwards became, or with the capacities of which even his earliest years gave symptoms. Thoughtless and gay, as a boy is wont to be, he would now and then dissipate his time in childish sports, forgetful that the stolen charms of ball and leap-frog must be dearly bought by reproaches: but occasionally he was overtaken with feelings of deeper import, and used to express the agitations of his little mind in words and actions, which were first rightly interpreted when they were called to mind long afterwards. His schoolfellows can *now* recollect that even his freaks had sometimes a poetic character; that a certain earnestness of temper, a frank integrity, an appetite for things grand or moving, was discernible across all the caprices of his boyhood. Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunderstorm, his father missed him in the young group within doors; none of the sisters could tell what was become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy, and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last, in a solitary place of the neighbourhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky, and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent, the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation, "that the lightning was very beautiful, and that he wished to see where it was coming from!"—Such anecdotes, we have long known, are in themselves of small value: the present one has the additional defect of being somewhat dubious in respect of authenticity. We have ventured to give it, as it came to us, notwithstanding. The picture of the boy Schiller, contemplating the thunder, is not without a certain interest, for such as know the man.

Schiller's first teacher was Moser, pastor and schoolmaster in the village of Lorch, where the parents resided from the

sixth to the ninth year of their son. This person deserves mention for the influence he exerted on the early history of his pupil: he seems to have given his name to the Priest 'Moser' in the *Robbers;* his spiritual calling, and the conversation of his son, himself afterwards a preacher, are supposed to have suggested to Schiller the idea of consecrating himself to the clerical profession. This idea, which laid hold of and cherished some predominant though vague propensities of the boy's disposition, suited well with the religious sentiments of his parents, and was soon formed into a settled purpose. In the public school at Ludwigsburg, whither the family had now removed, his studies were regulated with this view; and he underwent, in four successive years, the annual examination before the Stuttgard Commission, to which young men destined for the Church are subjected in that country. Schiller's temper was naturally devout; with a delicacy of feeling which tended towards bashfulness and timidity, there was mingled in him a fervid impetuosity, which was ever struggling through its concealment, and indicating that he felt deeply and strongly, as well as delicately. Such a turn of mind easily took the form of religion, prescribed to it by early example and early affections, as well as nature. Schiller looked forward to the sacred profession with alacrity: it was the serious day-dream of all his boyhood, and much of his youth. As yet, however, the project hovered before him at a great distance, and the path to its fulfilment offered him but little entertainment. His studies did not seize his attention firmly; he followed them from a sense of duty, not of pleasure. Virgil and Horace he learned to construe accurately; but is said to have taken no deep interest in their poetry. The tenderness and meek beauty of the first, the humour and sagacity and capricious pathos of the last, the matchless elegance of both, would of course escape his inexperienced perception; while the matter of their writings must have appeared frigid and shallow to a mind so susceptible. He loved rather to meditate on the splendour of the Ludwigsburg theatre, which had inflamed his imagination when he first saw it in his ninth year, and given shape and materials to many of his subsequent reveries.[3] Under these circum-

[3] The first display of his poetic gifts occurred also in his ninth year, but took its rise in a much humbler and less common source than the inspiration

stances, his progress, with all his natural ability, could not be very striking; the teachers did not fail now and then to visit him with their severities; yet still there was a negligent success in his attempts, which, joined to his honest and vivid temper, made men augur well of him. The Stuttgard Examinators have marked him in their records with the customary formula of approval, or, at worst, of toleration. They usually designate him as 'a boy of good hope,' *puer bonæ spei.*

This good hope was not, however, destined to be realised in the way they expected: accidents occurred which changed the direction of Schiller's exertions, and threatened for a time to prevent the success of them altogether. The Duke of Würtemberg had lately founded a Free Seminary for certain branches

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of the stage. His biographers have recorded this small event with a conscientious accuracy, second only to that of Boswell and Hawkins in regard to the Lichfield *duck*. 'The little tale,' says one of them, 'is worth relating; 'the rather that, after an interval of more than twenty years, Schiller himself, on meeting with his early comrade (the late Dr. Elwert of Kantstadt) 'for the first time since their boyhood, reminded him of the adventure, recounting the circumstances with great minuteness and glee. It is as follows: Once in 1768, Elwert and he had to repeat their catechism together 'on a certain day publicly in the church. Their teacher, an ill-conditioned, 'narrow-minded pietist, had previously threatened them with a thorough 'flogging if they missed even a single word. To make the matter worse, 'this very teacher chanced to be the person whose turn it was to catechise 'on the appointed day. Both the boys began their answers with dismayed 'hearts and faltering tongues; yet they succeeded in accomplishing the task; 'and were in consequence rewarded by the mollified pedagogue with two 'kreutzers apiece. Four kreutzers of ready cash was a sum of no common 'magnitude; how it should be disposed of formed a serious question for the 'parties interested. Schiller moved that they should go to Harteneck, a 'hamlet in the neighbourhood, and have a dish of curds-and-cream: his 'partner assented; but alas! in Harteneck no particle of curds or cream 'was to be had. Schiller then made offer for a quarter-cake of cheese; but 'for this four entire kreutzers were demanded, leaving nothing whatever in 'reserve for bread! Twice baffled, the little gastronomes, unsatisfied in 'stomach, wandered on to Neckarweihingen; where, at length, though not 'till after much inquiry, they did obtain a comfortable mess of curds-and-'cream, served up in a gay platter, and silver spoons to eat it with. For all 'this, moreover, they were charged but three kreutzers; so that there was 'still one left to provide them with a bunch of St. John grapes. Exhilarated 'by such liberal cheer, Schiller rose into a glow of inspiration: having left 'the village, he mounted with his comrade to the adjacent height, which 'overlooks both Harteneck and Neckarweihingen; and there in a truly poetic 'effusion he pronounced his malediction on the creamless region, bestowing 'with the same solemnity his blessing on the one which had afforded him 'that savoury refreshment.' *Friedrich von Schillers Leben* (Heidelberg 1817), p. 11.

of professional education: it was first set up at Solitude, one of his country residences; and had now been transferred to Stuttgard, where, under an improved form, and with the name of *Karls-schule*, we believe it still exists. The Duke proposed to give the sons of his military officers a preferable claim to the benefits of this institution; and having formed a good opinion both of Schiller and his father, he invited the former to profit by this opportunity. The offer occasioned great embarrassment: the young man and his parents were alike determined in favour of the Church, a project with which this new one was inconsistent. Their embarrassment was but increased, when the Duke, on learning the nature of their scruples, desired them to think well before they decided. It was out of fear, and with reluctance that his proposal was accepted. Schiller enrolled himself in 1773; and turned, with a heavy heart, from freedom and cherished hopes, to Greek, and seclusion, and Law.

His anticipations proved to be but too just: the six years which he spent in this establishment were the most harassing and comfortless of his life. The Stuttgard system of education seems to have been formed on the principle, not of cherishing and correcting nature, but of rooting it out, and supplying its place with something better. The process of teaching and living was conducted with the stiff formality of military drilling; every thing went on by statute and ordinance, there was no scope for the exercise of free-will, no allowance for the varieties of original structure. A scholar might possess what instincts or capacities he pleased; the 'regulations of the school' took no account of this; he must fit himself into the common mould, which, like the old Giant's bed, stood there, appointed by superior authority, to be filled alike by the great and the little. The same strict and narrow course of reading and composition was marked out for each beforehand, and it was by stealth if he read or wrote anything beside. Their domestic economy was regulated in the same spirit as their preceptorial: it consisted of the same sedulous exclusion of all that could border on pleasure, or give any exercise to choice. The pupils were kept apart from the conversation or sight of any person but their teachers; none ever got beyond the precincts of despotism to snatch even a fearful joy; their very amusements proceeded by the word of command.

How grievous all this must have been, it is easy to conceive. To Schiller it was more grievous than to any other. Of an ardent and impetuous yet delicate nature, whilst his discontentment devoured him internally, he was too modest and timid to give it the relief of utterance by deeds or words. Locked up within himself, he suffered deeply, but without complaining. Some of his letters written during this period have been preserved: they exhibit the ineffectual struggles of a fervid and busy mind veiling its many chagrins under a certain dreary patience, which only shows them more painfully. He pored over his lexicons and grammars, and insipid tasks, with an artificial composure; but his spirit pined within him like a captive's, when he looked forth into the cheerful world, or recollected the affection of parents, the hopes and frolicsome enjoyments of past years. The misery he endured in this severe and lonely mode of existence strengthened or produced in him a habit of constraint and shyness, which clung to his character through life.

The study of Law, for which he had never felt any predilection, naturally grew in his mind to be the representative of all these evils, and his distaste for it went on increasing. On this point he made no secret of his feelings. One of the exercises, yearly prescribed to every scholar, was a written delineation of his own character, according to his own views of it, to be delivered publicly at an appointed time: Schiller, on the first of these exhibitions, ventured to state his persuasion, that he was not made to be a jurist, but called rather by his inclinations and faculties to the clerical profession. This statement, of course, produced no effect; he was forced to continue the accustomed course, and his dislike for Law kept fast approaching to absolute disgust. In 1775, he was fortunate enough to get it relinquished, though at the expense of adopting another employment, for which, in different circumstances, he would hardly have declared himself. The study of Medicine, for which a new institution was about this time added to the Stuttgard school, had no attractions for Schiller: he accepted it only as a galling servitude in exchange for one more galling. His mind was bent on higher objects; and he still felt all his present vexations aggravated by the thought, that his fairest expectations from the future had been sacrificed to worldly convenience, and the humblest necessities of life.

Meanwhile the youth was waxing into manhood, and the fetters of discipline lay heavier on him, as his powers grew stronger, and his eyes became open to the stirring and variegated interests of the world, now unfolding itself to him under new and more glowing colours. As yet he contemplated the scene only from afar, and it seemed but the more gorgeous on that account. He longed to mingle in its busy current, and delighted to view the image of its movements in his favourite poets and historians. Plutarch and Shakspeare ;[4] the writings of Klopstock, Lessing, Garve, Herder, Gerstenberg, Goethe, and a multitude of others, which marked the dawning literature of Germany, he had studied with a secret avidity: they gave him vague ideas of men and life, or awakened in him splendid visions of literary glory. Klopstock's *Messias*, combined with his own religious tendencies, had early turned him to sacred poetry: before the end of his fourteenth year, he had finished what he called an 'epic poem,' entitled *Moses*. The extraordinary popularity of Gerstenberg's *Ugolino*, and Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, next directed his attention to the drama; and as admiration in a mind like his, full of blind activity and nameless aspirings, naturally issues in imitation, he plunged with equal ardour into this new subject, and produced his first tragedy, *Cosmo von Medicis*, some fragments of which he retained and inserted in his *Robbers*. A mass of minor performances, preserved among his papers, or published in the Magazines of the time, serve sufficiently to show that his mind had already dimly discovered its destination, and was striving with a restless vehemence to reach it, in spite of every obstacle.

Such obstacles were in his case neither few nor small. Schiller felt the mortifying truth, that to arrive at the ideal world, he must first gain a footing in the real; that he might

[4] The feeling produced in him by Shakspeare he described long afterwards: it throws light on the general state of his temper and tastes. 'When 'I first, at a very early age,' he says, 'became acquainted with this poet, I 'felt indignant at his coldness, his hardness of heart, which permitted him 'in the most melting pathos to utter jests,—to mar, by the introduction of 'a fool, the soul-searching scenes of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and other pieces; which 'now kept him still where my sensibilities hastened forward, now drove 'him carelessly onward where I would so gladly have lingered. * * He 'was the object of my reverence and zealous study for years before I could 'love himself. I was not yet capable of comprehending Nature at first-hand: 'I had but learned to admire her image, reflected in the understanding, and 'put in order by rules.' *Werke*, Bd. viii. 2, p. 77.

entertain high thoughts and longings, might reverence the beauties of nature and grandeur of mind, but was born to toil for his daily bread. Poetry he loved with the passionateness of a first affection; but he could not live by it; he honoured it too highly to wish to live by it. His prudence told him that he must yield to stern necessity, must 'forsake the balmy 'climate of Pindus for the Greenland of a barren and dreary 'science of terms;' and he did not hesitate to obey. His professional studies were followed with a rigid though reluctant fidelity; it was only in leisure gained by superior diligence that he could yield himself to more favourite pursuits. Genius was to serve as the ornament of his inferior qualities, not as an excuse for the want of them.

But if, when such sacrifices were required, it was painful to comply with the dictates of his own reason, it was still more so to endure the harsh and superfluous restrictions of his teachers. He felt it hard enough to be driven from the enchantments of poetry by the dull realities of duty; but it was intolerable and degrading to be hemmed-in still farther by the caprices of severe and formal pedagogues. Schiller brooded gloomily over the constraints and hardships of his situation. Many plans he formed for deliverance. Sometimes he would escape in secret to catch a glimpse of the free and busy world to him forbidden: sometimes he laid schemes for utterly abandoning a place which he abhorred, and trusting to fortune for the rest. Often the sight of his class-books and school-apparatus became irksome beyond endurance; he would feign sickness, that he might be left in his own chamber to write poetry and pursue his darling studies without hindrance. Such artifices did not long avail him; the masters noticed the regularity of his sickness, and sent him tasks to be done while it lasted. Even Schiller's patience could not brook this; his natural timidity gave place to indignation; he threw the paper of exercises at the feet of the messenger, and said sternly that "*here* he would choose his own studies."

Under such corroding and continual vexations an ordinary spirit would have sunk at length, would have gradually given up its loftier aspirations, and sought refuge in vicious indulgence, or at best have sullenly harnessed itself into the yoke, and plodded through existence, weary, discontented, and broken,

ever casting back a hankering look upon the dreams of youth, and ever without power to realise them. But Schiller was no ordinary character, and did not act like one. Beneath a cold and simple exterior, dignified with no artificial attractions, and marred in its native amiableness by the incessant obstruction, the isolation and painful destitutions under which he lived, there was concealed a burning energy of soul, which no obstruction could extinguish. The hard circumstances of his fortune had prevented the natural development of his mind; his faculties had been cramped and misdirected; but they had gathered strength by opposition and the habit of self-dependence which it encouraged. His thoughts, unguided by a teacher, had sounded into the depths of his own nature and the mysteries of his own fate; his feelings and passions, unshared by any other heart, had been driven back upon his own, where, like the volcanic fire that smoulders and fuses in secret, they accumulated till their force grew irresistible.

Hitherto Schiller had passed for an unprofitable, a discontented and a disobedient Boy: but the time was now come when the gyves of school-discipline could no longer cripple and distort the giant might of his nature: he stood forth as a Man, and wrenched asunder his fetters with a force that was felt at the extremities of Europe. The publication of the *Robbers* forms an era not only in Schiller's history, but in the Literature of the World; and there seems no doubt that, but for so mean a cause as the perverted discipline of the Stuttgard school, we had never seen this tragedy. Schiller commenced it in his nineteenth year; and the circumstances under which it was composed are to be traced in all its parts. It is the production of a strong untutored spirit, consumed by an activity for which there is no outlet, indignant at the barriers which restrain it, and grappling darkly with the phantoms to which its own energy thus painfully imprisoned gives being. A rude simplicity, combined with a gloomy and overpowering force, are its chief characteristics; they remind us of the defective cultivation, as well as of the fervid and harassed feelings of its author. Above all, the latter quality is visible; the tragic interest of the *Robbers* is deep throughout, so deep that frequently it borders upon horror. A grim inexpiable Fate is made the ruling principle: it envelops and overshadows the

whole; and under its louring influence, the fiercest efforts of human will appear but like flashes that illuminate the wild scene with a brief and terrible splendour, and are lost forever in the darkness. The unsearchable abysses of man's destiny are laid open before us, black and profound and appalling, as they seem to the young mind when it first attempts to explore them: the obstacles that thwart our faculties and wishes, the deceitfulness of hope, the nothingness of existence, are sketched in the sable colours so natural to the enthusiast when he first ventures upon life, and compares the world that is without him to the anticipations that were within.

Karl von Moor is a character such as young poets always delight to contemplate or delineate; to Schiller the analogy of their situations must have peculiarly recommended him. Moor is animated into action by feelings similar to those under which his author was then suffering and longing to act. Gifted with every noble quality of manhood in overflowing abundance, Moor's first expectations of life, and of the part he was to play in it, had been glorious as a poet's dream. But the minor dexterities of management were not among his endowments; in his eagerness to reach the goal, he had forgotten that the course is a labyrinthic maze, beset with difficulties, of which some may be surmounted, some can only be evaded, many can be neither. Hurried on by the headlong impetuosity of his temper, he entangles himself in these perplexities; and thinks to penetrate them, not by skill and patience, but by open force. He is baffled, deceived, and still more deeply involved; but injury and disappointment exasperate rather than instruct him. He had expected heroes, and he finds mean men; friends, and he finds smiling traitors to tempt him aside, to profit by his aberrations, and lead him onward to destruction: he had dreamed of magnanimity and every generous principle, he finds that prudence is the only virtue sure of its reward. Too fiery by nature, the intensity of his sufferings has now maddened him still farther: he is himself incapable of calm reflection, and there is no counsellor at hand to assist him; none, whose sympathy might assuage his miseries, whose wisdom might teach him to remedy or to endure them. He is stung by fury into action, and his activity is at once blind and tremendous. Since the world is not the abode of unmixed integrity, he looks

upon it as a den of thieves; since its institutions may obstruct the advancement of worth, and screen delinquency from punishment, he regards the social union as a pestilent nuisance, the mischiefs of which it is fitting that he in his degree should do his best to repair, by means however violent. Revenge is the mainspring of his conduct; but he ennobles it in his own eyes, by giving it the colour of a disinterested concern for the maintenance of justice,—the abasement of vice from its high places, and the exaltation of suffering virtue. Single against the universe, to appeal to the primary law of the stronger, to 'grasp the scales of Providence in a mortal's hand,' is frantic and wicked; but Moor has a force of soul which makes it likewise awful. The interest lies in the conflict of this gigantic soul against the fearful odds which at length overwhelm it, and hurry it down to the darkest depths of ruin.

The original conception of such a work as this betrays the inexperience no less than the vigour of youth: its execution gives a similar testimony. The characters of the piece, though traced in glowing colours, are outlines more than pictures: the few features we discover in them are drawn with elaborate minuteness; but the rest are wanting. Everything indicates the condition of a keen and powerful intellect, which had studied men in books only; had, by self-examination and the perusal of history, detected and strongly seized some of the leading peculiarities of human nature; but was yet ignorant of all the minute and more complex principles which regulate men's conduct in actual life, and which only a knowledge of living men can unfold. If the hero of the play forms something like an exception to this remark, he is the sole exception, and for reasons alluded to above: his character resembles the author's own. Even with Karl, the success is incomplete: with the other personages it is far more so. Franz von Moor, the villain of the Piece, is an amplified copy of Iago and Richard; but the copy is distorted as well as amplified. There is no air of reality in Franz: he is a villain of theory, who studies to accomplish his object by the most diabolical expedients, and soothes his conscience by arguing with the priest in favour of atheism and materialism; not the genuine villain of Shakspeare and Nature, who employs his reasoning powers in creating new schemes and devising new means, and conquers

remorse by avoiding it,—by fixing his hopes and fears on the more pressing emergencies of worldly business. So reflective a miscreant as Franz could not exist: his calculations would lead him to honesty, if merely because it was the best policy.

Amelia, the only female in the piece, is a beautiful creation; but as imaginary as her persecutor Franz. Still and exalted in her warm enthusiasm, devoted in her love to Moor, she moves before us as the inhabitant of a higher and simpler world than ours. "*He* sails on troubled seas," she exclaims, with a confusion of metaphors, which it is easy to pardon, "he "sails on troubled seas, Amelia's love sails with him; he "wanders in pathless deserts, Amelia's love makes the burn- "ing sand grow green beneath him, and the stunted shrubs to "blossom; the south scorches his bare head, his feet are "pinched by the northern snow, stormy hail beats round his "temples—Amelia's love rocks him to sleep in the storm. "Seas, and hills, and horizons, are between us; but souls "escape from their clay prisons, and meet in the paradise of "love!" She is a fair vision, the *beau idéal* of a poet's first mistress; but has few mortal lineaments.

Similar defects are visible in almost all the other characters. Moor, the father, is a weak and fond old man, who could have arrived at gray hairs in such a state of ignorance nowhere but in a work of fiction. The inferior banditti are painted with greater vigour, yet still in rugged and ill-shapen forms; their individuality is kept up by an extravagant exaggeration of their several peculiarities. Schiller himself pronounced a severe but not unfounded censure, when he said of this work, in a maturer age, that his *chief* fault was in 'presuming to delineate men two years before he had met one.'

His skill in the art of composition surpassed his knowledge of the world; but that too was far from perfection. Schiller's style in the *Robbers* is partly of a kind with the incidents and feelings which it represents; strong and astonishing, and sometimes wildly grand; but likewise inartificial, coarse, and grotesque. His sentences, in their rude emphasis, come down like the club of Hercules; the stroke is often of a crushing force, but its sweep is irregular and awkward. When Moor is involved in the deepest intricacies of the old question, neces-

sity and free will, and has convinced himself that he is but an engine in the hands of some dark and irresistible power, he cries out: "Why has my Perillus made of me a brazen bull to roast men in my glowing belly?" The stage-direction says, 'shaken with horror:' no wonder that he shook!

Schiller has admitted these faults, and explained their origin, in strong and sincere language, in a passage of which we have already quoted the conclusion. 'A singular miscal-culation of nature,' he says, 'had combined my poetical tend-encies with the place of my birth. Any disposition to poetry did violence to the laws of the institution where I was edu-cated, and contradicted the plan of its founder. For eight years my enthusiasm struggled with military discipline; but the passion for poetry is vehement and fiery as a first love. What discipline was meant to extinguish, it blew into a flame. To escape from arrangements that tortured me, my heart sought refuge in the world of ideas, when as yet I was unac-quainted with the world of realities, from which iron bars excluded me. I was unacquainted with men; for the four hundred that lived with me were but repetitions of the same creature, true casts of one single mould, and of that very mould which plastic nature solemnly disclaimed. * * * Thus circumstanced, a stranger to human characters and human fortunes, to hit the medium line between angels and devils was an enterprise in which I necessarily failed. In attempting it, my pencil necessarily brought out a monster, for which by good fortune the world had no original, and which I would not wish to be immortal, except to perpetuate an example of the offspring which Genius in its unnatural union with Thraldom may give to the world. I allude to the *Robbers*.'[5]

Yet with all these excrescences and defects, the unbounded popularity of the *Robbers* is not difficult to account for. To every reader, the excitement of emotion must be a chief consideration; to the mass of readers it is the sole one: and the grand secret of moving others is, that the poet be himself moved. We have seen how well Schiller's temper and circumstances qualified him to fulfil this condition: treatment, not of his choosing, had raised his own mind into something like a

[5] *Deutsches Museum v. Jahr* 1784, cited by Doering.

Pythian frenzy; and his genius, untrained as it was, sufficed to communicate abundance of the feeling to others. Perhaps more than abundance: to judge from our individual impression, the perusal of the *Robbers* produces an effect powerful even to pain; we are absolutely wounded by the catastrophe; our minds are darkened and distressed, as if we had witnessed the execution of a criminal. It is in vain that we rebel against the inconsistencies and crudities of the work: its faults are redeemed by the living energy that pervades it. We may exclaim against the blind madness of the hero; but there is a towering grandeur about him, a whirlwind force of passion and of will, which catches our hearts, and puts the scruples of criticism to silence. The most delirious of enterprises is that of Moor, but the vastness of his mind renders even that interesting. We see him leagued with desperadoes directing their savage strength to actions more and more audacious; he is in arms against the conventions of men and the everlasting laws of Fate: yet we follow him with anxiety through the forests and desert places, where he wanders, encompassed with peril, inspired with lofty daring, and torn by unceasing remorse; and we wait with awe for the doom which he has merited and cannot avoid. Nor amid all his frightful aberrations do we ever cease to love him: he is an 'archangel though in ruins;' and the strong agony with which he feels the present, the certainty of that stern future which awaits him, which his own eye never loses sight of, makes us lenient to his crimes. When he pours forth his wild recollections, or still wilder forebodings, there is a terrible vehemence in his expressions, which overpowers us, in spite both of his and their extravagance. The scene on the hills beside the Danube, where he looks at the setting sun, and thinks of old hopes, and times 'when he could not sleep if his evening prayer had been forgotten,' is one, with all its improprieties, that ever clings to the memory. "See," he passionately continues, "all things are gone forth "to bask in the peaceful beam of the spring: why must I alone "inhale the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven? That "all should be so happy, all so married together by the spirit "of peace! The whole world one family, its Father above; "that Father not *mine!* I alone the castaway, I alone struck "out from the company of the just; not for me the sweet

" name of child, never for me the languishing look of one whom " I love; never, never, the embracing of a bosom friend! En- " circled with murderers; serpents hissing around me; riveted " to vice with iron bonds; leaning on the bending reed of vice " over the gulf of perdition; amid the flowers of the glad world, " a howling Abaddon! Oh, that I might return into my mo- " ther's womb;—that I might be born a beggar! I would " never more—O Heaven, that I could be as one of these day- " labourers! Oh, I would toil till the blood ran down from " my temples, to buy myself the pleasure of one noontide sleep, " the blessing of a single tear. There *was* a time too, when " I could weep—O ye days of peace, thou castle of my father, " ye green lovely valleys!—O all ye Elysian scenes of my " childhood! will ye never come again, never with your balmy " sighing cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me, Nature! " They will never come again, never cool my burning bosom " with their balmy sighing. They are gone! gone! and may " not return!"

No less strange is the soliloquy where Moor, with the instrument of self-destruction in his hands, the 'dread key that 'is to shut behind him the prison of life, and to unbolt before 'him the dwelling of eternal night,'—meditates on the gloomy enigmas of his future destiny. Soliloquies on this subject are numerous,—from the time of Hamlet, of Cato, and downwards. Perhaps the worst of them has more ingenuity, perhaps the best of them has less awfulness than the present. St. Dominick himself might shudder at such a question, with such an answer as this: " What if thou shouldst send me companion- " less to some burnt and blasted circle of the universe; which " thou hast banished from thy sight; where the lone darkness " and the motionless desert were my prospects—forever? I " would people the silent wilderness with my fantasies; I should " have Eternity for leisure to examine the perplexed image of " the universal woe."

Strength, wild impassioned strength, is the distinguishing quality of Moor. All his history shows it; and his death is of a piece with the fierce splendour of his life. Having finished the bloody work of crime, and magnanimity, and horror, he thinks that, for himself, suicide would be too easy an exit. He has noticed a poor man toiling by the wayside, for eleven chil-

dren; a great reward has been promised for the head of the Robber; the gold will nourish that poor drudge and his boys, and Moor goes forth to give it them. We part with him in pity and sorrow; looking less at his misdeeds than at their frightful expiation.

The subordinate personages, though diminished in extent and varied in their forms, are of a similar quality with the hero; a strange mixture of extravagance and true energy. In perusing the work which represents their characters and fates, we are alternately shocked and inspired; there is a perpetual conflict between our understanding and our feelings. Yet the latter on the whole come off victorious. The *Robbers* is a tragedy that will long find readers to astonish, and, with all its faults, to move. It stands, in our imagination, like some ancient rugged pile of a barbarous age; irregular, fantastic, useless; but grand in its height and massiveness and black frowning strength. It will long remain a singular monument of the early genius and early fortune of its author.

The publication of such a work as this naturally produced an extraordinary feeling in the literary world. Translations of the *Robbers* soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe, and were read in all of them with a deep interest, compounded of admiration and aversion, according to the relative proportions of sensibility and judgment in the various minds which contemplated the subject. In Germany, the enthusiasm which the *Robbers* excited was extreme. The young author had burst upon the world like a meteor; and surprise, for a time, suspended the power of cool and rational criticism. In the ferment produced by the universal discussion of this single topic, the poet was magnified above his natural dimensions, great as they were: and though the general sentence was loudly in his favour, yet he found detractors as well as praisers, and both equally beyond the limits of moderation.

One charge brought against him must have damped the joy of literary glory, and stung Schiller's pure and virtuous mind more deeply than any other. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work; of having set up to the impetuous and fiery temperament of youth a model of imitation which the young were too likely to pursue with eagerness, and which could only lead them from the safe and beaten tracks

of duty into error and destruction. It has even been stated, and often been repeated since, that a practical exemplification of this doctrine occurred, about this time, in Germany. A young nobleman, it was said, of the fairest gifts and prospects, had cast away all these advantages; betaken himself to the forests, and, copying Moor, had begun a course of active operations, —which, also copying Moor, but less willingly, he had ended by a shameful death.

It can now be hardly necessary to contradict these theories; or to show that none but a candidate for Bedlam as well as Tyburn could be seduced from the substantial comforts of existence, to seek destruction and disgrace, for the sake of such imaginary grandeur. The German nobleman of the fairest gifts and prospects turns out, on investigation, to have been a German blackguard, whom debauchery and riotous extravagance had reduced to want; who took to the highway, when he could take to nothing else,—not allured by an ebullient enthusiasm, or any heroical and misdirected appetite for sublime actions, but driven by the more palpable stimulus of importunate duns, an empty purse, and five craving senses. Perhaps in his later days, this philosopher *may* have referred to Schiller's tragedy, as the source from which he drew his theory of life: but if so, we believe he was mistaken. For characters like him, the great attraction was the charms of revelry, and the great restraint, the gallows,—before the period of Karl von Moor, just as they have been since, and will be to the end of time. Among motives like these, the influence of even the most malignant book could scarcely be discernible, and would be little detrimental, if it were.

Nothing, at any rate, could be farther from Schiller's intention than such a consummation. In his preface, he speaks of the moral effects of the *Robbers* in terms which do honour to his heart, while they show the inexperience of his head. Ridicule, he signifies, has long been tried against the wickedness of the times, whole cargoes of hellebore have been expended,—in vain; and now, he thinks, recourse must be had to more pungent medicines. We may smile at the simplicity of this idea; and safely conclude that, like other specifics, the present one would fail to produce a perceptible effect: but Schiller's vindication rests on nigher grounds than these. His work has on the whole

furnished nourishment to the more exalted powers of our nature; the sentiments and images which he has shaped and uttered, tend, in spite of their alloy, to elevate the soul to a nobler pitch: and this is a sufficient defence. As to the danger of misapplying the inspiration he communicates, of forgetting the dictates of prudence in our zeal for the dictates of poetry, we have no great cause to fear it. Hitherto, at least, there has always been enough of dull reality, on every side of us, to abate such fervours in good time, and bring us back to the most sober level of prose, if not to sink us below it. We should thank the poet who performs such a service; and forbear to inquire too rigidly whether there is any 'moral' in his piece or not. The writer of a work, which interests and excites the spiritual feelings of men, has as little need to justify himself by showing how it exemplifies some wise saw or modern instance, as the doer of a generous action has to demonstrate its merit, by deducing it from the system of Shaftesbury, or Smith, or Paley, or whichever happens to be the favourite system for the age and place. The instructiveness of the one, and the virtue of the other, exist independently of all systems or saws, and in spite of all.

But the tragedy of the *Robbers* produced some inconveniences of a kind much more sensible than these its theoretical mischiefs. We have called it the signal of Schiller's deliverance from school tyranny and military constraint; but its operation in this respect was not immediate; at first it seemed to involve him more deeply and dangerously than before. He had finished the original sketch of it in 1778; but for fear of offence, he kept it secret till his medical studies were completed.[6] These, in the mean time, he had pursued with suffi-

[6] On this subject Doering gives an anecdote, which may perhaps be worth translating. 'One of Schiller's teachers surprised him on one occasion reciting a scene from the *Robbers*, before some of his intimate companions. 'At the words, which Franz von Moor addresses to Moser: *Ha, what! thou knowest none greater? Think again! Death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hovers in the sound of thy voice! Not one greater?*—the door opened, 'and the master saw Schiller stamping in desperation up and down the 'room. "For shame," said he, "for shame to get into such a passion, and 'curse so!" The other scholars tittered covertly at the worthy inspector; 'and Schiller called after him with a bitter smile, "A noodle" (*ein confuscirter Kerl*)!'

cient assiduity to merit the usual honours;[7] in 1780, he had, in consequence, obtained the post of surgeon to the regiment *Augé*, in the Würtemberg army. This advancement enabled him to complete his project, to print the *Robbers* at his own expense, not being able to find any bookseller that would undertake it. The nature of the work, and the universal interest it awakened, drew attention to the private circumstances of the author, whom the *Robbers*, as well as other pieces of his writing, that had found their way into the periodical publications of the time, sufficiently showed to be no common man. Many grave persons were offended at the vehement sentiments expressed in the *Robbers;* and the unquestioned ability with which these extravagances were expressed, but made the matter worse. To Schiller's superiors, above all, such things were inconceivable: he might perhaps be a very great genius, but was certainly a dangerous servant for his Highness the Grand Duke of Würtemberg. Officious people mingled themselves in the affair: nay, the graziers of the Alps were brought to bear upon it. The Grisons magistrates, it appeared, had seen the book: and were mortally huffed at being there spoken of, according to a Swabian adage, as *common highwaymen*.[8] They complained in the *Hamburg Correspondent;* and a sort of Jackal, at Ludwigsburg, one Walter, whose name deserves to be thus kept in mind, volunteered to plead their cause before the Grand Duke.

Informed of all these circumstances, the Grand Duke expressed his disapprobation of Schiller's poetical labours in the

[7] His Latin essay on the *Philosophy of Physiology* was written in 1778, and never printed. His concluding *thesis* was published according to custom: the subject is arduous enough, "the connection between the animal and spiritual nature of man,"—which Dr. Cabanis has since treated in so offensive a fashion. Schiller's tract we have never seen. Doering says it was long 'out of print,' till Nasse reproduced it in his Medical Journal (Leipzig, 1820): he is silent respecting its merits.

[8] The obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from subsequent editions. It was in the third scene of the second act; Spiegelberg discoursing with Razmann, observes, "An honest man you may form of windle-"straws; but to make a rascal you must have grist: besides, there is a na-"tional genius in it, a certain rascal-climate, so to speak." In the first edition, there was added: "*Go to the Grisons, for instance: that is what I* "*call the thief's Athens.*" The patriot who stood forth on this occasion for the honour of the Grisons, to deny this weighty charge, and denounce the crime of making it, was not Dogberry or Verges, but 'one of the noble family of Salis.'

most unequivocal terms. Schiller was at length summoned to appear before him; and it then turned out, that his Highness was not only dissatisfied with the moral or political errors of the work, but scandalised moreover at its want of literary merit. In this latter respect, he was kind enough to proffer his own services. But Schiller seems to have received the proposal with no sufficient gratitude; and the interview passed without advantage to either party. It terminated in the Duke's commanding Schiller to abide by medical subjects: or at least to beware of writing any more poetry, without submitting it to *his* inspection.

We need not comment on this portion of the Grand Duke's history: his treatment of Schiller has already been sufficiently avenged. By the great body of mankind, his name will be recollected, chiefly, if at all, for the sake of the unfriended youth whom he now schooled so sharply, and afterwards afflicted so cruelly: it will be recollected also with the angry triumph which we feel against a shallow and despotic 'noble of convention,' who strains himself to oppress 'one of nature's nobility,' submitted by blind chance to his dominion, and—finds that he cannot! All this is far more than the Prince of Würtemberg deserves. Of limited faculties, and educated in the French principles of taste, then common to persons of his rank in Germany, he had perused the *Robbers* with unfeigned disgust; he could see in the author only a misguided enthusiast, with talents barely enough to make him dangerous. And though he never fully or formally retracted this injustice, he did not follow it up; when Schiller became known to the world at large, the Duke ceased to persecute him. The father he still kept in his service, and nowise molested.

In the mean time, however, various mortifications awaited Schiller. It was in vain that he discharged the humble duties of his station with the most strict fidelity, and even, it is said, with superior skill: he was a suspected person, and his most innocent actions were misconstrued, his slightest faults were visited with the full measure of official severity. His busy imagination aggravated the evil. He had seen poor Schubart[9] wearing out his tedious eight years of durance in the fortress of Asperg, because he had been 'a rock of offence to the

[9] See Appendix, No. I.

powers that were.' The fate of this unfortunate author appeared to Schiller a type of his own. His free spirit shrank at the prospect of wasting its strength in strife against the pitiful constraints, the minute and endless persecutions of men who knew him not, yet had his fortune in their hands; the idea of dungeons and jailors haunted and tortured his mind; and the means of escaping them, the renunciation of poetry, the source of all his joy, if likewise of many woes, the radiant guiding-star of his turbid and obscure existence, seemed a sentence of death to all that was dignified, and delightful, and worth retaining, in his character. Totally ignorant of what is called the world; conscious too of the might that slumbered in his soul, and proud of it, as kings are of their sceptres; impetuous when roused, and spurning unjust restraint; yet wavering and timid from the delicacy of his nature, and still more restricted in the freedom of his movements by the circumstances of his father, whose all depended on the pleasure of the court, Schiller felt himself embarrassed, and agitated, and tormented in no common degree. Urged this way and that by the most powerful and conflicting impulses; driven to despair by the paltry shackles that chained him, yet forbidden by the most sacred considerations to break them, he knew not on what he should resolve; he reckoned himself 'the most unfortunate of men.'

Time at length gave him the solution; circumstances occurred which forced him to decide. The popularity of the *Robbers* had brought him into correspondence with several friends of literature, who wished to patronise the author, or engage him in new undertakings. Among this number was the Freiherr von Dalberg, superintendent of the theatre at Mannheim, under whose encouragement and countenance Schiller remodelled the *Robbers*, altered it in some parts, and had it brought upon the stage in 1781. The correspondence with Dalberg began in literary discussions, but gradually elevated itself into the expression of more interesting sentiments. Dalberg loved and sympathised with the generous enthusiast, involved in troubles and perplexities which his inexperience was so little adequate to thread: he gave him advice and assistance; and Schiller repaid this favour with the gratitude due to his kind, his first, and then almost his only benefactor. His letters to this gen-

tleman have been preserved, and lately published; they exhibit a lively picture of Schiller's painful situation at Stuttgard, and of his unskilful as well as eager anxiety to be delivered from it.[10] His darling project was that Dalberg should bring him to Mannheim, as theatrical poet, by permission of the Duke: at one time he even thought of turning player.

Neither of these projects could take immediate effect, and Schiller's embarrassments became more pressing than ever. With the natural feeling of a young author, he had ventured to go in secret, and witness the first representation of his tragedy, at Mannheim. His incognito did not conceal him; he was put under arrest during a week, for this offence: and as the punishment did not deter him from again transgressing in a similar manner, he learned that it was in contemplation to try more rigorous measures with him. Dark hints were given to him of some exemplary as well as imminent severity: and Dalberg's aid, the sole hope of averting it by quiet means, was distant and dubious. Schiller saw himself reduced to extremities. Beleaguered with present distresses, and the most horrible forebodings, on every side; roused to the highest pitch of indignation, yet forced to keep silence, and wear the face of patience, he could endure this maddening constraint no longer. He resolved to be free, at whatever risk; to abandon advantages which he could not buy at such a price; to quit his stepdame home, and go forth, though friendless and alone, to seek his fortune in the great market of life. Some foreign Duke or Prince was arriving at Stuttgard; and all the people were in movement, occupied with seeing the spectacle of his entrance: Schiller seized this opportunity of retiring from the city, careless whither he went, so he got beyond the reach of turnkeys, and Grand Dukes, and commanding officers. It was in the month of October 1782.

This last step forms the catastrophe of the publication of the *Robbers:* it completed the deliverance of Schiller from the grating thraldom under which his youth had been passed, and decided his destiny for life. Schiller was in his twenty-third year when he left Stuttgard. He says 'he went empty away, —empty in purse and hope.' The future was indeed sufficiently dark before him. Without patrons, connexions, or country, he

[10] See Appendix, No. 2.

had ventured forth to the warfare on his own charges; without means, experience, or settled purpose, it was greatly to be feared that the fight would go against him. Yet his situation, though gloomy enough, was not entirely without its brighter side. He was now a free man, free, however poor; and his strong soul quickened as its fetters dropped off, and gloried within him in the dim anticipation of great and far-extending enterprises. If, cast too rudely among the hardships and bitter disquietudes of the world, his past nursing had not been delicate, he was already taught to look upon privation and discomfort as his daily companions. If he knew not how to bend his course among the perplexed vicissitudes of society, there was a force within him which would triumph over many difficulties; and a 'light from Heaven' was about his path, which, if it failed to conduct him to wealth and preferment, would keep him far from baseness and degrading vices. Literature, and every great and noble thing which the right pursuit of it implies, he loved with all his heart and all his soul: to this inspiring object he was henceforth exclusively devoted; advancing towards this, and possessed of common necessaries on the humblest scale, there was little else to tempt him. His life might be unhappy, but would hardly be disgraceful.

Schiller gradually felt all this, and gathered comfort, while better days began to dawn upon him. Fearful of trusting himself so near Stuttgard as at Mannheim, he had passed into Franconia, and was living painfully at Oggersheim, under the name of Schmidt: but Dalberg, who knew all his distresses, supplied him with money for immediate wants; and a generous lady made him the offer of a home. Madam von Wolzogen lived on her estate of Bauerbach, in the neighbourhood of Meinungen; she knew Schiller from his works, and his intimacy with her sons, who had been his fellow-students at Stuttgard. She invited him to her house; and there treated him with an affection which helped him to forget the past, and look cheerfully forward to the future.

Under this hospitable roof, Schiller had leisure to examine calmly the perplexed and dubious aspect of his affairs. Happily his character belonged not to the whining or sentimental sort: he was not of those, in whom the pressure of misfortune produces nothing but unprofitable pain; who spend, in cherishing

and investigating and deploring their miseries, the time which should be spent in providing a relief for them. With him, strong feeling was constantly a call to vigorous action: he possessed in a high degree the faculty of conquering his afflictions, by directing his thoughts, not to maxims for enduring them, or modes of expressing them with interest, but to plans for getting rid of them; and to this disposition or habit,—too rare among men of genius, men of a much higher class than mere sentimentalists, but whose sensibility is out of proportion with their inventiveness or activity,—we are to attribute no small influence in the fortunate conduct of his subsequent life. With such a turn of mind, Schiller, now that he was at length master of his own movements, could not long be at a loss for plans or tasks. Once settled at Bauerbach, he immediately resumed his poetical employments; and forgot, in the regions of fancy, the vague uncertainties of his real condition, or saw prospects of amending it in a life of literature. By many safe and sagacious persons, the prudence of his late proceedings might be more than questioned; it was natural for many to forbode that one who left the port so rashly, and sailed with such precipitation, was likely to make shipwreck ere the voyage had extended far: but the lapse of a few months put a stop to such predictions. A year had not passed since his departure, when Schiller sent forth his *Verschwörung des Fiesco* and *Kabale und Liebe;* tragedies which testified that, dangerous and arduous as the life he had selected might be, he possessed resources more than adequate to its emergencies. *Fiesco* he had commenced during the period of his arrest at Stuttgard; it was published, with the other play, in 1783; and soon after brought upon the Mannheim theatre, with universal approbation.

It was now about three years since the composition of the *Robbers* had been finished; five since the first sketch of it had been formed. With what zeal and success Schiller had, in that interval, pursued the work of his mental culture, these two dramas are a striking proof. The first ardour of youth is still to be discerned in them; but it is now chastened by the dictates of a maturer reason, and made to animate the products of a much happier and more skilful invention. Schiller's ideas of art had expanded and grown clearer, his knowledge of life had enlarged. He exhibits more acquaintance with the funda-

mental principles of human nature, as well as with the circumstances under which it usually displays itself; and far higher and juster views of the manner in which its manifestations should be represented.

In the *Conspiracy of Fiesco* we have to admire not only the energetic animation which the author has infused into all his characters, but the distinctness with which he has discriminated, without aggravating them; and the vividness with which he has contrived to depict the scene where they act and move. The political and personal relations of the Genoese nobility; the luxurious splendour, the intrigues, the feuds, and jarring interests, which occupy them, are made visible before us: we understand and may appreciate the complexities of the conspiracy; we mingle, as among realities, in the pompous and imposing movements which lead to the catastrophe. The catastrophe itself is displayed with peculiar effect. The midnight silence of the sleeping city, interrupted only by the distant sounds of watchmen, by the low hoarse murmur of the sea, or the stealthy footsteps and disguised voice of Fiesco, is conveyed to our imagination by some brief but graphic touches; we seem to stand in the solitude and deep stillness of Genoa, awaiting the signal which is to burst so fearfully upon its slumber. At length the gun is fired; and the wild uproar which ensues is no less strikingly exhibited. The deeds and sounds of violence, astonishment and terror; the volleying cannon, the heavy toll of the alarm-bells, the acclamation of assembled thousands, 'the voice of Genoa speaking with Fiesco,'—all is made present to us with a force and clearness, which of itself were enough to show no ordinary power of close and comprehensive conception, no ordinary skill in arranging and expressing its results.

But it is not this felicitous delineation of circumstances and visible scenes that constitutes our principal enjoyment. The faculty of penetrating through obscurity and confusion, to seize the characteristic features of an object, abstract or material; of producing a lively description in the latter case, an accurate and keen scrutiny in the former, is the essential property of intellect, and occupies in its best form a high rank in the scale of mental gifts: but the creative faculty of the poet, and especially of the dramatic poet, is something superadded to this; it is far rarer, and occupies a rank far higher. In this parti-

cular, *Fiesco*, without approaching the limits of perfection, yet stands in an elevated range of excellence. The characters, on the whole, are imagined and portrayed with great impressiveness and vigour. Traces of old faults are indeed still to be discovered: there still seems a want of pliancy about the genius of the author; a stiffness and heaviness in his motions. His sublimity is not to be questioned; but it does not always disdain the aid of rude contrasts and mere theatrical effect. He paints in colours deep and glowing, but without sufficient skill to blend them delicately: he amplifies nature more than purifies it; he omits, but does not well conceal the omission. *Fiesco* has not the complete charm of a true though embellished resemblance to reality; its attraction rather lies in a kind of colossal magnitude, which requires it, if seen to advantage, to be viewed from a distance. Yet the prevailing qualities of the piece do more than make us pardon such defects. If the dramatic imitation is not always entirely successful, it is never very distant from success; and a constant flow of powerful thought and sentiment counteracts, or prevents us from noticing, the failure. We find evidence of great philosophic penetration, great resources of invention, directed by a skilful study of history and men; and everywhere a bold grandeur of feeling and imagery gives life to what study has combined. The chief incidents have a dazzling magnificence; the chief characters, an aspect of majesty and force which corresponds to it. Fervour of heart, capaciousness of intellect and imagination, present themselves on all sides: the general effect is powerful and exalting.

Fiesco himself is a personage at once probable and tragically interesting. The luxurious dissipation, in which he veils his daring projects, softens the rudeness of that strength which it half conceals. His immeasurable pride expands itself not only into a disdain of subjection, but also into the most lofty acts of magnanimity: his blind confidence in fortune seems almost warranted by the resources which he finds in his own fearlessness and imperturbable presence of mind. His ambition participates in the nobleness of his other qualities; he is less anxious that his rivals should yield to him in power than in generosity and greatness of character, attributes of which power is with him but the symbol and the fit employment. Ambition

in Fiesco is indeed the common wish of every mind to diffuse its individual influence, to see its own activity reflected back from the united minds of millions: but it is the common wish acting on no common man. He does not long to rule, that he may sway other wills, as it were, by the physical exertion of his own: he would lead us captive by the superior grandeur of his qualities, once fairly manifested; and he aims at dominion, chiefly as it will enable him to manifest these. 'It is not the arena that he values, but what lies in that arena:' the sovereignty is enviable, not for its adventitious splendour, not because it is the object of coarse and universal wonder; but as it offers, in the collected force of a nation, something which the loftiest mortal may find scope for all his powers in guiding. "Spread out the thunder," Fiesco exclaims, "into its single "tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children: pour it forth "together in *one* quick peal, and the royal sound shall move "the heavens." His affections are not less vehement than his other passions: his heart can be melted into powerlessness and tenderness by the mild persuasions of his Leonora; the idea of exalting this amiable being mingles largely with the other motives to his enterprise. He is, in fact, a great, and might have been a virtuous man; and though in the pursuit of grandeur he swerves from absolute rectitude, we still respect his splendid qualities, and admit the force of the allurements which have led him astray. It is but faintly that we condemn his sentiments, when, after a night spent in struggles between a rigid and a more accommodating patriotism, he looks out of his chamber, as the sun is rising in its calm beauty, and gilding the waves and mountains, and all the innumerable palaces and domes and spires of Genoa, and exclaims with rapture: "This majestic city—mine! To flame over it like the kingly "Day; to brood over it with a monarch's power; all these "sleepless longings, all these never satiated wishes to be "drowned in that unfathomable ocean!" We admire Fiesco, we disapprove of him, and sympathise with him: he is crushed in the ponderous machinery which himself put in motion and thought to control: we lament his fate, but confess that it was not undeserved. He is a fit 'offering of individual free-will to the force of social conventions.'

Fiesco is not the only striking character in the play which bears his name. The narrow fanatical republican virtue of

Verrina, the mild and venerable wisdom of the old Doria, the unbridled profligacy of his Nephew, even the cold, contented, irreclaimable perversity of the cutthroat Moor, all dwell in our recollections: but what, next to Fiesco, chiefly attracts us, is the character of Leonora his wife. Leonora is of kindred to Amelia in the *Robbers*, but involved in more complicated relations, and brought nearer to the actual condition of humanity. She is such a heroine as Schiller most delights to draw. Meek and retiring by the softness of her nature, yet glowing with an ethereal ardour for all that is illustrious and lovely, she clings about her husband, as if her being were one with his. She dreams of remote and peaceful scenes, where Fiesco should be all to her, she all to Fiesco: her idea of love is, that '*her* 'name should lie in secret behind every one of his thoughts, 'should speak to him from every object of Nature; that for 'him, this bright majestic universe itself were but as the shin-'ing jewel, on which her image, only *hers*, stood engraved.' Her character seems a reflection of Fiesco's, but refined from his grosser strength, and transfigured into a celestial form of purity, and tenderness, and touching grace. Jealousy cannot move her into anger; she languishes in concealed sorrow, when she thinks herself forgotten. It is affection alone that can rouse her into passion; but under the influence of this, she forgets all weakness and fear. She cannot stay in her palace, on the night when Fiesco's destiny is deciding; she rushes forth, as if inspired, to share in her husband's dangers and sublime deeds, and perishes at last in the tumult.

The death of Leonora, so brought about, and at such a time, is reckoned among the blemishes of the work: that of Fiesco, in which Schiller has ventured to depart from history, is to be more favourably judged of. Fiesco is not here accidentally drowned; but plunged into the waves by the indignant Verrina, who forgets or stifles the feelings of friendship, in his rage at political apostasy. 'The nature of the Drama,' we are justly told, 'will not suffer the operation of Chance, or of an 'immediate Providence. Higher spirits can discern the minute 'fibres of an event stretching through the whole expanse of 'the system of the world, and hanging, it may be, on the re-'motest limits of the future and the past, where man discerns 'nothing save the action itself, hovering unconnected in space.

'But the artist has to paint for the short view of man, whom 'he wishes to instruct; not for the piercing eye of superior 'powers, from whom he learns.'

In the composition of *Fiesco*, Schiller derived the main part of his original materials from history; he could increase the effect by gorgeous representations, and ideas preëxisting in the mind of his reader. Enormity of incident and strangeness of situation lent him a similar assistance in the *Robbers*. *Kabale und Liebe* is destitute of these advantages; it is a tragedy of domestic life; its means of interesting are comprised within itself, and rest on very simple feelings, dignified by no very singular action. The name, *Court-Intriguing and Love*, correctly designates its nature; it aims at exhibiting the conflict, the victorious conflict, of political manœuvering, of cold worldly wisdom, with the pure impassioned movements of the young heart, as yet unsullied by the tarnish of every-day life, inexperienced in its calculations, sick of its empty formalities, and indignantly determined to cast-off the mean restrictions it imposes, which bind so firmly by their number, though singly so contemptible. The idea is far from original: this is a conflict which most men have figured to themselves, which many men of ardent mind are in some degree constantly waging. To make it, in this simple form, the subject of a drama, seems to be a thought of Schiller's own; but the praise, though not the merit of his undertaking, considerable rather as performed than projected, has been lessened by a multitude of worthless or noxious imitations. The same primary conception has been tortured into a thousand shapes, and tricked out with a thousand tawdry devices and meretricious ornaments, by the Kotzebues, and other 'intellectual Jacobins,' whose productions have brought what we falsely call the 'German Theatre' into such deserved contempt in England. Some portion of the gall, due only to these inflated, flimsy, and fantastic persons, appears to have acted on certain critics in estimating this play of Schiller's. August Wilhelm Schlegel speaks slightingly of the work: he says, 'it will hardly move us by its tone of overstrained sensi-'bility, but may well afflict us by the painful impressions which 'it leaves.' Our own experience has been different from that of Schlegel. In the characters of Louisa and Ferdinand Walter

we discovered little overstraining; their sensibility we did not reckon very criminal; seeing it united with a clearness of judgment, chastened by a purity of heart, and controlled by a force of virtuous resolution, in full proportion with itself. We rather admired the genius of the poet, which could elevate a poor music-master's daughter to the dignity of a heroine; could represent, without wounding our sense of propriety, the affection of two noble beings, created for each other by nature, and divided by rank; we sympathised in their sentiments enough to feel a proper interest in their fate, and see in them, what the author meant we should see, two pure and lofty minds involved in the meshes of vulgar cunning, and borne to destruction by the excess of their own good qualities and the crimes of others.

Ferdinand is a nobleman, but not convinced that 'his 'patent of nobility is more ancient or of more authority than 'the primeval scheme of the universe:' he speaks and acts like a young man entertaining such persuasions: disposed to yield everything to reason and true honour, but scarcely anything to mere use and wont. His passion for Louisa is the sign and the nourishment rather than the cause of such a temper: he loves her without limit, as the only creature he has ever met with of a like mind with himself; and this feeling exalts into inspiration what was already the dictate of his nature. We accompany him on his straight and plain path; we rejoice to see him fling aside with a strong arm the artifices and allurements with which a worthless father and more worthless associates assail him at first in vain: there is something attractive in the spectacle of native integrity, fearless though inexperienced, at war with selfishness and craft; something mournful, because the victory will seldom go as we would have it.

Louisa is a meet partner for the generous Ferdinand: the poet has done justice to her character. She is timid and humble; a feeling and richly gifted soul is hid in her by the unkindness of her earthly lot; she is without counsellors except the innate holiness of her heart, and the dictates of her keen though untutored understanding; yet when the hour of trial comes, she can obey the commands of both, and draw from herself a genuine nobleness of conduct, which secondhand prudence, and wealth, and titles, would but render less touching. Her filial affection, her angelic attachment to her lover, her

sublime and artless piety, are beautifully contrasted with the bleakness of her external circumstances: she appears before us like the '*one* rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,' and we grieve to see it crushed and trodden down so rudely.

The innocence, the enthusiasm, the exalted life and stern fate of Louisa and Ferdinand give a powerful charm to this tragedy: it is everywhere interspersed with pieces of fine eloquence, and scenes which move us by their dignity or pathos. We recollect few passages of a more overpowering nature than the conclusion, where Ferdinand, beguiled by the most diabolical machinations to disbelieve the virtue of his mistress, puts himself and her to death by poison. There is a gloomy and solemn might in his despair; though overwhelmed, he seems invincible: his enemies have blinded and imprisoned him in their deceptions; but only that, like Samson, he may overturn his prison-house, and bury himself, and all that have wronged him, in its ruins.

The other characters of the play, though in general properly sustained, are not sufficiently remarkable to claim much of our attention. Wurm, the chief counsellor and agent of the unprincipled, calculating Father, is wicked enough; but there is no great singularity in his wickedness. He is little more than the dry, cool, and now somewhat vulgar miscreant, the villanous Attorney of modern novels. Kalb also is but a worthless subject, and what is worse, but indifferently handled. He is meant for the feather-brained thing of tags and laces, which frequently inhabits courts; but he wants the grace and agility proper to the species; he is less a fool than a blockhead, less perverted than totally inane. Schiller's strength lay not in comedy, but in something far higher. The great merit of the present work consists in the characters of the hero and heroine; and in this respect it ranks at the very head of its class. As a tragedy of common life, we know of few rivals to it, certainly of no superior.

The production of three such pieces as the *Robbers*, *Fiesco*, and *Kabale und Liebe*, already announced to the world that another great and original mind had appeared, from whose maturity, when such was the promise of its youth, the highest expectations might be formed. These three plays stand related to each other in regard to their nature and form, as well as

date: they exhibit the progressive state of Schiller's education; show us the fiery enthusiasm of youth, exasperated into wildness, astonishing in its movements rather than sublime; and the same enthusiasm gradually yielding to the sway of reason, gradually using itself to the constraints prescribed by sound judgment and more extensive knowledge. Of the three, the *Robbers* is doubtless the most singular, and likely perhaps to be the most widely popular: but the latter two are of more real worth in the eye of taste, and will better bear a careful and rigorous study.

With the appearance of *Fiesco* and its companion, the first period of Schiller's literary history may conclude. The stormy confusions of his youth were now subsiding; after all his aberrations, repulses, and perplexed wanderings, he was at length about to reach his true destination, and times of more serenity began to open for him. Two such tragedies as he had lately offered to the world made it easier for his friend Dalberg to second his pretensions. Schiller was at last gratified by the fulfilment of his favourite scheme; in September 1783, he went to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre, a post of respectability and reasonable profit, to the duties of which he forthwith addressed himself with all his heart. He was not long afterwards elected a member of the German Society established for literary objects in Mannheim; and he valued the honour, not only as a testimony of respect from a highly estimable quarter, but also as a means of uniting him more closely with men of kindred pursuits and tempers: and what was more than all, of quieting forever his apprehensions from the government at Stuttgard. Since his arrival at Mannheim, one or two suspicious incidents had again alarmed him on this head; but being now acknowledged as a subject of the Elector Palatine, naturalised by law in his new country, he had nothing more to fear from the Duke of Würtemberg.

Satisfied with his moderate income, safe, free, and surrounded by friends that loved and honoured him, Schiller now looked confidently forward to what all his efforts had been a search and hitherto a fruitless search for, an undisturbed life of intellectual labour. What effect this happy aspect of his circumstances must have produced upon him may be easily conjectured. Through many years he had been inured to agitation and distress; now peace and liberty and hope, sweet in

themselves, were sweeter for their novelty. For the first time in his life, he saw himself allowed to obey without reluctance the ruling bias of his nature; for the first time inclination and duty went hand in hand. His activity awoke with renovated force in this favourable scene; long-thwarted, half-forgotten projects again kindled into brightness, as the possibility of their accomplishment became apparent: Schiller glowed with a generous pride when he felt his faculties at his own disposal, and thought of the use he meant to make of them. 'All my connexions,' he said, 'are now dissolved. The public is now all 'to me, my study, my sovereign, my confidant. To the public 'alone I henceforth belong; before this and no other tribunal 'will I place myself; this alone do I reverence and fear. Some-'thing majestic hovers before me, as I determine now to wear 'no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to 'no other throne but the soul of man.'

These expressions are extracted from the preface to his *Thalia*, a periodical work which he undertook in 1784, devoted to subjects connected with poetry, and chiefly with the drama. In such sentiments we leave him, commencing the arduous and perilous, but also glorious and sublime duties of a life consecrated to the discovery of truth, and the creation of intellectual beauty. He was now exclusively what is called a *Man of Letters*, for the rest of his days.

PART II.

FROM SCHILLER'S SETTLEMENT AT MANNHEIM TO HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA. (1783–1790.)

If to know wisdom were to practise it; if fame brought true dignity and peace of mind; or happiness consisted in nourishing the intellect with its appropriate food, and surrounding the imagination with ideal beauty, a literary life would be the most enviable which the lot of this world affords. But the truth is far otherwise. The Man of Letters has no immutable, all-conquering volition, more than other men; to understand and to perform are two very different things with him as with every one. His fame rarely exerts a favourable influence on his dignity of character, and never on his peace of mind: its glitter is external, for the eyes of others; within, it is but the aliment of unrest, the oil cast upon the ever-gnawing fire of ambition, quickening into fresh vehemence the blaze which it stills for a moment. Moreover, this Man of Letters is not wholly made of spirit, but of clay and spirit mixed: his thinking faculties may be nobly trained and exercised, but he must have affections as well as thoughts to make him happy, and food and raiment must be given him or he dies. Far from being the most enviable, his way of life is perhaps, among the many modes by which an ardent mind endeavours to express its activity, the most thickly beset with suffering and degradation. Look at the biography of authors! Except the Newgate Calendar, it is the most sickening chapter in the history of man. The calamities of these people are a fertile topic; and too often their faults and vices have kept pace with their calamities. Nor is it difficult to see how this has happened. Talent of any sort is generally accompanied with a peculiar fineness of sensibility; of genius this is the most essential constituent; and life in any shape has sorrows enough for hearts so formed. The employments of literature sharpen this natural tendency; the vexations that accompany them frequently exasperate it into

morbid soreness. The cares and toils of literature are the business of life; its delights are too ethereal and too transient to furnish that perennial flow of satisfaction, coarse but plenteous and substantial, of which happiness in this world of ours is made. The most finished efforts of the mind give it little pleasure, frequently they give it pain; for men's aims are ever far beyond their strength. And the outward recompense of these undertakings, the distinction they confer, is of still smaller value: the desire for it is insatiable even when successful; and when baffled, it issues in jealousy and envy, and every pitiful and painful feeling. So keen a temperament with so little to restrain or satisfy, so much to distress or tempt it, produces contradictions which few are adequate to reconcile. Hence the unhappiness of literary men, hence their faults and follies.

Thus literature is apt to form a dangerous and discontenting occupation even for the amateur. But for him whose rank and worldly comforts depend on it, who does not live to write, but writes to live, its difficulties and perils are fearfully increased. Few spectacles are more afflicting than that of such a man, so gifted and so fated, so jostled and tossed to and fro in the rude bustle of life, the buffetings of which he is so little fitted to endure. Cherishing, it may be, the loftiest thoughts, and clogged with the meanest wants; of pure and holy purposes, yet ever driven from the straight path by the pressure of necessity, or the impulse of passion; thirsting for glory, and frequently in want of daily bread; hovering between the empyrean of his fancy and the squalid desert of reality; cramped and foiled in his most strenuous exertions; dissatisfied with his best performances, disgusted with his fortune, this Man of Letters too often spends his weary days in conflicts with obscure misery: harassed, chagrined, debased, or maddened; the victim at once of tragedy and farce; the last forlorn outpost in the war of Mind against Matter. Many are the noble souls that have perished bitterly, with their tasks unfinished, under these corroding woes! Some in utter famine, like Otway; some in dark insanity, like Cowper and Collins; some, like Chatterton, have sought out a more stern quietus, and turning their indignant steps away from a world which refused them welcome, have taken refuge in that strong Fortress, where poverty and cold neglect, and the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to, could not reach them any more.

Yet among these men are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind! It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon in this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of mind; the intellectual Backwoodsmen, reclaiming from the idle wilderness new territories for the thought and the activity of their happier brethren. Pity that from all their conquests, so rich in benefit to others, themselves should reap so little! But it is vain to murmur. They are volunteers in this cause; they weighed the charms of it against the perils: and they must abide the results of their decision, as all must. The hardships of the course they follow are formidable, but not all inevitable; and to such as pursue it rightly, it is not without its great rewards. If an author's life is more agitated and more painful than that of others, it may also be made more spirit-stirring and exalted: fortune may render him unhappy; it is only himself that can make him despicable. The history of genius has, in fact, its bright side as well as its dark. And if it is distressing to survey the misery, and what is worse, the debasement of so many gifted men, it is doubly cheering on the other hand to reflect on the few, who, amid the temptations and sorrows to which life in all its provinces and most in theirs is liable, have travelled through it in calm and virtuous majesty, and are now hallowed in our memories, not less for their conduct than their writings. Such men are the flower of this lower world: to such alone can the epithet of great be applied with its true emphasis. There is a congruity in their proceedings which one loves to contemplate: 'he 'who would write heroic poems, should make his whole life a 'heroic poem.'

So thought our Milton; and, what was more difficult, he acted so. To Milton, the moral king of authors, a heroic multitude, out of many ages and countries, might be joined; a 'cloud of witnesses,' that encompass the true literary man throughout his pilgrimage, inspiring him to lofty emulation, cheering his solitary thoughts with hope, teaching him to struggle, to endure, to conquer difficulties, or, in failure and heavy sufferings, to

. . . . . 'arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.'

To this august series, in his own degree, the name of Schiller may be added.

Schiller lived in more peaceful times than Milton; his history is less distinguished by obstacles surmounted, or sacrifices made to principle; yet he had his share of trials to encounter; and the admirers of his writings need not feel ashamed of the way in which he bore it. One virtue, the parent of many others, and the most essential of any, in his circumstances, he possessed in a supreme degree; he was devoted with entire and unchanging ardour to the cause he had embarked in. The extent of his natural endowments might have served, with a less eager character, as an excuse for long periods of indolence, broken only by fits of casual exertion: with him it was but a new incitement to improve and develop them. The Ideal Man that lay within him, the image of himself as he *should* be, was formed upon a strict and curious standard; and to reach this constantly approached and constantly receding emblem of perfection, was the unwearied effort of his life. This crowning principle of conduct, never ceasing to inspire his energetic mind, introduced a consistency into his actions, a firm coherence into his character, which the changeful condition of his history rendered of peculiar importance. His resources, his place of residence, his associates, his worldly prospects, might vary as they pleased; this purpose did not vary; it was ever present with him to nerve every better faculty of his head and heart, to invest the chequered vicissitudes of his fortune with a dignity derived from himself. The zeal of his nature overcame the temptations to that loitering and indecision, that fluctuation between sloth and consuming toil, that infirmity of resolution, with all its tormenting and enfeebling consequences, to which a literary man, working as he does at a solitary task, uncalled for by any pressing tangible demand, and to be recompensed by distant and dubious advantage, is especially exposed. Unity of aim, aided by ordinary vigour of character, will generally insure perseverance; a quality not ranked among the cardinal virtues, but as essential as any of them to the proper conduct of life. Nine-tenths of the miseries and vices of mankind proceed from idleness: with men of quick minds, to whom it is especially pernicious, this habit is commonly the fruit of many disappointments and schemes oft baffled; and men fail in their schemes not so much from the want of strength as from the ill-direction

of it. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something: the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continual falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind. Few men have applied more steadfastly to the business of their life, or been more resolutely diligent than Schiller.

The profession of theatrical poet was, in his present circumstances, particularly favourable to the maintenance of this wholesome state of mind. In the fulfilment of its duties, while he gratified his own dearest predilections, he was likewise warmly seconded by the prevailing taste of the public. The interest excited by the stage, and the importance attached to everything connected with it, are greater in Germany than in any other part of Europe, not excepting France, or even Paris. Nor, as in Paris, is the stage in German towns considered merely as a mental recreation, an elegant and pleasant mode of filling up the vacancy of tedious evenings: in Germany, it has the advantage of being comparatively new; and its exhibitions are directed to a class of minds attuned to a far higher pitch of feeling. The Germans are accused of a proneness to amplify and systematise, to admire with excess, and to find, in whatever calls forth their applause, an epitome of a thousand excellencies, which no one else can discover in it. Their discussions on the theatre do certainly give colour to this charge. Nothing, at least to an English reader, can appear more disproportionate than the influence they impute to the stage, and the quantity of anxious investigation they devote to its concerns.

With us, the question about the moral tendency of theatrical amusements is now very generally consigned to the meditation of debating clubs, and speculative societies of young men under age; with our neighbours it is a weighty subject of inquiry for minds of almost the highest order. With us, the stage is considered as a harmless pastime, wholesome because it occupies the man by occupying his mental, not his sensual faculties; one of the many departments of fictitious representation; perhaps the most exciting, but also the most transitory; sometimes hurtful, generally beneficial, just as the rest are; entitled to no peculiar regard, and far inferior in its effect to many

others which have no special apparatus for their application. The Germans, on the contrary, talk of it as of some new organ for refining the hearts and minds of men; a sort of lay pulpit, the worthy ally of the sacred one, and perhaps even better fitted to exalt some of our nobler feelings; because its objects are much more varied, and because it speaks to us through many avenues, addressing the eye by its pomp and decorations, the ear by its harmonies, and the heart and imagination by its poetical embellishments, and heroic acts and sentiments. Influences still more mysterious are hinted at, if not directly announced. An idea seems to lurk obscurely at the bottom of certain of their abstruse and elaborate speculations, as if the stage were destined to replace some of those sublime illusions which the progress of reason is fast driving from the earth; as if its pageantry, and allegories, and figurative shadowing-forth of things, might supply men's nature with much of that quickening nourishment which we once derived from the superstitions and mythologies of darker ages. Viewing the matter in this light, they proceed in the management of it with all due earnestness. Hence their minute and painful investigations of the origin of dramatic emotion, of its various kinds and degrees; their subdivisions of romantic and heroic and romantico-heroic, and the other endless jargon that encumbers their critical writings. The zeal of the people corresponds with that of their instructors. The want of more important public interests naturally contributes still farther to the prominence of this, the discussion of which is not forbidden, or sure to be without effect. Literature attracts nearly all the powerful thought that circulates in Germany; and the theatre is the great nucleus of German literature.

It was to be expected that Schiller would participate in a feeling so universal, and so accordant with his own wishes and prospects. The theatre of Mannheim was at that period one of the best in Germany; he felt proud of the share which he had in conducting it, and exerted himself with his usual alacrity in promoting its various objects. Connected with the duties of his office, was the more personal duty of improving his own faculties, and extending his knowledge of the art which he had engaged to cultivate. He read much, and studied more. The perusal of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and the other French classics, could not be without advantage to one whose exuberance

of power, and defect of taste, were the only faults he had ever been reproached with; and the sounder ideas thus acquired, he was constantly busy in exemplifying by attempts of his own. His projected translations from Shakspeare and the French were postponed for the present: indeed, except in the instance of *Macbeth*, they were never finished: his *Conradin von Schwaben*, and a second part of the *Robbers*, were likewise abandoned: but a number of minor undertakings sufficiently evinced his diligence: and *Don Carlos*, which he had now seriously commenced, was occupying all his poetical faculties.

Another matter he had much at heart was the setting forth of a periodical work, devoted to the concerns of the stage. In this enterprise, Schiller had expected the patronage and co-operation of the German Society, of which he was a member. It did not strike him that any other motive than a genuine love of art, and zeal for its advancement, could have induced men to join such a body. But the zeal of the German Society was more according to knowledge than that of their new associate: they listened with approving ear to his vivid representations, and wide-spreading projects, but declined taking any part in the execution of them. Dalberg alone seemed willing to support him. Mortified, but not disheartened by their coldness, Schiller reckoned up his means of succeeding without them. The plan of his work was contracted within narrower limits; he determined to commence it on his own resources. After much delay, the first number of the *Rheinische Thalia*, enriched by three acts of *Don Carlos*, appeared in 1785. It was continued with one short interruption, till 1794. The main purpose of the work being the furtherance of dramatic art, and the extension and improvement of the public taste for such entertainments, its chief contents are easy to be guessed at; theatrical criticisms, essays on the nature of the stage, its history in various countries, its moral and intellectual effects, and the best methods of producing them. A part of the publication was open to poetry and miscellaneous discussion.

Meditating so many subjects so assiduously, Schiller knew not what it was to be unemployed. Yet the task of composing dramatic varieties, of training players, and deliberating in the theatrical senate, or even of expressing philosophically his opinions on these points, could not wholly occupy such a mind as his. There were times when, notwithstanding his own prior

habits, and all the vaunting of dramaturgists, he felt that their scenic glories were but an empty show, a lying refuge, where there was no abiding rest for the soul. His eager spirit turned away from their paltry world of pasteboard, to dwell among the deep and serious interests of the living world of men. The *Thalia*, besides its dramatic speculations and performances, contains several of his poems, which indicate that his attention, though officially directed elsewhither, was alive to all the common concerns of humanity; that he looked on life not more as a writer than as a man. The *Laura*, whom he celebrates, was not a vision of the mind; but a living fair one, whom he saw daily, and loved in the secrecy of his heart. His *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus* (Group from Tartarus), his *Kindesmörderinn* (Infanticide), are products of a mind brooding over dark and mysterious things. While improving in the art of poetry, in the capability of uttering his thoughts in the form best adapted to express them, he was likewise improving in the more valuable art of thought itself; and applying it not only to the business of the imagination, but also to those profound and solemn inquiries, which every reasonable mortal is called to engage with.

In particular, the *Philosophische Briefe*, written about this period, exhibits Schiller in a new, and to us more interesting point of view. Julius and Raphael are the emblems of his own fears and his own hopes; their *Philosophic Letters* unfold to us many a gloomy conflict that had passed in the secret chambers of their author's soul. Sceptical doubts on the most important of all subjects were natural to such an understanding as Schiller's; but his heart was not of a temper to rest satisfied with doubts; or to draw a sorry compensation for them from the pride of superior acuteness, or the vulgar pleasure of producing an effect on others by assailing their dearest and holiest persuasions. With him the question about the essence of our being was not a subject for shallow speculation, charitably named scientific; still less for vain jangling and polemical victories: it was a fearful mystery, which it concerned all the deepest sympathies and most sublime anticipations of his mind to have explained. It is no idle curiosity, but the shuddering voice of nature that asks: 'If our happiness depend on the harmonious 'play of the sensorium; if our conviction may waver with the 'beating of the pulse?' What Schiller's ultimate opinions on these points were, we are nowhere specially informed. That

his heart was orthodox, that the whole universe was for him a temple, in which he offered up the continual sacrifice of devout adoration, his works and life bear noble testimony; yet, here and there, his fairest visions seem as if suddenly sicklied over with a pale cast of doubt; a withering shadow seems to flit across his soul, and chill it in his loftiest moods. The dark condition of the man who longs to believe and longs in vain, he can represent with a verisimilitude and touching beauty, which shows it to have been familiar to himself. Apart from their ingenuity, there is a certain severe pathos in some of these passages, which affects us with a peculiar emotion. The hero of another work is made to express himself in these terms:

'What went before and what will follow me, I regard as 'two black impenetrable curtains, which hang down at the two 'extremities of human life, and which no living man has yet 'drawn aside. Many hundreds of generations have already 'stood before them with their torches, guessing anxiously what 'lies behind. On the curtain of Futurity, many see their own 'shadows, the forms of their passions enlarged and put in motion; they shrink in terror at this image of themselves. Poets, 'philosophers, and founders of states, have painted this curtain 'with their dreams, more smiling or more dark, as the sky 'above them was cheerful or gloomy; and their pictures deceive the eye when viewed from a distance. Many jugglers 'too make profit of this our universal curiosity: by their strange 'mummeries, they have set the outstretched fancy in amazement. A deep silence reigns behind this curtain; no one once 'within it will answer those he has left without; all you can 'hear is a hollow echo of your own question, as if you shouted 'into a chasm. To the other side of this curtain we are all 'bound: men grasp hold of it as they pass, trembling, uncertain who may stand within it to receive them, *quid sit id quod 'tantum morituri vident.* Some unbelieving people there have 'been, who have asserted that this curtain did but make a 'mockery of men, and that nothing could be seen because nothing *was* behind it: but to convince these people, the rest 'have seized them, and hastily pushed them in.'[1]

The *Philosophic Letters* paint the struggles of an ardent, enthusiastic, inquisitive spirit to deliver itself from the harassing uncertainties, to penetrate the dread obscurity, which over-

[1] *Der Geisterseher*, Schillers Werke, B. iv. p. 350.

hangs the lot of man. The first faint scruples of the Doubter are settled by the maxim: 'Believe nothing but thy own reason; there is nothing holier than truth.' But Reason, employed in such an inquiry, can do but half the work: she is like the Conjuror that has pronounced the spell of invocation, but has forgot the counter-word; spectres and shadowy forms come crowding at his summons; in endless multitudes they press and hover round his magic circle, and the terror-struck Black-artist cannot lay them. Julius finds that on rejecting the primary dictates of feeling, the system of dogmatical belief, he is driven to the system of materialism. Recoiling in horror from this dead and cheerless creed, he toils and wanders in the labyrinths of pantheism, seeking comfort and rest, but finding none; till, baffled and tired, and sick at heart, he seems inclined, as far as we can judge, to renounce the dreary problem altogether, to shut the eyes of his too keen understanding, and take refuge under the shade of Revelation. The anxieties and errors of Julius are described in glowing terms; his intellectual subtleties are mingled with the eloquence of intense feeling. The answers of his friend are in a similar style; intended not more to convince than to persuade. The whole work is full of passion as well as acuteness; the impress of a philosophic and poetic mind striving with all its vast energies to make its poetry and its philosophy agree. Considered as exhibiting the state of Schiller's thoughts at this period, it possesses a peculiar interest. In other respects there is little in it to allure us. It is short and incomplete; there is little originality in the opinions it expresses, and none in the form of its composition. As an argument on either side, it is too rhetorical to be of much weight; it abandons the inquiry when its difficulties and its value are becoming greatest, and breaks off abruptly without arriving at any conclusion. Schiller has surveyed the dark Serbonian bog of Infidelity: but he has made no causeway through it: the *Philosophic Letters* are a fragment.

Amid employments so varied, with health, and freedom from the coarser hardships of life, Schiller's feelings might be earnest, but could scarcely be unhappy. His mild and amiable manners, united to such goodness of heart, and such height of accomplishment, endeared him to all classes of society in Mannheim; Dalberg was still his warm friend; Schwann and Laura he conversed with daily. His genius was fast enlarging its em-

pire, and fast acquiring more complete command of it; he was loved and admired, rich in the enjoyment of present activity and fame, and richer in the hope of what was coming. Yet in proportion as his faculties and his prospects expanded, he began to view his actual situation with less and less contentment. For a season after his arrival, it was natural that Mannheim should appear to him as land does to the shipwrecked mariner, full of gladness and beauty, merely because it is land. It was equally natural that, after a time, this sentiment should abate and pass away; that his place of refuge should appear but as other places, only with its difficulties and discomforts aggravated by their nearness. His revenue was inconsiderable here, and dependent upon accidents for its continuance; a share in directing the concerns of a provincial theatre, a task not without its irritations, was little adequate to satisfy the wishes of a mind like his. Schiller longed for a wider sphere of action; the world was all before him; he lamented that he should still be lingering on the mere outskirts of its business; that he should waste so much time and effort in contending with the irascible vanity of players, or watching the ebbs and flows of public taste; in resisting small grievances, and realising a small result. He determined upon leaving Mannheim. If destitute of other holds, his prudence might still have taught him to smother this unrest, the never-failing inmate of every human breast, and patiently continue where he was: but various resources remained to him, and various hopes invited him from other quarters. The produce of his works, or even the exercise of his profession, would insure him a competence anywhere; the former had already gained him distinction and goodwill in every part of Germany. The first number of his *Thalia* had arrived at the court of Hessen-Darmstadt while the Duke of Sachsen-Weimar happened to be there: the perusal of the first acts of *Don Carlos* had introduced the author to that enlightened prince, who expressed his satisfaction and respect by transmitting him the title of Counsellor. A less splendid but not less truthful or pleasing testimonial had lately reached him from Leipzig.

'Some days ago,' he writes, 'I met with a very flattering 'and agreeable surprise. There came to me, out of Leipzig, from 'unknown hands, four parcels, and as many letters, written 'with the highest enthusiasm towards me, and overflowing

'with poetical devotion. They were accompanied by four 'miniature portraits, two of which are of very beautiful young 'ladies, and by a pocket-book sewed in the finest taste. Such 'a present, from people who can have no interest in it, but to 'let me know that they wish me well, and thank me for some 'cheerful hours, I prize extremely; the loudest applause of the 'world could scarcely have flattered me so agreeably.'

Perhaps this incident, trifling as it was, might not be without effect in deciding the choice of his future residence. Leipzig had the more substantial charm of being a centre of activity and commerce of all sorts, that of literature not excepted; and it contained some more effectual friends of Schiller than these his unseen admirers. He resolved on going thither. His wishes and intentions are minutely detailed to Huber, his chief intimate at Leipzig, in a letter written shortly before his removal. We translate it for the hints it gives us of Schiller's tastes and habits at that period of his history.

'This, then, is probably the last letter I shall write to you 'from Mannheim. The time from the fifteenth of March has 'hung upon my hands, like a trial for life; and, thank Heaven! 'I am now ten whole days nearer you. And now, my good 'friend, as you have already consented to take my entire con-'fidence upon your shoulders, allow me the pleasure of lead-'ing you into the interior of my domestic wishes.

'In my new establishment at Leipzig, I purpose to avoid 'one error, which has plagued me a great deal here in Mann-'heim. It is this: No longer to conduct my own housekeep-'ing, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by 'any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute 'a whole conspiracy, in five acts, than to settle my domestic 'arrangements for a week; and poetry, you yourself know, is 'but a dangerous assistant in calculations of economy. My 'mind is drawn different ways; I fall headlong out of my ideal 'world, if a holed stocking remind me of the real world.

'As to the other point, I require for my private happiness 'to have a true warm friend that would be ever at my hand, 'like my better angel; to whom I could communicate my 'nascent ideas in the very act of conceiving them, not needing 'to transmit them, as at present, by letters or long visits. Nay, 'when this friend of mine lives beyond the four corners of 'my house, the trifling circumstance, that in order to reach

'him I must cross the street, dress myself, and so forth, will 'of itself destroy the enjoyment of the moment, and the train 'of my thoughts is torn in pieces before I see him.

'Observe you, my good fellow, these are petty matters; but 'petty matters often bear the weightiest result in the manage- 'ment of life. I know myself better than perhaps a thousand 'mothers' sons know themselves; I understand how much, and 'frequently how little, I require to be completely happy. The 'question therefore is: Can I get this wish of my heart fulfilled 'in Leipzig?

'If it were possible that I could make a lodgment with you, 'all my cares on that head would be removed. I am no bad 'neighbour, as perhaps you imagine; I have pliancy enough 'to suit myself to another, and here and there withal a certain 'knack, as Yorick says, at helping to make him merrier and 'better. Failing this, if you could find me any person that would 'undertake my small economy, everything would still be well.

'I want nothing but a bedroom, which might also be my 'working room; and another chamber for receiving visits. 'The house-gear necessary for me are a good chest of drawers, a desk, a bed and sofa, a table, and a few chairs. With these con- 'veniences, my accommodation were sufficiently provided for.

'I cannot live on the ground-floor, nor close by the ridge- 'tile; also my windows positively must not look into the church- 'yard. I love men, and therefore like their bustle. If I cannot 'so arrange it that we (meaning the *quintuple alliance*[2]) shall 'mess together, I would engage at the *table d'hôte* of the inn; 'for I had rather fast than eat without company, large, or else 'particularly good.

'I write all this to you, my dearest friend, to forewarn you 'of my silly tastes; and, at all events, that I may put it in your 'power to take some preparatory steps, in one place or another, 'for my settlement. My demands are, in truth, confoundedly 'naïve, but your goodness has spoiled me.

'The first part of the *Thalia* must already be in your pos- 'session; the doom of *Carlos* will ere now be pronounced. 'Yet I will take it from you orally. Had we five not been ac- 'quainted, who knows but we might have become so on occa- 'sion of this very *Carlos?*'

Schiller went accordingly to Leipzig; though whether Huber

[2] Who the other three were is nowhere particularly mentioned.

received him, or he found his humble necessaries elsewhere, we have not learned. He arrived in the end of March 1785, after eighteen months' residence at Mannheim. The reception he met with, his amusements, occupations, and prospects are described in a letter to the Kammerrath Schwann, a bookseller at Mannheim, alluded to above. Except Dalberg, Schwann had been his earliest friend; he was now endeared to him by subsequent familiarity, not of letters and writing, but of daily intercourse; and what was more than all, by the circumstance that *Laura* was his daughter. The letter, it will be seen, was written with a weightier object than the pleasure of describing Leipzig: it is dated 24th April 1785.

'You have an indubitable right to be angry at my long 'silence; yet I know your goodness too well to be in doubt 'that you will pardon me.

'When a man, unskilled as I am in the busy world, visits 'Leipzig for the first time, during the Fair, it is, if not excusable, 'at least intelligible, that among the multitude of strange things 'running through his head, he should for a few days lose re-'collection of himself. Such, my dearest friend, has till today 'been nearly my case; and even now I have to steal from 'many avocations the pleasing moments which, in idea, I mean 'to spend with you at Mannheim.

'Our journey hither, of which Herr Götz will give you a 'circumstantial description, was the most dismal you can well 'imagine; Bog, Snow and Rain were the three wicked foes 'that by turns assailed us; and though we used an additional 'pair of horses all the way from Vach, yet our travelling, which 'should have ended on Friday, was spun-out till Sunday. It 'is universally maintained that the Fair has visibly suffered by 'the shocking state of the roads; at all events, even in my 'eyes, the crowd of sellers and buyers is far *beneath* the de-'scription I used to get of it in the Empire.

'In the very first week of my residence here, I made in-'numerable new acquaintances; among whom, Weisse, Oeser, 'Hiller, Zollikofer, Professor Huber, Jünger, the famous actor 'Reinike, a few merchants' families of the place, and some 'Berlin people, are the most interesting. During Fair-time, 'as you know well, a person cannot get the *full* enjoyment of 'any one; our attention to the individual is dissipated in the 'noisy multitude.

'My most pleasant recreation hitherto has been to visit 'Richter's coffee-house, where I constantly find half the *world* 'of Leipzig assembled, and extend my acquaintance with 'foreigners and natives.

'From various quarters I have had some alluring invita- 'tions to Berlin and Dresden; which it will be difficult for me 'to withstand. It is quite a peculiar case, my friend, to have 'a literary name. The few men of worth and consideration 'who offer you their intimacy on that score, and whose regard 'is really worth coveting, are too disagreeably counterweighed 'by the baleful swarm of creatures who keep humming round 'you, like so many flesh-flies; gape at you as if you were a 'monster, and condescend moreover, on the strength of one 'or two blotted sheets, to present themselves as colleagues. 'Many people cannot understand how a man that wrote the '*Robbers* should look like another son of Adam. Close-cut 'hair, at the very least, and postillion's boots, and a hunter's 'whip, were expected.

'Many families are in the habit here of spending the sum- 'mer in some of the adjacent villages, and so enjoying the 'pleasures of the country. I mean to pass a few months in 'Gohlis, which lies only a quarter of a league from Leipzig, 'with a very pleasant walk leading to it, through the Rosenthal. 'Here I purpose being very diligent, working at *Carlos* and the '*Thalia;* that so, which perhaps will please you more than 'anything, I may gradually and silently return to my medical 'profession. I long impatiently for that epoch of my life, when 'my prospects may be settled and determined, when I may 'follow my darling pursuits merely for my own pleasure. At 'one time I studied medicine *con amore;* could I not do it now 'with still greater keenness?

'This, my best friend, might of itself convince you of the 'truth and firmness of my purpose; but what should offer you 'the most complete security on that point, what must banish 'all your doubts about my steadfastness, I have yet kept secret. '*Now or never* I must speak it out. Distance alone gives me 'courage to express the wish of my heart. Frequently enough, 'when I used to have the happiness of being near you, has this 'confession hovered on my tongue; but my confidence always 'forsook me, when I tried to utter it. My best friend! Your 'goodness, your affection, your generosity of heart, have en-

'couraged me in a hope which I can justify by nothing but the friendship and respect you have always shown me. My free, 'unconstrained access to your house afforded me the opportunity of intimate acquaintance with your amiable daughter; 'and the frank, kind treatment with which both you and she 'honoured me, tempted my heart to entertain the bold wish of 'becoming your son. My prospects have hitherto been dim 'and vague; they now begin to alter in my favour. I will strive 'with more continuous vigour when the goal is clear; do you 'decide whether I can reach it, when the dearest wish of my 'heart supports my zeal.

'Yet two short years and my whole fortune will be determined. I feel how *much* I ask, how boldly, and with how 'little right I ask it. A year is past since this thought took 'possession of my soul; but my esteem for you and your excellent daughter was too high to allow room for a wish, which 'at that time I could found on no solid basis. I made it a duty 'with myself to visit your house less frequently, and to dissipate such feelings by absence; but this poor artifice did not 'avail me.

'The Duke of Weimar was the first person to whom I disclosed myself. His anticipating goodness, and the declaration 'that he took an interest in my happiness, induced me to confess that this happiness depended on a union with your noble 'daughter; and he expressed his satisfaction at my choice. 'I have reason to hope that he will do more, should it come to 'the point of completing my happiness by this union.

'I shall add nothing farther: I know well that hundreds of 'others might afford your daughter a more splendid fate than 'I at this moment can promise her; but that any other *heart* 'can be more worthy of her, I venture to deny. Your decision, 'which I look for with impatience and fearful expectation, will 'determine whether I may venture to write in person to your 'daughter. Fare you well, forever loved by—Your—

'FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.'

Concerning this proposal, we have no farther information to communicate; except that the parties did not marry, and did not cease being friends. That Schiller obtained the permission he concludes with requesting, appears from other sources. Three years afterwards, in writing to the same person, he

alludes emphatically to his eldest daughter; and what is more ominous, *apologises* for his silence to her. Schiller's situation at this period was such as to preclude the idea of present marriage; perhaps, in the prospect of it, *Laura* and he commenced corresponding; and before the wished-for change of fortune had arrived, both of them, attracted to other objects, had lost one another in the vortex of life, and ceased to regard their finding one another as desirable.

Schiller's medical project, like many which he formed, never came to any issue. In moments of anxiety, amid the fluctuations of his lot, the thought of this profession floated through his mind, as of a distant stronghold, to which, in time of need, he might retire. But literature was too intimately interwoven with his dispositions and his habits to be seriously interfered with; it was only at brief intervals that the pleasure of pursuing it exclusively seemed overbalanced by its inconveniences. He needed a more certain income than poetry could yield him; but he wished to derive it from some pursuit less alien to his darling study. Medicine he never practised after leaving Stuttgard.

In the mean time, whatever he might afterwards resolve on, he determined to complete his *Carlos*, the half of which, composed a considerable time before, had lately been running the gauntlet of criticism in the *Thalia*.[3] With this for his chief occupation, Gohlis or Leipzig for his residence, and a circle of chosen friends for his entertainment, Schiller's days went happily along. His *Lied an die Freude* (Song to Joy), one of his most spirited and beautiful lyrical productions, was composed here: it bespeaks a mind impetuous even in its gladness, and overflowing with warm and earnest emotions.

But the love of change is grounded on the difference between anticipation and reality, and dwells with man till the age when habit becomes stronger than desire, or anticipation ceases to be hope. Schiller did not find that his establishment at Leipzig, though pleasant while it lasted, would realise his ulterior views: he yielded to some of his 'alluring invitations,' and went to Dresden in the end of summer. Dresden contained many persons who admired him, more who admired his fame, and a few who loved himself. Among the latter, the Appella-

[3] Wieland's rather harsh and not too judicious sentence on it may be seen at large in Gruber's *Wieland Geschildert*, B. ii. s. 571.

tionsrath Körner deserves especial mention.[4] Schiller found a true friend in Körner, and made his house a home. He parted his time between Dresden and Löschwitz, near it, where that gentleman resided: it was here that *Don Carlos*, the printing of which was meanwhile proceeding at Leipzig, received its completion and last corrections.[5] It was published in 1786.

The story of Don Carlos seems peculiarly adapted for dramatists. The spectacle of a royal youth condemned to death by his father, of which happily our European annals furnish but another example, is among the most tragical that can be figured: the character of that youth, the intermixture of bigotry and jealousy, and love, with the other strong passions, which brought on his fate, afford a combination of circumstances, affecting in themselves, and well calculated for the basis of deeply interesting fiction. Accordingly they have not been neglected: Carlos has often been the theme of poets; particularly since the time when his history, recorded by the Abbé St. Réal, was exposed in more brilliant colours to the inspection of every writer, and almost of every reader.

[4] The well-written life, prefixed to the Stuttgard and Tübingen edition of Schiller's works, is by this Körner. The Theodor Körner, whose *Lyre and Sword* became afterwards famous, was his son.

[5] In vol. x. of the Vienna edition of Schiller are some ludicrous verses, almost his sole attempt in the way of drollery, bearing a title equivalent to this: 'To the Right Honourable the Board of Washers, the most humble 'Memorial of a downcast Tragic Poet, at Löschwitz;' of which Doering gives the following account. 'The first part of *Don Carlos* being already 'printed, by Göschen, in Leipzig, the poet, pressed for the remainder, felt 'himself obliged to stay behind from an excursion which the Körner family 'were making, in a fine autumn day. Unluckily, the lady of the house, 'thinking Schiller was to go along with them, had locked all her cupboards 'and the cellar. Schiller found himself without meat or drink, or even wood 'for fuel; still farther exasperated by the dabbling of some washer-maids 'beneath his window, he produced these lines.' The poem is of the kind which cannot be translated; the first three stanzas are as follows:

"Die Wäsche klatscht vor meiner Thür,
Es plärrt die Küchenzofe,
Und mich, mich führt das Flügelthier
Zu König Philips Hofe.

Ich eile durch die Gallerie
Mit schnellem Schritt, belausche
Dort die Prinzessin Eboli
Im süssen Liebesrausche.

Schon ruft das schöne Weib: Triumph!
Schon hör' ich—Tod und Hölle!
Was hör' ich—einen nassen Strumpf
Geworfen in die Welle."

The Abbé St. Réal was a dexterous artist in that half-illicit species of composition, the historic novel: in the course of his operations, he lighted on these incidents; and, by filling-up according to his fancy, what historians had only sketched to him, by amplifying, beautifying, suppressing, and arranging, he worked the whole into a striking little narrative, distinguished by all the symmetry, the sparkling graces, the vigorous description, and keen thought, which characterise his other writings. This French Sallust, as his countrymen have named him, has been of use to many dramatists. His *Conjuraison contre Venise* furnished Otway with the outline of his best tragedy; *Epicaris* has more than once appeared upon the stage; and *Don Carlos* has been dramatised in almost all the languages of Europe. Besides Otway's *Carlos*, so famous at its first appearance, many tragedies on this subject have been written: most of them are gathered to their final rest; some are fast going thither; two bid fair to last for ages. Schiller and Alfieri have both drawn their plot from St. Réal; the former has expanded and added; the latter has compressed and abbreviated.

Schiller's *Carlos* is the first of his plays that bears the stamp of anything like full maturity. The opportunities he had enjoyed for extending his knowledge of men and things, the sedulous practice of the art of composition, the study of purer models, had not been without their full effect. Increase of years had done something for him; diligence had done much more. The ebullience of youth is now chastened into the steadfast energy of manhood; the wild enthusiast, that spurned at the errors of the world, has now become the enlightened moralist, that laments their necessity, or endeavours to find out their remedy. A corresponding alteration is visible in the external form of the work, in its plot and diction. The plot is contrived with great ingenuity, embodying the result of much study, both dramatic and historical. The language is blank verse, not prose, as in the former works; it is more careful and regular, less ambitious in its object, but more certain of attaining it. Schiller's mind had now reached its full stature: he felt and thought more justly; he could better express what he felt and thought.

The merit we noticed in *Fiesco*, the fidelity with which the scene of action is brought before us, is observable to a still greater degree in *Don Carlos*. The Spanish court in the end

of the sixteenth century ; its rigid, cold formalities ; its cruel bigoted, but proud-spirited grandees ; its inquisitors and priests ; and Philip, its head, the epitome at once of its good and its bad qualities, in all his complex interests, are exhibited with wonderful distinctness and address. Nor is it at the surface or the outward movements alone that we look ; we are taught the mechanism of their characters, as well as shown it in action. The stony-hearted Despot himself must have been an object of peculiar study to the author. Narrow in his understanding, dead in his affections, from his birth the lord of Europe, Philip has existed all his days above men, not among them. Locked up within himself, a stranger to every generous and kindly emotion, his gloomy spirit has had no employment but to strengthen or increase its own elevation, no pleasure but to gratify its own self-will. Superstition, harmonising with these native tendencies, has added to their force, but scarcely to their hatefulness : it lends them a sort of sacredness in his own eyes, and even a sort of horrid dignity in ours. Philip is not without a certain greatness, the greatness of unlimited external power, and of a will relentless in its dictates, guided by principles, false, but consistent and unalterable. The scene of his existence is haggard, stern and desolate ; but it is all his own, and he seems fitted for it. We hate him and fear him ; but the poet has taken care to secure him from contempt.

The contrast both of his father's fortune and character are those of Carlos. Few situations of a more affecting kind can be imagined, than the situation of this young, generous and ill-fated prince. From boyhood his heart had been bent on mighty things ; he had looked upon the royal grandeur that awaited his maturer years, only as the means of realising those projects for the good of men, which his beneficent soul was ever busied with. His father's dispositions, and the temper of the court, which admitted no development of such ideas, had given the charm of concealment to his feelings ; his life had been in prospect ; and we are the more attached to him, that deserving to be glorious and happy, he had but expected to be either. Bright days, however, seemed approaching ; shut out from the communion of the Albas and Domingos, among whom he lived a stranger, the communion of another and far dearer object was to be granted him ; Elizabeth's love seemed to make him independent even of the future, which it painted with still richer

hues. But in a moment she is taken from him by the most terrible of all visitations ; his bride becomes his mother ; and the stroke that deprives him of her, while it ruins him forever, is more deadly, because it cannot be complained of without sacrilege, and cannot be altered by the power of Fate itself. Carlos, as the poet represents him, calls forth our tenderest sympathies. His soul seems once to have been rich and glorious, like the garden of Eden ; but the desert-wind has passed over it, and smitten it with perpetual blight. Despair has overshadowed all the fair visions of his youth ; or if he hopes, it is but the gleam of delirium, which something sterner than even duty extinguishes in the cold darkness of death. His energy survives but to vent itself in wild gusts of reckless passion, or aimless indignation. There is a touching poignancy in his expression of the bitter melancholy that oppresses him, in the fixedness of misery with which he looks upon the faded dreams of former years, or the fierce ebullitions and dreary pauses of resolution, which now prompts him to retrieve what he has lost, now withers into powerlessness, as nature and reason tell him that it cannot, must not be retrieved.

Elizabeth, no less moving and attractive, is also depicted with masterly skill. If she returns the passion of her amiable and once betrothed lover, we but guess at the fact ; for so horrible a thought has never once been whispered to her own gentle and spotless mind. Yet her heart bleeds for Carlos ; and we see that did not the most sacred feelings of humanity forbid her, there is no sacrifice she would not make to restore his peace of mind. By her soothing influence she strives to calm the agony of his spirit ; by her mild winning eloquence she would persuade him that for Don Carlos other objects must remain, when his hopes of personal felicity have been cut off ; she would change his love for her into love for the millions of human beings whose destiny depends on his. A meek vestal, yet with the prudence of a queen, and the courage of a matron, with every graceful and generous quality of womanhood harmoniously blended in her nature, she lives in a scene that is foreign to her ; the happiness she should have had is beside her, the misery she must endure is around her ; yet she utters no regret, gives way to no complaint, but seeks to draw from duty itself a compensation for the cureless evil which duty has inflicted. Many tragic queens are more imposing and majestic

than this Elizabeth of Schiller; but there is none who rules over us with a sway so soft and feminine, none whom we feel so much disposed to love as well as reverence.

The virtues of Elizabeth are heightened by comparison with the principles and actions of her attendant, the Princess Eboli. The character of Eboli is full of pomp and profession; magnanimity and devotedness are on her tongue, some shadow of them even floats in her imagination; but they are not rooted in her heart; pride, selfishness, unlawful passion are the only inmates there. Her lofty boastings of generosity are soon forgotten when the success of her attachment to Carlos becomes hopeless; the fervour of a selfish love once extinguished in her bosom, she regards the object of it with none but vulgar feelings. Virtue no longer according with interest, she ceases to be virtuous; from a rejected mistress the transition to a jealous spy is with her natural and easy. Yet we do not hate the Princess: there is a seductive warmth and grace about her character, which makes us lament her vices rather than condemn them. The poet has drawn her at once false and fair.

In delineating Eboli and Philip, Schiller seems as if struggling against the current of his nature; our feelings towards them are hardly so severe as he intended; their words and deeds, at least those of the latter, are wicked and repulsive enough; but we still have a kind of latent persuasion that they meant better than they spoke or acted. With the Marquis of Posa, he had a more genial task. This Posa, we can easily perceive, is the representative of Schiller himself. The ardent love of men, which forms his ruling passion, was likewise the constant feeling of his author; the glowing eloquence with which he advocates the cause of truth, and justice, and humanity, was such as Schiller too would have employed in similar circumstances. In some respects, Posa is the chief character of the piece; there is a preëminent magnificence in his object, and in the faculties and feelings with which he follows it. Of a splendid intellect, and a daring devoted heart, his powers are all combined upon a single purpose. Even his friendship for Carlos, grounded on the likeness of their minds, and faithful as it is, yet seems to merge in this paramount emotion, zeal for the universal interests of man. Aiming, with all his force of thought and action, to advance the happiness and best rights of his fellow-creatures; pursuing this noble aim with

the skill and dignity which it deserves, his mind is at once unwearied, earnest and serene. He is another Carlos, but somewhat older, more experienced, and never crossed in hopeless love. There is a calm strength in Posa, which no accident of fortune can shake. Whether cheering the forlorn Carlos into new activity; whether lifting up his voice in the ear of tyrants and inquisitors, or taking leave of life amid his vast unexecuted schemes, there is the same sedate magnanimity, the same fearless composure: when the fatal bullet strikes him, he dies with the concerns of others, not his own, upon his lips. He is a reformer, the perfection of reformers; not a revolutionist, but a prudent though determined improver. His enthusiasm does not burst forth in violence, but in manly and enlightened energy; his eloquence is not more moving to the heart than his lofty philosophy is convincing to the head. There is a majestic vastness of thought in his precepts, which recommends them to the mind independently of the beauty of their dress. Few passages of poetry are more spirit-stirring than his last message to Carlos, through the Queen. The certainty of death seems to surround his spirit with a kind of martyr glory; he is kindled into transport, and speaks with a commanding power. The pathetic wisdom of the line, 'Tell him, that when he is a man, he must reverence the dreams of his youth,' has often been admired: that scene has many such.

The interview with Philip is not less excellent. There is something so striking in the idea of confronting the cold solitary tyrant with 'the only man in all his states that does not need him;' of raising the voice of true manhood for once within the gloomy chambers of thraldom and priestcraft, that we can forgive the stretch of poetic license by which it is effected. Philip and Posa are antipodes in all respects. Philip thinks his new instructor is a 'Protestant;' a charge which Posa rebuts with calm dignity, his object not being separation and contention, but union and peaceful gradual improvement. Posa seems to understand the character of Philip better; not attempting to awaken in his sterile heart any feeling for real glory, or the interests of his fellow-men, he attacks his selfishness and pride, represents to him the intrinsic meanness and misery of a throne, however decked with adventitious pomp, if built on servitude and isolated from the sympathies and interests of others.

We translate the entire scene; though not by any means

the best, it is among the fittest for extraction of any in the piece. Posa has been sent for by the King, and is waiting in a chamber of the palace to know what is required of him; the King enters, unperceived by Posa, whose attention is directed to a picture on the wall:

Act III. Scene X.

The King and Marquis de Posa.

[*The latter, on noticing the King, advances towards him, and kneels, then rises, and waits without any symptom of embarrassment.*]

King [*looks at him with surprise*].
We have met before, then?
Mar. No.
King. You did my crown
Some service: wherefore have you shunn'd my thanks?
Our memory is besieged by crowds of suitors;
Omniscient is none but He in Heaven.
You should have sought my looks: why did you not?
Mar. 'Tis scarcely yet two days, your Majesty,
Since I returned to Spain.
King. I am not used
To be my servants' debtor; ask of me
Some favour.
Mar. I enjoy the laws.
King. That right
The very murd'rer has.
Mar. And how much more
The honest citizen!—Sire, I'm content.
King [*aside*]. Much self-respect indeed, and lofty daring
But this was to be looked for: I would have
My Spaniards haughty; better that the cup
Should overflow than not be full.—I hear
You left my service, Marquis.
Mar. Making way
For men more worthy, I withdrew.
King. 'Tis wrong:
When spirits such as yours play truant,
My state must suffer. You conceive, perhaps,
Some post unworthy of your merits
Might be offer'd you?
Mar. No, Sire, I cannot doubt
But that a judge so skilful, and experienced
In the gifts of men, has at a glance discover'd
Wherein I might do him service, wherein not.
I feel with humble gratitude the favour,

With which your Majesty is loading me
By thoughts so lofty: yet I can— [*He stops.*
KING. You pause?
MAR. Sire, at the moment I am scarce prepar'd
To speak, in phrases of a Spanish subject,
What as a citizen o' th' world I've thought.
Truth is, in parting from the Court forever,
I held myself discharged from all necessity
Of troubling it with reasons for my absence.
KING. Are your reasons bad, then? Dare you not risk
Disclosing them?
MAR. My life, and joyfully,
Were scope allow'd me to disclose them *all.*
'Tis not myself but Truth that I endanger,
Should the King refuse me a full hearing.
Your anger or contempt I fain would shun;
But forced to choose between them, I had rather
Seem to you a man deserving punishment
Than pity.
KING [*with a look of expectation*]. Well?
MAR. The servant of a prince
I cannot be. [*The King looks at him with astonishment.*
I will not cheat my merchant:
If you deign to take me as your servant,
You expect, you wish, my actions only;
You wish my arm in fight, my thought in counsel;
Nothing more you will accept of: not my actions,
Th' approval they might find at Court becomes
The object of my acting. Now for me
Right conduct has a value of its own:
The happiness my king might cause me plant
I would myself produce; and conscious joy,
And free selection, not the force of duty,
Should impel me. Is it thus your Majesty
Requires it? Could you suffer new creators
In your own creation? Or could I
Consent with patience to become the chisel,
When I hoped to be the statuary?
I love mankind; and in a monarchy,
Myself is all that I can love.
KING. This fire
Is laudable. You would do good to others;
How you do it, patriots, wise men think
Of little moment, so it be but done.
Seek for yourself the office in my kingdoms
That will give you scope to gratify
This noble zeal.

MAR. There is not such an office.
KING. How?
MAR. What the king desires to spread abroad
Through these weak hands, is it the good of men?
That good which my unfetter'd love would wish them?
Pale majesty would tremble to behold it!
No! Policy has fashioned in her courts
Another sort of human good; a sort
Which *she* is rich enough to give away,
Awakening with it in the hearts of men
New cravings, such as *it* can satisfy.
Truth she keeps coining in her mints, such truth
As she can tolerate; and every die
Except her own she breaks and casts away.
But is the royal bounty wide enough
For me to wish and work in? Must the love
I bear my brother pledge itself to be
My brother's jailor? Can I call him happy
When he dare not think? Sire, choose some other
To dispense the good which *you* have stamped for us.
With me it tallies not; a prince's servant
I cannot be.
KING [*rather quickly*].
You are a Protestant.
MAR. [*after some reflection*]
Sire, your creed is also mine. [*After a pause.*
I find
I am misunderstood: 'tis as I feared.
You see me draw the veil from majesty,
And view its mysteries with steadfast eye:
How should you know if I regard as holy
What I no more regard as terrible?
Dangerous I seem, for bearing thoughts too high:
My King, I am not dangerous: my wishes
Lie buried here. [*Laying his hand on his breast.*
The poor and purblind rage
Of innovation, that but aggravates
The weight o' th' fetters which it cannot break,
Will never heat *my* blood. The century
Admits not my ideas: I live a citizen
Of those that are to come. Sire, can a picture
Break your rest? Your breath obliterates it.
KING. No other knows you harbour such ideas?
MAR. Such, no one.
KING [*rises, walks a few steps, then stops opposite the Marquis.—Aside*]. New at least, this dialect!
Flattery exhausts itself: a man of parts

Disdains to imitate. For once let's have
A trial of the opposite! Why not?
The strange is oft the lucky.—If so be
This is your principle, why let it pass!
I will conform; the crown shall have a servant
New in Spain,—a liberal!
MAR. Sire, I see
How very meanly you conceive of men;
How, in the language of the frank true spirit
You find but another deeper artifice
Of a more practis'd coz'ner: I can also
Partly see what causes this. 'Tis men;
'Tis men that force you to it: they themselves
Have cast away their own nobility,
Themselves have crouch'd to this degraded posture.
Man's innate greatness, like a spectre, frights them;
Their poverty seems safety; with base skill
They ornament their chains, and call it virtue
To wear them with an air of grace. 'Twas thus
You found the world; thus from your royal father
Came it to you: how in this distorted,
Mutilated image could you honour man?
KING. Some truth there is in this.
MAR. Pity, however,
That in taking man from the Creator,
And changing him into *your* handiwork,
And setting up yourself to be the god
Of this new-moulded creature, you should have
Forgotten one essential; you yourself
Remained a man, a very child of Adam!
You are still a suffering, longing mortal,
You call for sympathy, and to a god
We can but sacrifice, and pray, and tremble!
O unwise exchange! unbless'd perversion!
When you have sunk your brothers to be play'd
As harp-strings, who will join in harmony
With you the player?
KING [*aside*]. By Heaven, he touches me
MAR. For you, however, this is unimportant;
It but makes you separate, peculiar;
'Tis the price you pay for being a god.
And frightful were it if you failed in this!
If for the desolated good of millions,
You the Desolator should gain—nothing!
If the very freedom you have blighted
And kill'd were that alone which could exalt
Yourself!—Sire, pardon me, I must not stay:

The matter makes me rash: my heart is full,
Too strong the charm of looking on the *one*
Of living men to whom I might unfold it.

[*The Count de Lerma enters, and whispers a few words to the King. The latter beckons to him to withdraw, and continues sitting in his former posture.*

KING [*to the Marquis, after Lerma is gone*].
Speak on!

MAR. [*after a pause*] I feel, Sire, all the worth—

KING. Speak on!
Y' had something more to say.

MAR. Not long since, Sire,
I chanced to pass through Flanders and Brabant.
So many rich and flourishing provinces;
A great, a mighty people, and still more,
An honest people!—And this people's Father!
That, thought I, must be divine: so thinking,
I stumbled on a heap of human bones.

[*He pauses; his eyes rest on the King, who endeavours to return his glance, but with an air of embarrassment is forced to look upon the ground.*

You are in the right, you *must* proceed so.
That you *could* do, what you saw you *must* do,
Fills me with a shuddering admiration.
Pity that the victim welt'ring in its blood
Should speak so feeble an eulogium
On the spirit of the priest! That mere men,
Not beings of a calmer essence, write
The annals of the world! Serener ages
Will displace the age of Philip; these will bring
A milder wisdom; the subject's good will then
Be reconcil'd to th' prince's greatness;
The thrifty State will learn to prize its children,
And necessity no more will be inhuman.

KING. And when, think you, would those blessed ages
Have come round, had I recoil'd before
The curse of this? Behold my Spain! Here blooms
The subject's good, in never-clouded peace:
Such peace will I bestow on Flanders.

MAR. Peace of a churchyard! And you hope to end
What you have entered on? Hope to withstand
The timeful change of Christendom; to stop
The universal Spring that shall make young
The countenance o' th' Earth? *You* purpose, single
In all Europe, alone, to fling yourself
Against the wheel of Destiny that rolls
For ever its appointed course; to clutch

Its spokes with mortal arm? You may not, Sire!
Already thousands have forsook your kingdoms,
Escaping glad though poor: the citizen
You lost for conscience' sake, he was your noblest.
With mother's arms Elizabeth receives
The fugitives, and rich by foreign skill,
In fertile strength her England blooms. Forsaken
Of its toilsome people, lies Grenada
Desolate; and Europe sees with glad surprise
Its enemy faint with self-inflicted wounds.

[*The King seems moved: the Marquis observes it, and advances some steps nearer.*

Plant for Eternity and death the seed?
Your harvest will be nothingness. The work
Will not survive the spirit of its former;
It will be in vain that you have labour'd;
That you have fought the fight with Nature;
And to plans of Ruin consecrated
A high and royal lifetime. Man is greater
Than you thought. The bondage of long slumber
He will break; his sacred rights he will reclaim.
With Nero and Busiris will he rank
The name of Philip, and—that grieves me, for
You once were good.

KING. How know you that?

MAR. [*with warm energy*] You were;
Yes, by th' All-Merciful! Yes, I repeat it.
Restore to us what you have taken from us.
Generous as strong, let human happiness
Stream from your horn of plenty, let souls ripen
Round you. Restore us what you took from us.
Amid a thousand kings become a king.

[*He approaches him boldly, fixing on him firm and glowing looks.*

Oh, could the eloquence of all the millions,
Who participate in this great moment,
Hover on my lips, and raise into a flame
That gleam that kindles in your eyes!
Give up this false idolatry of self,
Which makes your brothers nothing! Be to us
A pattern of the Everlasting and the True!
Never, never, did a mortal hold so much,
To use it so divinely. All the kings
Of Europe reverence the name of Spain;
Go on in front of all the kings of Europe!
One movement of your pen, and new created

Is the Earth. Say but, Let there be freedom!
[*Throwing himself at his feet.*
KING [*surprised, turning his face away, then again towards Posa*].
Singular enthusiast! Yet—rise—I—
MAR. Look round and view God's lordly universe:
On Freedom it is founded, and how rich
Is it with Freedom! He, the great Creator,
Has giv'n the very worm its sev'ral dewdrop;
Ev'n in the mouldering spaces of Decay,
He leaves Free-will the pleasures of a choice.
This world of *yours!* how narrow and how poor
The rustling of a leaf alarms the lord
Of Christendom. You quake at every virtue;
He, not to mar the glorious form of Freedom,
Suffers that the hideous hosts of Evil
Should run riot in his fair Creation.
Him the maker we behold not; calm
He veils himself in everlasting laws,
Which and not him the sceptic seeing exclaims,
'Wherefore a God? The World itself is God.'
And never did a Christian's adoration
So praise him as this sceptic's blasphemy.
KING. And such a model you would undertake,
On Earth, in my domains to imitate?
MAR. You, you can: who else? To th' people's good
Devote the kingly power, which far too long
Has struggled for the greatness of the throne.
Restore the lost nobility of man.
Once more make of the subject what he was,
The purpose of the Crown; let no tie bind him,
Except his brethren's right, as sacred as
His own. And when, given back to self-dependence,
Man awakens to the feeling of his worth,
And freedom's proud and lofty virtues blossom,
Then, Sire, having made *your* realms the happiest
In the Earth, it may become your duty
To subdue the realms of others.
KING [*after a long pause*].
I have heard you to an end.
Not as in common heads, the world is painted
In that head of yours: nor will I mete you
By the common standard. I am the first
To whom your heart has been disclosed:
I know this, so believe it. For the sake
Of such forbearance; for your having kept
Ideas, embraced with such devotion, secret
Up to this present moment, for the sake

Of that reserve, young man, I will forget
That I have learned them, and how I learned them.
Arise. The headlong youth I will set right,
Not as his sovereign, but as his senior.
I will, because I will. So! bane itself,
I find, in generous natures may become
Ennobled into something better. But
Beware my Inquisition! It would grieve me
If you—

MAR. Would it? would it?

KING [*gazing at him, and lost in surprise*].
Such a mortal
Till this hour I never saw. No, Marquis!
No! You do me wrong. To you I will not
Be a Nero, not to you. *All* happiness
Shall not be blighted by me: you yourself
Shall be permitted to remain a man
Beside me.

MAR. [*quickly*] And my fellow-subjects, Sire?
Oh, not for *me*, not *my* cause was I pleading.
And your subjects, Sire?

KING. You see so clearly
How posterity will judge of me; yourself
Shall teach it how I treated men so soon
As I had found one.

MAR. O Sire! in being
The most just of kings, at the same instant
Be not the most unjust! In your Flanders
Are many thousands worthier than I.
'Tis but yourself,—shall I confess it, Sire?—
That under this mild form first truly see
What freedom is.

KING [*with softened earnestness*].
Young man, no more of this.
Far differently will you think of men,
When you have seen and studied them as I have.
Yet our first meeting must not be our last;
How shall I try to make you mine?

MAR. Sire, let me
Continue as I am. What good were it
To you, if I like others were corrupted?

KING. This pride I will not suffer. From this moment
You are in my service. No remonstrance!
I will have it so. o o o o o

Had the character of Posa been drawn ten years later, it would have been imputed, as all things are, to the 'French

Revolution;' and Schiller himself perhaps might have been called a Jacobin. Happily, as matters stand, there is room for no such imputation. It is pleasing to behold in Posa the deliberate expression of a great and good man's sentiments on these ever-agitated subjects: a noble monument, embodying the liberal ideas of his age, in a form beautified by his own genius, and lasting as its other products.[6]

Connected with the superior excellence of Posa, critics have remarked a dramatic error, which the author himself was the first to acknowledge and account for. The magnitude of Posa throws Carlos into the shade; the hero of the first three acts is no longer the hero of the other two. The cause of this, we are informed, was that Schiller kept the work too long upon his own hands:

'In composing the piece,' he observes, 'many interruptions 'occurred; so that a considerable time elapsed between begin- 'ning and concluding it; and, in the mean while, much within 'myself had changed. The various alterations which, during 'this period, my way of thinking and feeling underwent, natur- 'ally told upon the work I was engaged with. What parts of 'it had at first attracted me, began to produce this effect in 'a weaker degree, and, in the end, scarcely at all. New ideas, 'springing up in the interim, displaced the former ones; Car- 'los himself had lost my favour, perhaps for no other reason 'than because I had become his senior; and, from the oppo- 'site cause, Posa had occupied his place. Thus I commenced 'the fourth and fifth acts with quite an altered heart. But the 'first three were already in the hands of the public; the plan 'of the whole could not now be re-formed; nothing therefore 'remained but to suppress the piece entirely, or to fit the second 'half to the first the best way I could.'

The imperfection alluded to is one of which the general reader will make no great account; the second half is fitted to the first with address enough for his purposes. Intent not upon applying the dramatic gauge, but on being moved and exalted, we may peruse the tragedy without noticing that any such defect exists in it. The pity and love we are first taught to feel for Carlos abide with us to the last; and though Posa

[6] Jean Paul nevertheless, not without some show of reason, has compared this Posa to the tower of a lighthouse: 'high, far-shining,—empty!' (*Note of* 1845.)

rises in importance as the piece proceeds, our admiration of his transcendent virtues does not obstruct the gentler feelings with which we look upon the fate of his friend. A certain confusion and crowding together of events, about the end of the play, is the only fault in its plan that strikes us with any force. Even this is scarcely prominent enough to be offensive.

An intrinsic and weightier defect is the want of ease and lightness in the general composition of the piece; a defect which all its other excellencies will not prevent us from observing. There is action enough in the plot, energy enough in the dialogue, and abundance of individual beauties in both; but there is throughout a certain air of stiffness and effort, which abstracts from the theatrical illusion. The language, in general impressive and magnificent, is now and then inflated into bombast. The characters do not, as it were, verify their human nature, by those thousand little touches and nameless turns, which distinguish the genius essentially dramatic from the genius merely poetical; the Proteus of the stage from the philosophic observer and trained imitator of life. We have not those careless felicities, those varyings from high to low, that air of living freedom which Shakspeare has accustomed us, like spoiled children, to look for in every perfect work of this species. Schiller is too elevated, too regular and sustained in his elevation, to be altogether natural.

Yet with all this, *Carlos* is a noble tragedy. There is a stately massiveness about the structure of it; the incidents are grand and affecting; the characters powerful, vividly conceived, and impressively if not completely delineated. Of wit and its kindred graces Schiller has but a slender share: nor among great poets is he much distinguished for depth or fineness of pathos. But what gives him a place of his own, and the loftiest of its kind, is the vastness and intense vigour of his mind; the splendour of his thoughts and imagery, and the bold vehemence of his passion for the true and the sublime, under all their various forms. He does not thrill, but he exalts us. His genius is impetuous, exuberant, majestic; and a heavenly fire gleams through all his creations. He transports us into a holier and higher world than our own; everything around us breathes of force and solemn beauty. The looks of his heroes may be more staid than those of men, the movements of their minds may be slower and more calculated; but we yield to the

potency of their endowments, and the loveliness of the scene which they animate. The enchantments of the poet are strong enough to silence our scepticism; we forbear to inquire whether it is true or false.

The celebrity of Alfieri generally invites the reader of *Don Carlos* to compare it with *Filippo*. Both writers treat the same subject; both borrow their materials from the same source, the *nouvelle historique* of St. Réal: but it is impossible that two powerful minds could have handled one given idea in more diverse manners. Their excellencies are, in fact, so opposite, that they scarcely come in competition. Alfieri's play is short, and the characters are few. He describes no scene: his personages are not the King of Spain and his courtiers, but merely men; their place of action is not the Escurial or Madrid, but a vacant, objectless platform anywhere in space. In all this, Schiller has a manifest advantage. He paints manners and opinions, he sets before us a striking pageant, which interests us of itself, and gives a new interest to whatever is combined with it. The principles of the antique, or perhaps rather of the French drama, upon which Alfieri worked, permitted no such delineation. In the style there is the same diversity. A severe simplicity uniformly marks Alfieri's style; in his whole tragedy there is not a single figure. A hard emphatic brevity is all that distinguishes his language from that of prose. Schiller, we have seen, abounds with noble metaphors, and all the warm exciting eloquence of poetry. It is only in expressing the character of Philip that Alfieri has a clear superiority. Without the aid of superstition, which his rival, especially in the catastrophe, employs to such advantage, Alfieri has exhibited in his Filippo a picture of unequalled power. Obscurity is justly said to be essential to terror and sublimity; and Schiller has enfeebled the effect of his Tyrant, by letting us behold the most secret recesses of his spirit: we understand him better, but we fear him less. Alfieri does not show us the internal combination of Filippo: it is from its workings alone that we judge of his nature. Mystery, and the shadow of horrid cruelty, brood over his Filippo: it is only a transient word or act that gives us here and there a glimpse of his fierce, implacable, tremendous soul; a short and dubious glimmer that reveals to us the abysses of his being, dark, lurid, and terrific, 'as the throat of

the infernal Pool.' Alfieri's Filippo is perhaps the most wicked man that human imagination has conceived.

Alfieri and Schiller were again unconscious competitors in the history of Mary Stuart. But the works before us give a truer specimen of their comparitive merits. Schiller seems to have the greater genius; Alfieri the more commanding character. Alfieri's greatness rests on the stern concentration of fiery passion, under the dominion of an adamantine will: this was his own make of mind; and he represents it, with strokes in themselves devoid of charm, but in their union terrible as a prophetic scroll. Schiller's moral force is commensurate with his intellectual gifts, and nothing more. The mind of the one is like the ocean, beautiful in its strength, smiling in the radiance of summer, and washing luxuriant and romantic shores: that of the other is like some black unfathomable lake placed far amid the melancholy mountains; bleak, solitary, desolate; but girdled with grim sky-piercing cliffs, overshadowed with storms, and illuminated only by the red glare of the lightning. Schiller is magnificent in his expansion, Alfieri is overpowering in his condensed energy; the first inspires us with greater admiration, the last with greater awe.

This tragedy of *Carlos* was received with immediate and universal approbation. In the closet and on the stage, it excited the warmest applauses equally among the learned and unlearned. Schiller's expectations had not been so high: he knew both the excellencies and the faults of his work; but he had not anticipated that the former would be recognised so instantaneously. The pleasure of this new celebrity came upon him, therefore, heightened by surprise. Had dramatic eminence been his sole object, he might now have slackened his exertions; the public had already ranked him as the first of their writers in that favourite department. But this limited ambition was not his moving principle; nor was his mind of that sort for which rest is provided in this world. The primary disposition of his nature urged him to perpetual toil: the great aim of his life, the unfolding of his mental powers, was one of those which admit but a relative not an absolute progress. New ideas of perfection arise as the former have been reached; the student is always attaining, never has attained.

Schiller's worldly circumstances, too, were of a kind well

calculated to prevent excess of quietism. He was still drifting at large on the tide of life; he was crowned with laurels, but without a home. His heart, warm and affectionate, fitted to enjoy the domestic blessings which it longed for, was allowed to form no permanent attachment: he felt that he was unconnected, solitary in the world; cut off from the exercise of his kindlier sympathies; or if tasting such pleasures, it was 'snatching them rather than partaking of them calmly.' The vulgar desire of wealth and station never entered his mind for an instant: but as years were added to his age, the delights of peace and continuous comfort were fast becoming more acceptable than any other; and he looked with anxiety to have a resting-place amid his wanderings, to be a man among his fellow-men.

For all these wishes, Schiller saw that the only chance of fulfilment depended on unwearied perseverance in his literary occupations. Yet though his activity was unabated, and the calls on it were increasing rather than diminished, its direction was gradually changing. The Drama had long been stationary, and of late been falling in his estimation: the difficulties of the art, as he viewed it at present, had been overcome, and new conquests invited him in other quarters. The latter part of *Carlos* he had written as a task rather than a pleasure; he contemplated no farther undertaking connected with the Stage. For a time, indeed, he seems to have wavered among a multiplicity of enterprises; now solicited to this, and now to that, without being able to fix decidedly on any. The restless ardour of his mind is evinced by the number and variety of his attempts; its fluctuation by the circumstance that all of them are either short in extent, or left in the state of fragments. Of the former kind are his lyrical productions, many of which were composed about this period, during intervals from more serious labours. The character of these performances is such as his former writings gave us reason to expect. With a deep insight into life, and a keen and comprehensive sympathy with its sorrows and enjoyments, there is combined that impetuosity of feeling, that pomp of thought and imagery which belong peculiarly to Schiller. If he had now left the Drama, it was clear that his mind was still overflowing with the elements of poetry; dwelling among the grandest conceptions, and the boldest or finest emotions; thinking intensely and profoundly,

but decorating its thoughts with those graces, which other faculties than the understanding are required to afford them. With these smaller pieces, Schiller occupied himself at intervals of leisure throughout the remainder of his life. Some of them are to be classed among the most finished efforts of his genius. The *Walk*, the *Song of the Bell*, contain exquisite delineations of the fortunes and history of man; his *Ritter Toggenburg*, his *Cranes of Ibycus*, his *Hero and Leander*, are among the most poetical and moving ballads to be found in any language.

Of these poems, the most noted written about this time, the *Freethinking of Passion* (*Freigeisterei der Leidenschaft*), is said to have originated in a real attachment. The lady, whom some biographers of Schiller introduce to us by the mysterious designation of the 'Fräulein A * * *, one of the first beauties in Dresden,' seems to have made a deep impression on the heart of the poet. They tell us that she sat for the picture of the princess Eboli, in his *Don Carlos;* that he paid his court to her with the most impassioned fervour, and the extreme of generosity. They add one or two anecdotes of dubious authenticity; which, as they illustrate nothing, but show us only that love could make Schiller crazy, as it is said to make all gods and men, we shall use the freedom to omit.

This enchanting and not inexorable spinster perhaps displaced the Mannheim *Laura* from her throne; but the gallant assiduities, which she required or allowed, seem not to have abated the zeal of her admirer in his more profitable undertakings. Her reign, we suppose, was brief, and without abiding influence. Schiller never wrote or thought with greater diligence than while at Dresden. Partially occupied with conducting his *Thalia*, or with those more slight poetical performances, his mind was hovering among a multitude of weightier plans, and seizing with avidity any hint that might assist in directing its attempts. To this state of feeling we are probably indebted for the *Geisterseher*, a novel, naturalised in our circulating libraries by the title of the *Ghostseer*, two volumes of which were published about this time. The king of quacks, the renowned Cagliostro, was now playing his dextrous game at Paris: harrowing-up the souls of the curious and gullible of all ranks in that capital, by various thaumaturgic feats; raising the dead from their graves; and, what was more to the purpose, raising himself from the station of a poor Sicilian

lacquey to that of a sumptuous and extravagant count. The noise of his exploits appears to have given rise to this work of Schiller's. It is an attempt to exemplify the process of hoodwinking an acute but too sensitive man; of working on the latent germ of superstition, which exists beneath his outward scepticism; harassing his mind by the terrors of magic,—the magic of chemistry and natural philosophy and natural cunning; till, racked by doubts and agonising fears, and plunging from one depth of dark uncertainty into another, he is driven at length to still his scruples in the bosom of the Infallible Church. The incidents are contrived with considerable address, displaying a familiar acquaintance, not only with several branches of science, but also with some curious forms of life and human nature. One or two characters are forcibly drawn; particularly that of the amiable but feeble Count, the victim of the operation. The strange Foreigner, with the visage of stone, who conducts the business of mystification, strikes us also, though we see but little of him. The work contains some vivid description, some passages of deep tragical effect: it has a vein of keen observation; in general, a certain rugged power which might excite regret that it was never finished. But Schiller found that his views had been mistaken: it was thought that he meant only to electrify his readers, by an accumulation of surprising horrors, in a novel of the Mrs. Radcliffe fashion. He felt, in consequence, discouraged to proceed; and finally abandoned it.

Schiller was, in fact, growing tired of fictitious writing. Imagination was with him a strong, not an exclusive, perhaps not even a predominating faculty: in the sublimest flights of his genius, intellect is a quality as conspicuous as any other; we are frequently not more delighted with the grandeur of the drapery in which he clothes his thoughts, than with the grandeur of the thoughts themselves. To a mind so restless, the cultivation of all its powers was a peremptory want; in one so earnest, the love of truth was sure to be among its strongest passions. Even while revelling, with unworn ardour, in the dreamy scenes of the Imagination, he had often cast a longing look, and sometimes made a hurried inroad, into the calmer provinces of reason: but the first effervescence of youth was past, and now more than ever, the love of contemplating or painting things as they should be, began to yield to the love of knowing things as they are. The tendency of his mind was

gradually changing; he was about to enter on a new field of enterprise, where new triumphs awaited him.

For a time he had hesitated what to choose; at length he began to think of History. As a leading object of pursuit, this promised him peculiar advantages. It was new to him; and fitted to employ some of his most valuable gifts. It was grounded on reality, for which, as we have said, his taste was now becoming stronger; its mighty revolutions and events, and the commanding characters that figure in it, would likewise present him with things great and moving, for which his taste had always been strong. As recording the past transactions, and indicating the prospects of nations, it could not fail to be delightful to one, for whom not only human nature was a matter of most fascinating speculation, but who looked on all mankind with the sentiments of a brother, feeling truly what he often said, that 'he had no dearer wish than to see every living mortal happy and contented with his lot.' To all these advantages another of a humbler sort was added, but which the nature of his situation forbade him to lose sight of. The study of History, while it afforded him a subject of continuous and regular exertion, would also afford him, what was even more essential, the necessary competence of income for which he felt reluctant any longer to depend on the resources of poetry, but which the produce of his pen was now the only means he had of realising.

For these reasons, he decided on commencing the business of historian. The composition of *Don Carlos* had already led him to investigate the state of Spain under Philip II.; and, being little satisfied with Watson's clear but shallow Work on that reign, he had turned to the original sources of information, the writings of Grotius, Strada, De Thou, and many others. Investigating these with his usual fidelity and eagerness, the Revolt of the Netherlands had, by degrees, become familiar to his thoughts; distinct in many parts where it was previously obscure; and attractive, as it naturally must be to a temper such as his. He now determined that his first historical performance should be a narrative of that event. He resolved to explore the minutest circumstance of its rise and progress; to arrange the materials he might collect, in a more philosophical order; to interweave with them the general opinions he had formed, or was forming, on many points of polity, and national

or individual character ; and, if possible, to animate the whole with that warm sympathy, which, in a lover of Freedom, this most glorious of her triumphs naturally called forth.

In the filling-up of such an outline, there was scope enough for diligence. But it was not in Schiller's nature to content himself with ordinary efforts ; no sooner did a project take hold of his mind, than, rallying round it all his accomplishments and capabilities, he stretched it out into something so magnificent and comprehensive, that little less than a lifetime would have been sufficient to effect it. This History of the Revolt of the Netherlands, which formed his chief study, he looked upon but as one branch of the great subject he was yet destined to engage with. History at large, in all its bearings, was now his final aim ; and his mind was continually occupied with plans for acquiring, improving, and diffusing the knowledge of it.

Of these plans many never reached a describable shape ; very few reached even partial execution. One of the latter sort was an intended *History of the most remarkable Conspiracies and Revolutions in the Middle and Later Ages.* A first volume of the work was published in 1787. Schiller's part in it was trifling ; scarcely more than that of a translator and editor. St. Réal's *Conspiracy of Bedmar against Venice*, here furnished with an extended introduction, is the best piece in the book. Indeed, St. Réal seems first to have set him on this task : the Abbé had already signified his predilection for plots and revolutions, and given a fine sample of his powers in treating such matters. What Schiller did was to expand this idea, and communicate a systematic form to it. His work might have been curious and valuable, had it been completed ; but the pressure of other engagements, the necessity of limiting his views to the Netherlands, prevented this for the present ; it was afterwards forgotten, and never carried farther.

Such were Schiller's occupations while at Dresden ; their extent and variety are proof enough that idleness was not among his vices. It was, in truth, the opposite extreme in which he erred. He wrote and thought with an impetuosity beyond what nature always could endure. His intolerance of interruptions first put him on the plan of studying by night ; an alluring but pernicious practice, which began at Dresden, and was never afterwards forsaken. His recreations breathed *a*

similar spirit; he loved to be much alone, and strongly moved. The banks of the Elbe were the favourite resort of his mornings: here wandering in solitude amid groves and lawns, and green and beautiful places, he abandoned his mind to delicious musings; watched the fitful current of his thoughts, as they came sweeping through his soul in their vague, fantastic, gorgeous forms; pleased himself with the transient images of memory and hope; or meditated on the cares and studies which had lately been employing, and were again soon to employ him. At times, he might be seen floating on the river in a gondola, feasting himself with the loveliness of earth and sky. He delighted most to be there when tempests were abroad; his unquiet spirit found a solace in the expression of his own unrest on the face of Nature; danger lent a charm to his situation; he felt in harmony with the scene, when the rack was sweeping stormfully across the heavens, and the forests were sounding in the breeze, and the river was rolling its chafed waters into wild eddying heaps.

Yet before the darkness summoned him exclusively to his tasks, Schiller commonly devoted a portion of his day to the pleasures of society. Could he have found enjoyment in the flatteries of admiring hospitality, his present fame would have procured them for him in abundance. But these things were not to Schiller's taste. His opinion of the 'flesh-flies' of Leipzig we have already seen: he retained the same sentiments throughout all his life. The idea of being what we call a *lion* is offensive enough to any man, of not more than common vanity, or less than common understanding; it was doubly offensive to him. His pride and his modesty alike forbade it. The delicacy of his nature, aggravated into shyness by his education and his habits, rendered situations of display more than usually painful to him; the *digito prætereuntium* was a sort of celebration he was far from coveting. In the circles of fashion he appeared unwillingly, and seldom to advantage: their glitter and parade were foreign to his disposition; their strict ceremonial cramped the play of his mind. Hemmed in, as by invisible fences, among the intricate barriers of etiquette, so feeble, so inviolable, he felt constrained and helpless; alternately chagrined and indignant. It was the giant among pigmies; Gulliver, in Lilliput, tied down by a thousand packthreads. But there were more congenial minds, with whom

he could associate ; more familiar scenes, in which he found the pleasures he was seeking. Here Schiller was himself ; frank, unembarrassed, pliant to the humour of the hour. His conversation was delightful, abounding at once in rare and simple charms. Besides the intellectual riches which it carried with it, there was that flow of kindliness and unaffected good humour, which can render dulness itself agreeable. Schiller had many friends in Dresden, who loved him as a man, while they admired him as a writer. Their intercourse was of the kind he liked, sober, as well as free and mirthful. It was the careless, calm, honest effusion of his feelings that he wanted, not the noisy tumults and coarse delirium of dissipation. For this, under any of its forms, he at no time showed the smallest relish.

A visit to Weimar had long been one of Schiller's projects : he now first accomplished it in 1787. Saxony had been, for ages, the Attica of Germany; and Weimar had, of late, become its Athens. In this literary city, Schiller found what he expected, sympathy and brotherhood with men of kindred minds. To Goethe he was not introduced ;[7] but Herder and Wieland received him with a cordial welcome ; with the latter he soon formed a most friendly intimacy. Wieland, the Nestor of German letters, was grown gray in the service : Schiller reverenced him as a father, and he was treated by him as a son. 'We shall have bright hours,' he said ; 'Wieland is still young, 'when he loves.' Wieland had long edited the *Deutsche Mercur:* in consequence of their connexion, Schiller now took part in contributing to that work. Some of his smaller poems, one or two fragments of the History of the Netherlands, and the *Letters on Don Carlos*, first appeared here. His own *Thalia* still continued to come out at Leipzig. With these for his incidental employments, with the Belgian Revolt for his chief study, and the best society in Germany for his leisure, Schiller felt no wish to leave Weimar. The place and what it held contented him so much, that he thought of selecting it for his permanent abode. 'You know the men,' he writes, 'of whom 'Germany is proud ; a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren ; 'and one wall now encloses me and them. What excellencies 'are in Weimar ! In this city, at least in this territory, I mean 'to settle for life, and at length once more to get a country.'

[7] Doering says, 'Goethe was at this time absent in Italy ;' an error, as will by and by appear.

So occupied and so intentioned, he continued to reside at Weimar. Some months after his arrival, he received an invitation from his early patroness and kind protectress, Madam von Wollzogen, to come and visit her at Bauerbach. Schiller went accordingly to this his ancient city of refuge; he again found all the warm hospitality, which he had of old experienced when its character could less be mistaken; but his excursion thither produced more lasting effects than this. At Rudolstadt, where he stayed for a time on occasion of this journey, he met with a new friend. It was here that he first saw the Fräulein Lengefeld, a lady whose attractions made him loth to leave Rudolstadt, and eager to return.

Next year he did return; he lived from May till November there or in the neighbourhood. He was busy as usual, and he visited the Lengefeld family almost every day. Schiller's views on marriage, his longing for 'a civic and domestic existence,' we already know. 'To be united with a person,' he had said, 'that shares our sorrows and our joys, that responds 'to our feelings, that moulds herself so pliantly, so closely to 'our humours; reposing on her calm and warm affection, to 'relax our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild 'wishes and tumultuous passions; to dream away all the bit-'terness of fortune, in the bosom of domestic enjoyment; this 'the true delight of life.' Some years had elapsed since he expressed these sentiments, which time had confirmed, not weakened: the presence of the Fräulein Lengefeld awoke them into fresh activity. He loved this lady; the return of love, with which she honoured him, diffused a sunshine over all his troubled world; and, if the wish of being hers excited more impatient thoughts about the settlement of his condition, it also gave him fresh strength to attain it. He was full of occupation, while in Rudolstadt; ardent, serious, but not unhappy. His literary projects were proceeding as before; and, besides the enjoyment of virtuous love, he had that of intercourse with many worthy and some kindred minds.

Among these, the chief in all respects was Goethe. It was during his present visit, that Schiller first met with this illustrious person; concerning whom, both by reading and report, his expectations had been raised so high. No two men, both of exalted genius, could be possessed of more different sorts of excellence, than the two that were now brought together, in a

large company of their mutual friends. The English reader may form some approximate conception of the contrast, by figuring an interview between Shakspeare and Milton. How gifted, how diverse in their gifts! The mind of the one plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest; the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various, on a few subjects; the one is catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit; skilled, as if by personal experience, in all the modes of human passion and opinion; therefore, tolerant of all; peaceful, collected; fighting for no class of men or principles; rather looking on the world, and the various battles waging in it, with the quiet eye of one already reconciled to the futility of their issues; but pouring over all the forms of many-coloured life the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decorations of an overflowing fancy; and allowing men and things of every shape and hue to have their own free scope in his conception, as they have it in the world where Providence has placed them. The other is earnest, devoted; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement; feeling more intensely as he feels more narrowly; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently; at war with the one half of things, in love with the other half; hence dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest, and scarcely conceiving the possibility of such a state. Apart from the difference of their opinions and mental culture, Shakspeare and Milton seem to have stood in some such relation as this to each other, in regard to the primary structure of their minds. So likewise, in many points, was it with Goethe and Schiller. The external circumstances of the two were, moreover, such as to augment their several peculiarities. Goethe was in his thirty-ninth year; and had long since found his proper rank and settlement in life. Schiller was ten years younger, and still without a fixed destiny; on both of which accounts, his fundamental scheme of thought, the principles by which he judged and acted, and maintained his individuality, although they might be settled, were less likely to be sobered and matured. In these circumstances we can hardly wonder that on Schiller's part the first impression was not very pleasant. Goethe sat talking of Italy, and art, and travelling, and a thousand other subjects, with that flow of brilliant and deep sense, sarcastic humour, knowledge, fancy and good na-

ture, which is said to render him the best talker now alive.[8] Schiller looked at him in quite a different mood; he felt his natural constraint increased under the influence of a man so opposite in character, so potent in resources, so singular and so expert in using them; a man whom he could not agree with, and knew not how to contradict. Soon after their interview, he thus writes:

'On the whole, this personal meeting has not at all diminished the idea, great as it was, which I had previously formed of Goethe; but I doubt whether we shall ever come into any close communication with each other. Much that still interests me has already had its epoch with him. His whole nature is, from its very origin, otherwise constructed than mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things appear to be essentially different. From such a combination, no secure, substantial intimacy can result. Time will try.'

The aid of time was not, in fact, unnecessary. On the part of Goethe there existed prepossessions no less hostile; and derived from sources older and deeper than the present transitory meeting, to the discontents of which they probably contributed. He himself has lately stated them with his accustomed frankness and good humour, in a paper, part of which some readers may peruse with an interest more than merely biographical.

'On my return from Italy,' he says, 'where I had been endeavouring to train myself to greater purity and precision in all departments of art, not heeding what meanwhile was going on in Germany, I found here some older and some more recent works of poetry, enjoying high esteem and wide circulation, while unhappily their character to me was utterly offensive. I shall only mention Heinse's *Ardinghello* and Schiller's *Robbers*. The first I hated for its having undertaken to exhibit sensuality and mystical abstruseness, ennobled and supported by creative art: the last, because in it, the very paradoxes moral and dramatic, from which I was struggling to get liberated, had been laid hold of by a powerful though an immature genius, and poured in a boundless rushing flood over all our country.

'Neither of these gifted individuals did I blame for what

[8] 1825.

'he had performed or purposed: it is the nature and the privi-
'lege of every mortal to attempt working in his own peculiar
'way; he attempts it first without culture, scarcely with the
'consciousness of what he is about; and continues it with con-
'sciousness increasing as his culture increases; whereby it
'happens that so many exquisite and so many paltry things are
'to be found circulating in the world, and one perplexity is
'seen to rise from the ashes of another.

'But the rumour which these strange productions had ex-
'cited over Germany, the approbation paid to them by every
'class of persons, from the wild student to the polished court-
'lady, frightened me; for I now thought all my labour was to
'prove in vain; the objects, and the way of handling them, to
'which I had been exercising all my powers, appeared as if
'defaced and set aside. And what grieved me still more was,
'that all the friends connected with me, Heinrich Meyer and
'Moritz, as well as their fellow-artists Tischbein and Bury,
'seemed in danger of the like contagion. I was much hurt.
'Had it been possible, I would have abandoned the study of
'creative art, and the practice of poetry altogether; for where
'was the prospect of surpassing those performances of genial
'worth and wild form, in the qualities which recommended
'them? Conceive my situation. It had been my object and
'my task to cherish and impart the purest exhibitions of poetic
'art; and here was I hemmed in between Ardinghello and
'Franz von Moor!

'It happened also about this time that Moritz returned from
'Italy, and stayed with me awhile; during which, he violently
'confirmed himself and me in these persuasions. I avoided
'Schiller, who was now at Weimar, in my neighbourhood. The
'appearance of *Don Carlos* was not calculated to approximate
'us; the attempts of our common friends I resisted; and thus
'we still continued to go on our way apart.'

By degrees, however, both parties found that they had been mistaken. The course of accidents brought many things to light, which had been hidden; the true character of each became unfolded more and more completely to the other; and the cold, measured tribute of respect was on both sides animated and exalted by feelings of kindness, and ultimately of affection. Ere long, Schiller had by gratifying proofs discovered that 'this Goethe was a very worthy man;' and Goethe,

in his love of genius, and zeal for the interests of literature, was performing for Schiller the essential duties of a friend, even while his personal repugnance continued unabated.

A strict similarity of characters is not necessary, or perhaps very favourable, to friendship. To render it complete, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other; both must be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments: but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened, when there is 'likeness in unlikeness.' *The same sentiments, different opinions,* Rousseau conceives to be the best material of friendship: reciprocity of kind words and actions is more effectual than all. Luther loved Melancthon; Johnson was not more the friend of Edmund Burke than of poor old Dr. Levitt. Goethe and Schiller met again; as they ultimately came to live together, and to see each other oftener, they liked each other better; they became associates, friends; and the harmony of their intercourse, strengthened by many subsequent communities of object, was never interrupted, till death put an end to it. Goethe, in his time, has done many glorious things; but few on which he should look back with greater pleasure than his treatment of Schiller. Literary friendships are said to be precarious, and of rare occurrence: the rivalry of interest disturbs their continuance; a rivalry greater, where the subject of competition is one so vague, impalpable and fluctuating, as the favour of the public; where the feeling to be gratified is one so nearly allied to vanity, the most irritable, arid and selfish feeling of the human heart. Had Goethe's prime motive been the love of fame, he must have viewed with repugnance, not the misdirection but the talents of the rising genius, advancing with such rapid strides to dispute with him the palm of intellectual primacy, nay as the million thought, already in possession of it; and if a sense of his own dignity had withheld him from offering obstructions, or uttering any whisper of discontent, there is none but a truly patrician spirit that would cordially have offered aid. To being secretly hostile and openly indifferent, the next resource was to enact the patron; to solace vanity, by helping the rival whom he could not hinder, and who could do without his help. Goethe adopted neither of these plans. It reflects much credit on him that he acted as he did. Eager to forward Schiller's views by exerting all the influence within his power, he succeeded in effecting

this; and what was still more difficult, in suffering the character of benefactor to merge in that of equal. They became not friends only, but fellow-labourers: a connection productive of important consequences in the history of both, particularly of the younger and more undirected of the two.

Meanwhile the *History of the Revolt of the United Netherlands* was in part before the world; the first volume came out in 1788. Schiller's former writings had given proofs of powers so great and various, such an extent of general intellectual strength, and so deep an acquaintance, both practical and scientific, with the art of composition, that in a subject like history, no ordinary work was to be looked for from his hands. With diligence in accumulating materials, and patient care in elaborating them, he could scarcely fail to attain distinguished excellence. The present volume was well calculated to fulfil such expectations. The *Revolt of the Netherlands* possesses all the common requisites of a good history, and many which are in some degree peculiar to itself. The information it conveys is minute and copious; we have all the circumstances of the case, remote and near, set distinctly before us. Yet, such is the skill of the arrangement, these are at once briefly and impressively presented. The work is not stretched out into a continuous narrative; but gathered up into masses, which are successively exhibited to view, the minor facts being grouped around some leading one, to which, as to the central object, our attention is chiefly directed. This method of combining the details of events, of proceeding as it were, *per saltum*, from eminence to eminence, and thence surveying the surrounding scene, is undoubtedly the most philosophical of any: but few men are equal to the task of effecting it rightly. It must be executed by a mind able to look on all its facts at once; to disentangle their perplexities, referring each to its proper head; and to choose, often with extreme address, the station from which the reader is to view them. Without this, or with this inadequately done, a work on such a plan would be intolerable. Schiller has accomplished it in great perfection; the whole scene of affairs was evidently clear before his own eye, and he did not want expertness to discriminate and seize its distinctive features. The bond of cause and consequence he never loses sight of; and over each successive portion of his narrative he

pours that flood of intellectual and imaginative brilliancy, which all his prior writings had displayed. His reflections, expressed or implied, are the fruit of strong, comprehensive, penetrating thought. His descriptions are vivid; his characters are studied with a keen sagacity, and set before us in their most striking points of view; those of Egmont and Orange occur to every reader as a rare union of perspicacity and eloquence. The work has a look of order; of beauty joined to calm reposing force. Had it been completed, it might have ranked as the very best of Schiller's prose compositions. But no second volume ever came to light; and the first concludes at the entrance of Alba into Brussels. Two fragments alone, the *Siege of Antwerp*, and the *Passage of Alba's Army*, both living pictures, show us still farther what he might have done had he proceeded. The surpassing and often highly-picturesque movements of this War, the devotedness of the Dutch, their heroic achievement of liberty, were not destined to be painted by the glowing pen of Schiller, whose heart and mind were alike so qualified to do them justice.[9]

The accession of reputation, which this work procured its author, was not the only or the principal advantage he derived from it. Eichhorn, Professor of History, was at this time about to leave the University of Jena: Goethe had already introduced his new acquaintance Schiller to the special notice of Amelia, the accomplished Regent of Sachsen-Weimar; he now joined with Voigt, the head Chaplain of the Court, in soliciting the vacant chair for him. Seconded by the general voice, and the persuasion of the Princess herself, he succeeded. Schiller was appointed Professor at Jena; he went thither in 1789.

With Schiller's removal to Jena begins a new epoch in his public and private life. His connexion with Goethe here first ripened into friendship, and became secured and cemented by frequency of intercourse.[10] Jena is but a few miles distant from

[9] If we mistake not, Madame de Staël, in her *Révolution Française*, had this performance of Schiller's in her eye. Her work is constructed on a similar though a rather looser plan of arrangement: the execution of it bears the same relation to that of Schiller; it is less irregular; more ambitious in its rhetoric; inferior in precision, though often not in force of thought and imagery.

[10] The obstacles to their union have already been described in the words of Goethe; the steps by which these were surmounted, are described by him in the same paper with equal minuteness and effect. It is interesting, but cannot be inserted here. See Appendix, No. 3.

Weimar; and the two friends, both settled in public offices belonging to the same Government, had daily opportunities of interchanging visits. Schiller's wanderings were now concluded: with a heart tired of so fluctuating an existence, but not despoiled of its capacity for relishing a calmer one; with a mind experienced by much and varied intercourse with men; full of knowledge and of plans to turn it to account, he could now repose himself in the haven of domestic comforts, and look forward to days of more unbroken exertion, and more wholesome and permanent enjoyment than hitherto had fallen to his lot. In the February following his settlement at Jena, he obtained the hand of Fräulein Lengefeld; a happiness, with the prospect of which he had long associated all the pleasures which he hoped for from the future. A few months after this event, he thus expresses himself, in writing to a friend:

'Life is quite a different thing by the side of a beloved wife, 'than so forsaken and alone; even in Summer. Beautiful Na- 'ture! I now for the first time fully enjoy it, live in it. The 'world again clothes itself around me in poetic forms; old feel- 'ings are again awakening in my breast. What a life I am 'leading here! I look with a glad mind around me; my heart 'finds a perennial contentment without it; my spirit so fine, 'so refreshing a nourishment. My existence is settled in har- 'monious composure; not strained and impassioned, but peace- 'ful and clear. I look to my future destiny with a cheerful 'heart; now when standing at the wished-for goal, I wonder 'with myself how it all has happened, so far beyond my ex- 'pectations. Fate has conquered the difficulties for me; it 'has, I may say, forced me to the mark. From the future I 'expect everything. A few years, and I shall live in the full 'enjoyment of my spirit; nay, I think my very youth will be 'renewed; an inward poetic life will give it me again.'

To what extent these smiling hopes were realised will be seen in the next and concluding Part of this Biography.

PART III.

FROM HIS SETTLEMENT AT JENA TO HIS DEATH. (1790–1805.)

THE duties of his new office naturally called upon Schiller to devote himself with double zeal to History: a subject, which from choice he had already entered on with so much eagerness. In the study of it, we have seen above how his strongest faculties and tastes were exercised and gratified: and new opportunities were now combined with new motives for persisting in his efforts. Concerning the plan or the success of his academical prelections, we have scarcely any notice: in his class, it is said, he used most frequently to speak extempore; and his delivery was not distinguished by fluency or grace, a circumstance to be imputed to the agitation of a public appearance; for, as Woltmann assures us, 'the beauty, the elegance, ease, 'and true instructiveness with which he could continuously ex- 'press himself in private, were acknowledged and admired by 'all his friends.' His matter, we suppose, would make amends for these deficiencies of manner: to judge from his introductory lecture, preserved in his works, with the title, *What is Universal History, and with what views should it be studied*, there perhaps has never been in Europe another course of history sketched out on principles so magnificent and philosophical.[1] But college exercises were far from being his ultimate object, nor did he rest satisfied with mere visions of perfection: the compass of the outline he had traced, for a proper Historian, was scarcely greater than the assiduity with which he

[1] The paper entitled *Hints on the Origin of Human Society, as indicated in the Mosaic Records*, the *Mission of Moses*, the *Laws of Solon and Lycurgus*, are pieces of the very highest order; full of strength and beauty; delicious to the lovers of that plastic philosophy, which employs itself in giving form and life to the 'dry bones' of those antique events, that lie before us so inexplicable in the brief and enigmatic pages of their chroniclers. The *Glance over Europe at the period of the first Crusade;* the *Times of the Emperor Frederick I.;* the *Troubles in France*, are also masterly sketches, in a simpler and more common style.

strove to fill it up. His letters breathe a spirit not only of diligence but of ardour; he seems intent with all his strength upon this fresh pursuit; and delighted with the vast prospects of untouched and attractive speculation, which were opening around him on every side. He professed himself to be 'exceedingly contented with his business;' his ideas on the nature of it were acquiring both extension and distinctness; and every moment of his leisure was employed in reducing them to practice. He was now busied with the *History of the Thirty-Years War.*

This work, which appeared in 1791, is considered by the German critics as his chief performance in this department of literature: *The Revolt of the Netherlands*, the only one which could have vied with it, never was completed; otherwise, in our opinion, it might have been superior. Either of the two would have sufficed to secure for Schiller a distinguished rank among historians, of the class denominated philosophical; though even both together, they afford but a feeble exemplification of the ideas which he entertained on the manner of composing history. In his view, the business of history is not merely to record, but to interpret; it involves not only a clear conception and a lively exposition of events and characters, but a sound, enlightened theory of individual and national morality, a general philosophy of human life, whereby to judge of them, and measure their effects. The historian now stands on higher ground, takes in a wider range than those that went before him; he can now survey vast tracts of human action, and deduce its laws from an experience extending over many climes and ages. With his ideas, moreover, his feelings ought to be enlarged: he should regard the interests not of any sect or state, but of mankind; the progress not of any class of arts or opinions, but of universal happiness and refinement. His narrative, in short, should be moulded according to the science, and impregnated with the liberal spirit of his time.

Voltaire is generally conceived to have invented and introduced a new method of composing history; the chief historians that have followed him have been by way of eminence denominated philosophical. This is hardly correct. Voltaire wrote history with greater talent, but scarcely with a new species of talent: he applied the ideas of the eighteenth century to the subject; but in this there was nothing radically new. In the hands of a thinking writer history has always been 'philosophy

teaching by experience;' that is, such philosophy as the age of the historian has afforded. For a Greek or Roman, it was natural to look upon events with an eye to their effect on his own city or country; and to try them by a code of principles, in which the prosperity or extension of this formed a leading object. For a monkish chronicler, it was natural to estimate the progress of affairs by the number of abbeys founded; the virtue of men by the sum-total of donations to the clergy. And for a thinker of the present day, it is equally natural to measure the occurrences of history by quite a different standard: by their influence upon the general destiny of man, their tendency to obstruct or to forward him in his advancement towards liberty, knowledge, true religion and dignity of mind. Each of these narrators simply measures by the scale which is considered for the time as expressing the great concerns and duties of humanity.

Schiller's views on this matter were, as might have been expected, of the most enlarged kind. 'It seems to me,' said he in one of his letters, 'that in writing history for the moderns, we should try to communicate to it such an interest as the History of the Peloponnesian War had for the Greeks. Now this is the problem: to choose and arrange your materials so that, to interest, they shall not need the aid of decoration. We moderns have a source of interest at our disposal, which no Greek or Roman was acquainted with, and which the *patriotic* interest does not nearly equal. This last, in general, is chiefly of importance for unripe nations, for the youth of the world. But we may excite a very different sort of interest if we represent each remarkable occurrence that happened to *men* as of importance to *man*. It is a poor and little aim to write for one nation; a philosophic spirit cannot tolerate such limits, cannot bound its views to a form of human nature so arbitrary, fluctuating, accidental. The most powerful nation is but a fragment; and thinking minds will not grow warm on its account, except in so far as this nation or its fortunes have been influential on the progress of the species.'

That there is not some excess in this comprehensive cosmopolitan philosophy, may perhaps be liable to question. Nature herself has, wisely no doubt, partitioned us into 'kindreds, and nations, and tongues:' it is among our instincts to grow warm

in behalf of our country, simply for its own sake; and the business of Reason seems to be to chasten and direct our instincts, never to destroy them. We require individuality in our attachments: the sympathy which is expanded over all men will commonly be found so much attenuated by the process, that it cannot be effective on any. And as it is in nature, so it is in art, which ought to be the image of it. Universal philanthropy forms but a precarious and very powerless rule of conduct; and the 'progress of the species' will turn out equally unfitted for deeply exciting the imagination. It is not with freedom that we can sympathise, but with free men. There ought, indeed, to be in history a spirit superior to petty distinctions and vulgar partialities; our particular affections ought to be enlightened and purified; but they should not be abandoned, or, such is the condition of humanity, our feelings must evaporate and fade away in that extreme diffusion. Perhaps, in a certain sense, the surest mode of pleasing and instructing all nations *is* to write for one.

This too Schiller was aware of, and had in part attended to. Besides, the Thirty-Years War is a subject in which nationality of feeling may be even wholly spared, better than in almost any other. It is not a German but a European subject; it forms the concluding portion of the Reformation, and this is an event belonging not to any country in particular, but to the human race. Yet, if we mistake not, this over-tendency to generalisation, both in thought and sentiment, has rather hurt the present work. The philosophy, with which it is embued, now and then grows vague from its abstractness, ineffectual from its refinement: the enthusiasm which pervades it, elevated, strong, enlightened, would have told better on our hearts, had it been confined within a narrower space, and directed to a more specific class of objects. In his extreme attention to the philosophical aspects of the period, Schiller has neglected to take advantage of many interesting circumstances, which it offered under other points of view. The Thirty-Years War abounds with what may be called picturesqueness in its events, and still more in the condition of the people who carried it on. Harte's *History of Gustavus*, a wilderness which mere human patience seems unable to explore, is yet enlivened here and there with a cheerful spot, when he tell us of some scalade or camisado, or speculates on troopers rendered bullet-proof by art-magic.

His chaotic records have, in fact, afforded to our Novelist the raw materials of Dugald Dalgetty, a cavalier of the most singular equipment, of character and manners which, for many reasons, merit study and description. To much of this, though, as he afterwards proved, it was well known to him, Schiller paid comparatively small attention; his work has lost in liveliness by the omission, more than it has gained in dignity or instructiveness.

Yet, with all its imperfections, this is no ordinary history. The speculation, it is true, is not always of the kind we wish; it excludes more moving or enlivening topics, and sometimes savours of the inexperienced theorist who had passed his days remote from practical statesmen; the subject has not sufficient unity; in spite of every effort, it breaks into fragments towards the conclusion: but still there is an energy, a vigorous beauty in the work, which far more than redeems its failings. Great thoughts at every turn arrest our attention, and make us pause to confirm or contradict them; happy metaphors,[2] some vivid descriptions of events and men, remind us of the author of *Fiesco* and *Don Carlos*. The characters of Gustavus and Wallenstein are finely developed in the course of the narrative. Tilly's passage of the Lech, the battles of Leipzig and Lützen figure in our recollection, as if our eyes had witnessed them: the death of Gustavus is described in terms which might draw 'iron tears' from the eyes of veterans.[3] If Schiller had inclined to dwell upon the mere visual or imaginative department of his subject, no man could have painted it more graphically, or better called forth our emotions, sympathetic or romantic. But this, we have seen, was not by any means his leading aim.

On the whole, the present work is still the best historical performance which Germany can boast of. Müller's histories are distinguished by merits of another sort; by condensing, in a given space, and frequently in lucid order, a quantity of information, copious and authentic beyond example: but as intellectual productions, they cannot rank with Schiller's. Wolt-

[2] Yet we scarcely meet with one so happy as that in the *Revolt of the Netherlands*, where he finishes his picture of the gloomy silence and dismay that reigned in Brussels on the first entrance of Alba, by this striking simile: 'Now that the City had received the Spanish General within its walls, it had 'the air as of a man that has drunk a cup of poison, and with shuddering 'expectation watches, every moment, for its deadly agency.'

[3] See Appendix, No. 4.

mann of Berlin has added to the *Thirty-Years War* another work of equal size, by way of continuation, entitled *History of the Peace of Munster;* with the first negotiations of which treaty the former concludes. Woltmann is a person of ability: but we dare not say of him, what Wieland said of Schiller, that by his first historical attempt he 'has discovered a decided capability of rising to a level with Hume, Robertson and Gibbon.' He will rather rise to a level with Belsham or Smollett.

This first complete specimen of Schiller's art in the historical department, though but a small fraction of what he meant to do, and could have done, proved in fact to be the last he ever undertook. At present very different cares awaited him: in 1791, a fit of sickness overtook him; he had to exchange the inspiring labours of literature for the disgusts and disquietudes of physical disease. His disorder, which had its seat in the chest, was violent and threatening; and though nature overcame it in the present instance, the blessing of entire health never more returned to him. The cause of this severe affliction seemed to be the unceasing toil and anxiety of mind, in which his days had hitherto been passed: his frame, which, though tall, had never been robust, was too weak for the vehement and sleepless soul that dwelt within it; and the habit of nocturnal study had, no doubt, aggravated all the other mischiefs. Ever since his residence at Dresden, his constitution had been weakened: but this rude shock at once shattered its remaining strength; for a time the strictest precautions were required barely to preserve existence. A total cessation from every intellectual effort was one of the most peremptory laws prescribed to him. Schiller's habits and domestic circumstances equally rebelled against this measure; with a beloved wife depending on him for support, inaction itself could have procured him little rest. His case seemed hard; his prospects of innocent felicity had been too banefully obscured. Yet in this painful and difficult position, he did not yield to despondency; and at length, assistance, and partial deliverance, reached him from a very unexpected quarter. Schiller had not long been sick, when the hereditary Prince, now reigning Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, jointly with the Count Von Schimmelmann, conferred on him a pension of a thousand crowns for three years.[4]

[4] It was to Denmark likewise that Klopstock owed the means of completing his *Messias*.

No stipulation was added, but merely that he should be careful of his health, and use every attention to recover. This speedy and generous aid, moreover, was presented with a delicate politeness, which, as Schiller said, touched him more than even the gift itself. We should remember this Count and this Duke; they deserve some admiration and some envy.

This disorder introduced a melancholy change into Schiller's circumstances: he had now another enemy to strive with, a secret and fearful impediment to vanquish, in which much resolute effort must be sunk without producing any positive result. Pain is not entirely synonymous with Evil; but bodily pain seems less redeemed by good than almost any other kind of it. From the loss of fortune, of fame, or even of friends, Philosophy pretends to draw a certain compensating benefit; but in general the permanent loss of health will bid defiance to her alchymy. It is a universal diminution; the diminution equally of our resources and of our capacity to guide them; a penalty unmitigated, save by love of friends, which then first becomes truly dear and precious to us; or by comforts brought from beyond this earthly sphere, from that serene Fountain of peace and hope, to which our weak Philosophy cannot raise her wing. For all men, in itself, disease is misery; but chiefly for men of finer feelings and endowments, to whom, in return for such superiorities, it seems to be sent most frequently and in its most distressing forms. It is a cruel fate for the poet to have the sunny land of his imagination, often the sole territory he is lord of, disfigured and darkened by the shades of pain; for one whose highest happiness is the exertion of his mental faculties, to have them chained and paralysed in the imprisonment of a distempered frame. With external activity, with palpable pursuits, above all, with a suitable placidity of nature, much even in certain states of sickness may be performed and enjoyed. But for him whose heart is already over-keen, whose world is of the mind, ideal, internal; when the mildew of lingering disease has struck that world, and begun to blacken and consume its beauty, nothing seems to remain but despondency and bitterness and desolate sorrow, felt and anticipated, to the end.

Woe to him if his will likewise falter, if his resolution fail, and his spirit bend its neck to the yoke of this new enemy! Idleness and a disturbed imagination will gain the mastery of

him, and let loose their thousand fiends to harass him, to torment him into madness. Alas! the bondage of Algiers is freedom compared with this of the sick man of genius, whose heart has fainted and sunk beneath its load. His clay dwelling is changed into a gloomy prison; every nerve is become an avenue of disgust or anguish; and the soul sits within, in her melancholy loneliness, a prey to the spectres of despair, or stupefied with excess of suffering, doomed as it were to a 'life in death,' to a consciousness of agonised existence, without the consciousness of power which should accompany it. Happily, death, or entire fatuity, at length puts an end to such scenes of ignoble misery; which, however, ignoble as they are, we ought to view with pity rather than contempt.

Such are frequently the fruits of protracted sickness, in men otherwise of estimable qualities and gifts, but whose sensibility exceeds their strength of mind. In Schiller, its worst effects were resisted by the only availing antidote, a strenuous determination to neglect them. His spirit was too vigorous and ardent to yield even in this emergency: he disdained to dwindle into a pining valetudinarian; in the midst of his infirmities, he persevered with unabated zeal in the great business of his life. As he partially recovered, he returned as strenuously as ever to his intellectual occupations; and often, in the glow of poetical conception, he almost forgot his maladies. By such resolute and manly conduct, he disarmed sickness of its cruelest power to wound; his frame might be in pain, but his spirit retained its force, unextinguished, almost unimpeded; he did not lose his relish for the beautiful, the grand, or the good, in any of their shapes; he loved his friends as formerly, and wrote his finest and sublimest works when his health was gone. Perhaps no period of his life displayed more heroism than the present one.

After this severe attack, and the kind provision which he had received from Denmark, Schiller seems to have relaxed his connexion with the University of Jena: the weightiest duties of his class appear to have been discharged by proxy, and his historical studies to have been forsaken. Yet this was but a change, not an abatement, in the activity of his mind. Once partially free from pain, all his former diligence awoke; and being also free from the more pressing calls of duty and economy, he was now allowed to turn his attention to objects

which attracted it more. Among these one of the most alluring was the Philosophy of Kant.

The transcendental system of the Königsberg Professor had, for the last ten years, been spreading over Germany, which it had now filled with the most violent contentions. The powers and accomplishments of Kant were universally acknowledged; the high pretensions of his system, pretensions, it is true, such as had been a thousand times put forth, a thousand times found wanting, still excited notice, when so backed by ability and reputation. The air of mysticism connected with these doctrines was attractive to the German mind, with which the vague and the vast are always pleasing qualities; the dreadful array of first principles, the forest huge of terminology and definitions, where the panting intellect of weaker men wanders as in pathless thickets, and at length sinks powerless to the earth, oppressed with fatigue, and suffocated with scholastic miasma, seemed sublime rather than appalling to the Germans; men who shrink not at toil, and to whom a certain degree of darkness appears a native element, essential for giving play to that deep meditative enthusiasm which forms so important a feature in their character. Kant's Philosophy, accordingly, found numerous disciples, and possessed them with a zeal unexampled since the days of Pythagoras. This, in fact, resembled spiritual fanaticism rather than a calm ardour in the cause of science; Kant's warmest admirers seemed to regard him more in the light of a prophet than of a mere earthly sage. Such admiration was of course opposed by corresponding censure; the transcendental neophytes had to encounter sceptical gainsayers as determined as themselves. Of this latter class the most remarkable were Herder and Wieland. Herder, then a clergyman of Weimar, seems never to have comprehended what he fought against so keenly: he denounced and condemned the Kantean metaphysics, because he found them heterodox. The young divines came back from the University of Jena with their minds well nigh delirious; full of strange doctrines, which they explained to the examinators of the Weimar Consistorium in phrases that excited no idea in the heads of these reverend persons, but much horror in their hearts.[5]

[5] Schelling has a book on the 'Soul of the World:' Fichte's expression to his students, "Tomorrow, gentlemen, I shall create God," is known to most readers.

Hence reprimands, and objurgations, and excessive bitterness between the applicants for ordination and those appointed to confer it: one young clergyman at Weimar shot himself on this account; heresy, and jarring, and unprofitable logic, were universal. Hence Herder's vehement attacks on this 'pernicious quackery;' this delusive and destructive 'system of words.'[6] Wieland strove against it for another reason. He had, all his life, been labouring to give currency among his countrymen to a species of diluted epicurism; to erect a certain smooth, and elegant, and very slender scheme of taste and morals, borrowed from our Shaftesbury and the French. All this feeble edifice the new doctrine was sweeping before it to utter ruin, with the violence of a tornado. It grieved Wieland to see the work of half a century destroyed: he fondly imagined that but for Kant's philosophy it might have been perennial. With scepticism quickened into action by such motives, Herder and he went forth as brother champions against the transcendental metaphysics; they were not long without a multitude of hot assailants. The uproar produced among thinking men by the conflict, has scarcely been equalled in Germany since the days of Luther. Fields were fought, and victories lost and won; nearly all the minds of the nation were, in secret or openly, arrayed on this side or on that. Goethe alone seemed altogether to retain his wonted composure; he was clear for allowing the Kantean scheme to 'have its day, as all things have.' Goethe has already lived to see the wisdom of this sentiment, so characteristic of his genius and turn of thought.

In these controversies, soon pushed beyond the bounds of temperate or wholesome discussion, Schiller took no part: but the noise they made afforded him a fresh inducement to investigate a set of doctrines, so important in the general estimation. A system which promised, even with a very little plausibility, to accomplish all that Kant asserted his complete performance of; to explain the difference between Matter and Spirit, to unravel the perplexities of Necessity and Freewill; to show us the true grounds of our belief in God, and what hope nature

[6] See *Herder's Leben*, by his Widow. That Herder was not usually troubled with any unphilosophical scepticism, or aversion to novelty, may be inferred from his patronising Dr. Gall's system of Phrenology, or 'Skull-doctrine' as they call it in Germany. But Gall had referred with acknowledgment and admiration to the *Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*. Here lay a difference.

gives us of the soul's immortality; and thus at length, after a thousand failures, to interpret the enigma of our being,—hardly needed that additional inducement to make such a man as Schiller grasp at it with eager curiosity. His progress also was facilitated by his present circumstances; Jena had now become the chief well-spring of Kantean doctrine, a distinction or disgrace it has ever since continued to deserve. Reinhold, one of Kant's ablest followers, was at this time Schiller's fellow-teacher and daily companion: he did not fail to encourage and assist his friend in a path of study, which, as he believed, conducted to such glorious results. Under this tuition, Schiller was not long in discovering, that at least the 'new philosophy' was more poetical than that of Leibnitz, and had a grander 'character;' persuasions which of course confirmed him in his resolution to examine it.

How far Schiller penetrated into the arcana of transcendentalism it is impossible for us to say. The metaphysical and logical branches of it seem to have afforded him no solid satisfaction, or taken no firm hold of his thoughts; their influence is scarcely to be traced in any of his subsequent writings. The only department to which he attached himself with his ordinary zeal was that which relates to the principles of the imitative arts, with their moral influences, and which in the Kantean nomenclature has been designated by the term *Æsthetics*,[7] or the doctrine of sentiments and emotions. On these subjects he had already amassed a multitude of thoughts; to see which expressed by new symbols, and arranged in systematic form, and held together by some common theory, would necessarily yield enjoyment to his intellect, and inspire him with fresh alacrity in prosecuting such researches. The new light which dawned, or seemed to dawn, upon him, in the course of these investigations, is reflected, in various treatises, evincing, at least, the honest diligence with which he studied, and the fertility with which he could produce. Of these the largest and most elaborate are the essays on *Grace and Dignity;* on *Naïve and Sentimental Poetry;* and the *Letters on the Æsthetic Culture of Man:* the other pieces are on *Tragic Art;* on the *Pathetic;* on the *Cause of our Delight in Tragic Objects;* on *Employing the Low and Common in Art.*

[7] From the verb αἰσθάνομαι, *to feel*.—The term is Baumgarten's; prior to Kant (1845).

Being cast in the mould of Kantism, or at least clothed in its garments, these productions, to readers unacquainted with that system, are encumbered here and there with difficulties greater than belong intrinsically to the subject. In perusing them, the uninitiated student is mortified at seeing so much powerful thought distorted, as he thinks, into such fantastic forms: the principles of reasoning, on which they rest, are apparently not those of common logic; a dimness and doubt overhangs their conclusions; scarcely anything is proved in a convincing manner. But this is no strange quality in such writings. To an exoteric reader the philosophy of Kant almost always appears to invert the common maxim; its end and aim seem not to be 'to make abstruse things simple, but to make simple things abstruse.' Often a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling entrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye, and tried by merely human understanding, proves to be a very harmless truth, familiar to us from of old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently, the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the *Battle of the Books:* there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut. These are the general errors of Kantean criticism; in the present works, they are by no means of the worst or most pervading kind; and there is a fundamental merit which does more than counterbalance them. By the aid of study, the doctrine set before us can, in general, at length be comprehended; and Schiller's fine intellect, recognisable even in its masquerade, is ever and anon peering forth in its native form, which all may understand, which all must relish, and presenting us with passages that show like bright verdant islands in the misty sea of metaphysics.

We have been compelled to offer these remarks on Kant's Philosophy; but it is right to add that they are the result of only very limited acquaintance with the subject. We cannot wish that any influence of ours should add a note, however feeble, to the loud and not at all melodious cry which has been raised against it in this country. When a class of doctrines so involved in difficulties, yet so sanctioned by illustrious names, is set before us, curiosity must have a theory respecting them,

and indolence and other humbler feelings are too ready to afford her one. To call Kant's system a laborious dream, and its adherents crazy mystics, is a brief method, brief but false. The critic, whose philosophy includes the *craziness* of men like these, so easily and smoothly in its formulas, should render thanks to Heaven for having gifted him with science and acumen, as few in any age or country have been gifted. Meaner men, however, ought to recollect that where we do not understand, we should postpone deciding, or, at least, keep our decision for our own exclusive benefit. We of England may reject this Kantean system, perhaps with reason; but it ought to be on other grounds than are yet before us. Philosophy is science, and science, as Schiller has observed, cannot always be explained in 'conversations by the parlour fire,' or in written treatises that resemble such. The *cui bono* of these doctrines may not, it is true, be expressible by arithmetical computations: the subject also is perplexed with obscurities, and probably with manifold delusions; and too often its interpreters with us have been like 'tenebrific stars,' that 'did ray out darkness' on a matter itself sufficiently dark. But what then? Is the jewel always to be found among the common dust of the highway, and always to be estimated by its value in the common judgment? It lies embosomed in the depths of the mine; rocks must be rent before it can be reached; skilful eyes and hands must separate it from the rubbish where it lies concealed, and kingly purchasers alone can prize it and buy it. This law of *ostracism* is as dangerous in science as it was of old in politics. Let us not forget that many things are true which cannot be demonstrated by the rules of *Watts's Logic;* that many truths are valuable, for which no price is given in Paternoster Row, and no preferment offered at St. Stephen's! Whoever reads these treatises of Schiller with attention, will perceive that they depend on principles of an immensely higher and more complex character than our 'Essays on Taste,' and our 'Inquiries concerning the Freedom of the Will.' The laws of criticism, which it is their purpose to establish, are derived from the inmost nature of man; the scheme of morality, which they inculcate, soars into a brighter region, very far beyond the ken of our 'Utilities' and 'Reflex-senses.' They do not teach us 'to judge of poetry and art as we judge of dinner,' merely by observing the impressions it produced in us; and they *do*

derive the duties and chief end of man from other grounds than the philosophy of Profit and Loss. These *Letters on Æsthetic Culture*, without the aid of anything which the most sceptical could designate as superstition, trace out and attempt to sanction for us a system of morality, in which the sublimest feelings of the Stoic and the Christian are represented but as stages in our progress to the pinnacle of true human grandeur; and man, isolated on this fragment of the universe, encompassed with the boundless desolate Unknown, at war with Fate, without help or the hope of help, is confidently called upon to rise into a calm cloudless height of internal activity and peace, and *be*, what he has fondly named himself, the god of this lower world. When such are the results, who would not make an effort for the steps by which they are attained? In Schiller's treatises, it must be owned, the reader, after all exertions, will be fortunate if he can find them. Yet a second perusal will satisfy him better than the first; and among the shapeless immensities which fill the Night of Kantism, and the meteoric coruscations, which perplex him rather than enlighten, he will fancy he descries some streaks of a serener radiance, which he will pray devoutly that time may purify and ripen into perfect day. The Philosophy of Kant is probably combined with errors to its very core; but perhaps also, this ponderous unmanageable dross may bear in it the everlasting gold of truth! Mighty spirits have already laboured in refining it: is it wise in us to take up with the base pewter of Utility, and renounce such projects altogether? We trust, not.[8]

That Schiller's *genius* profited by this laborious and ardent study of Æsthetic Metaphysics, has frequently been doubted, and sometimes denied. That, after such investigations, the process of composition would become more difficult, might be inferred from the nature of the case. That also the principles of this critical theory were in part erroneous, in still greater part too far-fetched and fine-spun for application to the business of writing, we may farther venture to assert. But excellence, not ease of composition, is the thing to be desired; and in a mind like Schiller's, so full of energy, of images and

[8] Are our hopes from Mr. Coleridge always to be fruitless? Sneers at the common-sense philosophy of the Scotch are of little use: it is a poor philosophy, perhaps; but not so poor as none at all, which seems to be the state of matters here at present.

thoughts and creative power, the more sedulous practice of selection was little likely to be detrimental. And though considerable errors might mingle with the rules by which he judged himself, the habit of judging carelessly, or not at all, is far worse than that of sometimes judging wrong. Besides, once accustomed to attend strictly to the operations of his genius, and rigorously to try its products, such a man as Schiller could not fail in time to discover what was false in the principles by which he tried them, and consequently, in the end, to retain the benefits of this procedure without its evils. There is doubtless a purism in taste, a rigid fantastical demand of perfection, a horror at approaching the limits of impropriety, which obstructs the free impulse of the faculties, and if excessive, would altogether deaden them. But the excess on the other side is much more frequent, and, for high endowments, infinitely more pernicious. After the strongest efforts, there may be little realised; without strong efforts, there must be little. That too much care does hurt in any of our tasks is a doctrine so flattering to indolence, that we ought to receive it with extreme caution. In works impressed with the stamp of true genius, their quality, not their extent, is what we value: a dull man may spend his lifetime writing little; better so than writing much; but a man of powerful mind is liable to no such danger. Of all our authors, Gray is perhaps the only one that from fastidiousness of taste has written less than he should have done: there are thousands that have erred the other way. What would a Spanish reader give, had Lope de Vega composed a hundred times as little, and that little a hundred times as well!

Schiller's own ideas on these points appear to be sufficiently sound: they are sketched in the following extract of a letter, interesting also as a record of his purposes and intellectual condition at this period:

'Criticism must now make good to me the damage she 'herself has done. And damaged me she most certainly has; 'for the boldness, the living glow which I felt before a rule 'was known to me, have for several years been wanting. I 'now *see* myself *create* and *form*: I watch the play of in- 'spiration; and my fancy, knowing she is not without wit- 'nesses of her movements, no longer moves with equal free- 'dom. I hope, however, ultimately to advance so far that *art* 'shall become a second *nature*, as polished manners are to

' well-bred men ; then Imagination will regain her former free-
' dom, and submit to none but voluntary limitations.'

Schiller's subsequent writings are the best proof that in these expectations he had not miscalculated.

The historical and critical studies, in which he had been so extensively and seriously engaged, could not remain without effect on Schiller's general intellectual character. He had spent five active years in studies directed almost solely to the understanding, or the faculties connected with it; and such industry united to such ardour had produced an immense accession of ideas. History had furnished him with pictures of manners and events, of strange conjunctures and conditions of existence ; it had given him more minute and truer conceptions of human nature in its many forms, new and more accurate opinions on the character and end of man. The domain of his mind was both enlarged and enlightened; a multitude of images and detached facts and perceptions had been laid up in his memory; and his intellect was at once enriched by acquired thoughts, and strengthened by increased exercise on a wider circle of knowledge.

But to understand was not enough for Schiller ; there were in him faculties which this could not employ, and therefore could not satisfy. The primary vocation of his nature was poetry: the acquisitions of his other faculties served but as the materials for his poetic faculty to act upon, and seemed imperfect till they had been sublimated into the pure and perfect forms of beauty, which it is the business of this to elicit from them. New thoughts gave birth to new feelings: and both of these he was now called upon to body forth, to represent by visible types, to animate and adorn with the magic of creative genius. The first youthful blaze of poetic ardour had long since passed away; but this large increase of knowledge awakened it anew, refined by years and experience into a steadier and clearer flame. Vague shadows of unaccomplished excellence, gleams of ideal beauty, were now hovering fitfully across his mind : he longed to turn them into shape, and give them a local habitation and a name. Criticism, likewise, had exalted his notions of art : the modern writers on subjects of taste, Aristotle, the ancient poets, he had lately studied ; he had carefully endeavoured to extract the truth from each, and to

amalgamate their principles with his own; in choosing, he was now more difficult to satisfy. Minor poems had all along been partly occupying his attention; but they yielded no space for the intensity of his impulses, and the magnificent ideas that were rising in his fancy. Conscious of his strength, he dreaded not engaging with the highest species of his art: the perusal of the Greek tragedians had given rise to some late translations;[9] the perusal of Homer seems now to have suggested the idea of an epic poem. The hero whom he first contemplated was Gustavus Adolphus; he afterwards changed to Frederick the Great of Prussia.

Epic poems, since the time of the *Epigoniad*, and *Leonidas*, and especially since that of some more recent attempts, have with us become a mighty dull affair. That Schiller aimed at something infinitely higher than these faint and superannuated imitations, far higher than even Klopstock has attained, will appear by the following extract from one of his letters:

'An epic poem in the eighteenth century should be quite 'a different thing from such a poem in the childhood of the 'world. And it is that very circumstance which attracts me 'so much towards this project. Our manners, the finest es- 'sence of our philosophies, our politics, economy, arts, in short, 'of all we know and do, would require to be introduced with- 'out constraint, and interwoven in such a composition, to live 'there in beautiful harmonious freedom, as all the branches of 'Greek culture live and are made visible in Homer's *Iliad*. 'Nor am I disinclined to invent a species of machinery for this 'purpose; being anxious to fulfil, with hairsbreadth accuracy, 'all the requisitions that are made of epic poets, even on the 'side of form. Besides, this machinery, which, in a subject 'so modern, in an age so prosaic, appears to present the great- 'est difficulty, might exalt the interest in a high degree, were 'it suitably adapted to this same modern spirit. Crowds of 'confused ideas on this matter are rolling to and fro within 'my head; something distinct will come out of them at last.

'As for the sort of metre I would choose, this I think you 'will hardly guess: no other than *ottave rime*. All the rest, 'except iambic, are become insufferable to me. And how beau- 'tifully might the earnest and the lofty be made to play in these

[9] These were a fine version of Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulide*, and a few scenes of his *Phœnissæ*.

'light fetters! What attractions might the epic *substance* gain 'by the soft yielding *form* of this fine rhyme! For, the poem 'must, not in name only, but in very deed, be capable of being '*sung*; as the *Iliad* was sung by the peasants of Greece, as 'the stanzas of *Jerusalem Delivered* are still sung by the Vene-'tian gondoliers.

'The epoch of Frederick's life that would fit me best, I 'have considered also. I should wish to select some unhappy 'situation; it would allow me to unfold his mind far more 'poetically. The chief action should, if possible, be very sim-'ple, perplexed with no complicated circumstances, that the 'whole might easily be comprehended at a glance, though the 'episodes were never so numerous. In this respect there is 'no better model than the *Iliad*.'

Schiller did not execute, or even commence, the project he has here so philosophically sketched: the constraints of his present situation, the greatness of the enterprise compared with the uncertainty of its success, were sufficient to deter him. Besides, he felt that after all his wide excursions, the true home of his genius was the Drama, the department where its powers had first been tried, and were now by habit or nature best qualified to act. To the Drama he accordingly returned. The *History of the Thirty-Years War* had once suggested the idea of Gustavus Adolphus as the hero of an epic poem; the same work afforded him a subject for a tragedy: he now decided on beginning *Wallenstein*. In this undertaking it was no easy task that he contemplated; a common play did not now comprise his aim; he required some magnificent and comprehensive object, in which he could expend to advantage the new poetical and intellectual treasures which he had for years been amassing; something that should at once exemplify his enlarged ideas of art, and give room and shape to his fresh stores of knowledge and sentiment. As he studied the history of Wallenstein, and viewed its capabilities on every side, new ideas gathered round it: the subject grew in magnitude, and often changed in form. His progress in actual composition was, of course, irregular and small. Yet the difficulties of the subject, increasing with his own wider, more ambitious conceptions, did not abate his diligence: *Wallenstein*, with many interruptions and many alterations, sometimes stationary, sometimes retrograde, continued on the whole, though slowly, to advance.

This was for several years his chosen occupation, the task to which he consecrated his brightest hours, and the finest part of his faculties. For humbler employments, demanding rather industry than inspiration, there still remained abundant leisure, of which it was inconsistent with his habits to waste a single hour. His occasional labours, accordingly, were numerous, varied, and sometimes of considerable extent. In the end of 1792, a new object seemed to call for his attention; he once about this time seriously meditated mingling in politics. The French Revolution had from the first affected him with no ordinary hopes; which, however, the course of events, particularly the imprisonment of Louis, were now fast converting into fears. For the ill-fated monarch, and the cause of freedom, which seemed threatened with disgrace in the treatment he was likely to receive, Schiller felt so deeply interested, that he had determined, in his case a determination not without its risks, to address an appeal on these subjects to the French people and the world at large. The voice of reason advocating liberty as well as order might still, he conceived, make a salutary impression in this period of terror and delusion; the voice of a distinguished man would at first sound like the voice of the nation, which he seemed to represent. Schiller was inquiring for a proper French translator, and revolving in his mind the various arguments that might be used, and the comparative propriety of using or forbearing to use them; but the progress of things superseded the necessity of such deliberation. In a few months, Louis perished on the scaffold; the Bourbon family were murdered, or scattered over Europe; and the French government was changed into a frightful chaos, amid the tumultuous and bloody horrors of which, calm truth had no longer a chance to be heard. Schiller turned away from these repulsive and appalling scenes, into other regions where his heart was more familiar, and his powers more likely to produce effect. The French Revolution had distressed and shocked him; but it did not lessen his attachment to liberty, the name of which had been so desecrated in its wild convulsions. Perhaps in his subsequent writings we can trace a more respectful feeling towards old establishments; more reverence for the majesty of Custom; and with an equal zeal, a weaker faith in human perfectibility: changes indeed which are the common fruit of years themselves, in whatever age or climate of the world our experience may be gathered.

Among the number of fluctuating engagements, one, which for ten years had been constant with him, was the editing of the *Thalia*. The principles and performances of that work he had long looked upon as insufficient: in particular, ever since his settlement at Jena, it had been among his favourite projects to exchange it for some other, conducted on a more liberal scheme, uniting more ability in its support, and embracing a much wider compass of literary interests. Many of the most distinguished persons in Germany had agreed to assist him in executing such a plan; Goethe, himself a host, undertook to go hand in hand with him. The *Thalia* was in consequence relinquished at the end of 1793: and the first number of the *Horen* came out early in the following year. This publication was enriched with many valuable pieces on points of philosophy and criticism; some of Schiller's finest essays first appeared here: even without the foreign aids which had been promised him, it already bade fair to outdo, as he had meant it should, every previous work of that description.

The *Musen-Almanach*, of which he likewise undertook the superintendence, did not aim so high: like other works of the same title, which are numerous in Germany, it was intended for preserving and annually delivering to the world, a series of short poetical effusions, or other fugitive compositions, collected from various quarters, and often having no connexion but their juxtaposition. In this work, as well as in the *Horen*, some of Schiller's finest smaller poems made their first appearance; many of these pieces being written about this period, especially the greater part of his ballads, the idea of attempting which took its rise in a friendly rivalry with Goethe. But the most noted composition sent forth in the pages of the *Musen-Almanach*, was the *Xenien*;[10] a collection of epigrams which originated partly, as it seems, in the mean or irritating conduct of various contemporary authors. In spite of the most flattering promises, and of its own intrinsic character, the *Horen*, at its first appearance, instead of being hailed with welcome by the leading minds of the country, for whom it was intended as a rallying point, met in many quarters with no sentiment but coldness or hostility. The controversies of the day had

[10] So called from ξένιον, *munus hospitale;* a title borrowed from Martial, who has thus designated a series of personal epigrams in his Thirteenth Book.

sown discord among literary men; Schiller and Goethe, associating together, had provoked ill-will from a host of persons, who felt the justice of such mutual preference, but liked not the inferences to be drawn from it; and eyed this intellectual duumvirate, however meek in the discharge of its functions and the wearing of its honours, with jealousy and discontent.

The cavilling of these people, awkwardly contrasted with their personal absurdity and insipidity, at length provoked the serious notice of the two illustrious associates: the result was this German Dunciad; a production of which the plan was, that it should comprise an immense multitude of detached couplets, each conveying a complete thought within itself, and furnished by one of the joint operators. The subjects were of unlimited variety; 'the most,' as Schiller says, 'were wild 'satire, glancing at writers and writings, intermixed with here 'and there a flash of poetical or philosophic thought.' It was at first intended to provide about a thousand of these pointed monodistichs; unity in such a work appearing to consist in a certain boundlessness of size, which should hide the heterogeneous nature of the individual parts: the whole were then to be arranged and elaborated, till they had acquired the proper degree of consistency and symmetry; each sacrificing something of its own peculiar spirit to preserve the spirit of the rest. This number never was completed: and, Goethe being now busy with his *Wilhelm Meister*, the project of completing it was at length renounced; and the *Xenien* were published as unconnected particles, not pretending to constitute a whole. Enough appeared to create unbounded commotion among the parties implicated: the *Xenien* were exclaimed against, abused, and replied to, on all hands; but as they declared war not on persons but on actions; not against Gleim, Nicolai, Manso, but against bad taste, dulness, and affectation, nothing criminal could be sufficiently made out against them.[11] The *Musen-Almanach*, where they appeared in 1797, continued to be published till the time of Schiller's leaving Jena: the *Horen* ceased some months before.

The coöperation of Goethe, which Schiller had obtained so readily in these pursuits, was of singular use to him in many

[11] This is but a lame account of the far-famed *Xenien* and their results. See more of the matter in Franz Horn's *Poesie und Beredtsamkeit;* in Carlyle's *Miscellanies* (i. 46); &c. (*Note of* 1845.)

others. Both possessing minds of the first order, yet constructed and trained in the most opposite modes, each had much that was valuable to learn of the other, and suggest to him. Cultivating different kinds of excellence, they could joyfully admit each other's merit; connected by mutual services, and now by community of literary interests, few unkindly feelings could have place between them. For a man of high qualities, it is rare to find a meet companion; painful and injurious to want one. Solitude exasperates or deadens the heart, perverts or enervates the faculties; association with inferiors leads to dogmatism in thought, and self-will even in affections. Rousseau never should have lived in the Val de Montmorenci; it had been good for Warburton that Hurd had not existed; for Johnson never to have known Boswell or Davies. From such evils Schiller and Goethe were delivered; their intimacy seems to have been equal, frank and cordial; from the contrasts and the endowments of their minds, it must have had peculiar charms. In his critical theories, Schiller had derived much profit from communicating with an intellect as excursive as his own, but far cooler and more sceptical: as he lopped off from his creed the excrescences of Kantism, Goethe and he, on comparing their ideas, often found in them a striking similarity; more striking and more gratifying, when it was considered from what diverse premises these harmonious conclusions had been drawn. On such subjects they often corresponded when absent, and conversed when together. They were in the habit of paying long visits to each other's houses; frequently they used to travel in company between Jena and Weimar. 'At Triesnitz, 'a couple of English miles from Jena, Goethe and he,' we are told, 'might sometimes be observed sitting at table, beneath 'the shade of a spreading tree; talking, and looking at the 'current of passengers.'—There are some who would have 'travelled fifty miles on foot' to join the party!

Besides this intercourse with Goethe, he was happy in a kindly connexion with many other estimable men, both in literary and in active life. Dalberg, at a distance, was to the last his friend and warmest admirer. At Jena, he had Schütz, Paul, Hufland, Reinhold. Wilhelm von Humboldt, also, brother of the celebrated traveller, had come thither about this time, and was now among his closest associates. At Weimar, excluding less important persons, there were still Herder and Wieland.

to divide his attention with Goethe. And what to his affectionate heart must have been the most grateful circumstance of all, his aged parents were yet living to participate in the splendid fortune of the son whom they had once lamented and despaired of, but never ceased to love. In 1793 he paid them a visit in Swabia, and passed nine cheerful months among the scenes dearest to his recollection: enjoying the kindness of those unalterable friends whom Nature had given him; and the admiring deference of those by whom it was most delightful to be honoured,—those who had known him in adverse and humbler circumstances, whether they might have respected or contemned him. By the Grand Duke, his ancient censor and patron, he was not interfered with; that prince, in answer to a previous application on the subject, having indirectly engaged to take no notice of this journey. The Grand Duke had already interfered too much with him, and bitterly repented of his interference. Next year he died; an event which Schiller, who had long forgotten past ill-treatment, did not learn without true sorrow, and grateful recollections of bygone kindness. The new sovereign, anxious to repair the injustice of his predecessor, almost instantly made offer of a vacant Tübingen professorship to Schiller; a proposal flattering to the latter, but which, by the persuasion of the Duke of Weimar, he respectfully declined.

Amid labours and amusements so multiplied, amid such variety of intellectual exertion and of intercourse with men, Schiller, it was clear, had not suffered the encroachments of bodily disease to undermine the vigour of his mental or moral powers. No period of his life displayed in stronger colours the lofty and determined zeal of his character. He had already written much; his fame stood upon a firm basis; domestic wants no longer called upon him for incessant effort; and his frame was pining under the slow canker of an incurable malady. Yet he never loitered, never rested; his fervid spirit, which had vanquished opposition and oppression in his youth; which had struggled against harassing uncertainties, and passed unsullied through many temptations, in his earlier manhood, did not now yield to this last and most fatal enemy. The present was the busiest, most productive season of his literary life; and with all its drawbacks, it was probably the happiest. Violent attacks from his disorder were of rare occurrence; and its

constant influence, the dark vapours with which it would have overshadowed the faculties of his head and heart, were repelled by diligence and a courageous exertion of his will. In other points, he had little to complain of, and much to rejoice in. He was happy in his family, the chosen scene of his sweetest, most lasting satisfaction; by the world he was honoured and admired; his wants were provided for; he had tasks which inspired and occupied him; friends who loved him, and whom he loved. Schiller had much to enjoy, and most of it he owed to himself.

In his mode of life at Jena, simplicity and uniformity were the most conspicuous qualities; the single excess which he admitted being that of zeal in the pursuits of literature, the sin which all his life had most easily beset him. His health had suffered much, and principally, it was thought, from the practice of composing by night: yet the charms of this practice were still too great for his self-denial; and, except in severe fits of sickness, he could not discontinue it. The highest, proudest pleasure of his mind was that glow of intellectual production, that 'fine frenzy,' which makes the poet, while it lasts, a new and nobler creature; exalting him into brighter regions, adorned by visions of magnificence and beauty, and delighting all his faculties by the intense consciousness of their exerted power. To enjoy this pleasure in perfection, the solitary stillness of night, diffusing its solemn influence over thought as well as earth and air, had at length in Schiller's case grown indispensable. For this purpose, accordingly, he was accustomed, in the present, as in former periods, to invert the common order of things: by day he read, refreshed himself with the aspect of nature, conversed or corresponded with his friends; but he wrote and studied in the night. And as his bodily feelings were too often those of languor and exhaustion, he adopted, in impatience of such mean impediments, the pernicious expedient of stimulants, which yield a momentary strength, only to waste our remaining fund of it more speedily and surely.

'During summer, his place of study was in a garden, which 'at length he purchased, in the suburbs of Jena, not far from 'the Weselhöfts' house, where at that time was the office of 'the *Allgemeine Litteratur-Zeitung*. Reckoning from the 'market-place of Jena, it lies on the south-west border of the 'town, between the Engelgatter and the Neuthor, in a hollow

'defile, through which a part of the Leutrabach flows round 'the city. On the top of the acclivity, from which there is a 'beautiful prospect into the valley of the Saal, and the fir 'mountains of the neighbouring forest, Schiller built himself a 'small house, with a single chamber.[12] It was his favourite 'abode during hours of composition; a great part of the works 'he then wrote were written here. In winter he likewise dwelt 'apart from the noise of men; in the Griesbachs' house, on 'the outside of the city-trench. * * * On sitting down to his 'desk at night, he was wont to keep some strong coffee, or 'wine-chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish, or 'Champagne, standing by him, that he might from time to time 'repair the exhaustion of nature. Often the neighbours used 'to hear him earnestly declaiming, in the silence of the night: 'and whoever had an opportunity of watching him on such 'occasions, a thing very easy to be done from the heights lying 'opposite his little garden-house, on the other side of the dell, 'might see him now speaking aloud and walking swiftly to and 'fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into 'his chair and writing; and drinking the while, sometimes 'more than once, from the glass standing near him. In winter 'he was to be found at his desk till four, or even five o'clock 'in the morning; in summer, till towards three. He then went 'to bed, from which he seldom rose till nine or ten.'[13]

Had prudence been the dominant quality in Schiller's character, this practice would undoubtedly have been abandoned, or rather never taken up. It was an error so to waste his strength; but one of those which increase rather than diminish our respect; originating, as it did, in generous ardour for what was best and grandest, they must be cold censurers that can condemn it harshly. For ourselves, we but lament and honour this excess of zeal; its effects were mournful, but its origin was noble. Who can picture Schiller's feelings in this solitude, without participating in some faint reflection of their grandeur! The toil-worn but devoted soul, alone, under the silent starry canopy of Night, offering up the troubled moments of existence on the altar of Eternity! For here the splendour that gleamed across the spirit of a mortal, transient as one of us, was made

[12] 'The street leading from Schiller's dwelling-house to this, was by some 'wags named the *Xenien-gasse;* a name not yet entirely disused.'

[13] Doering, pp. 118-131.

to be perpetual; these images and thoughts were to pass into other ages and distant lands; to glow in human hearts, when the heart that conceived them had long been mouldered into common dust. To the lovers of genius, this little garden-house might have been a place to visit as a chosen shrine; nor will they learn without regret that the walls of it, yielding to the hand of time, have already crumbled into ruin, and are now no longer to be traced. The piece of ground that it stood on is itself hallowed with a glory that is bright, pure and abiding; but the literary pilgrim could not have surveyed, without peculiar emotion, the simple chamber, in which Schiller wrote the *Reich der Schatten*, the *Spaziergang*, the *Ideal*, and the immortal scenes of *Wallenstein*.

The last-named work had cost him many an anxious, given him many a pleasant, hour. For seven years it had continued in a state of irregular, and oft-suspended progress; sometimes 'lying endless and formless' before him; sometimes on the point of being given up altogether. The multitude of ideas, which he wished to incorporate in the structure of the piece, retarded him; and the difficulty of contenting his taste, respecting the manner of effecting this, retarded him still more. In *Wallenstein* he wished to embody the more enlarged notions which experience had given him of men, especially which history had given him of generals and statesmen; and while putting such characters in action, to represent whatever was, or could be made, poetical, in the stormy period of the Thirty-Years War. As he meditated on the subject, it continued to expand; in his fancy, it assumed successively a thousand forms; and after all due strictness of selection, such was still the extent of materials remaining on his hands, that he found it necessary to divide the play into three parts, distinct in their arrangements, but in truth forming a continuous drama of eleven acts. In this shape it was sent forth to the world, in 1799; a work of labour and persevering anxiety, but of anxiety and labour, as it then appeared, which had not been bestowed in vain. *Wallenstein* is by far the best performance he had yet produced; it merits a long chapter of criticism by itself; and a few hurried pages are all that we can spend on it.

As a porch to the great edifice stands Part first, entitled *Wallenstein's Camp*, a piece in one act. It paints, with much humour and graphical felicity, the manners of that rude tumul-

tuous host which Wallenstein presided over, and had made the engine of his ambitious schemes. Schiller's early experience of a military life seems now to have stood him in good stead: his soldiers are delineated with the distinctness of actual observation; in rugged sharpness of feature, they sometimes remind us of Smollett's seamen. Here are all the wild lawless spirits of Europe assembled within the circuit of a single trench. Violent, tempestuous, unstable is the life they lead. Ishmaelites, their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them; the instruments of rapine; tarnished with almost every vice, and knowing scarcely any virtue but those of reckless bravery and uncalculating obedience to their leader, their situation still presents some aspects which affect or amuse us; and these the poet has seized with his accustomed skill. Much of the cruelty and repulsive harshness of these soldiers, we are taught to forget in contemplating their forlorn houseless wanderings, and the practical magnanimity, with which even they contrive to wring from Fortune a tolerable scantling of enjoyment. Their manner of existence Wallenstein has, at an after period of the action, rather movingly expressed:

> 'Our life was but a battle and a march,
> And, like the wind's blast, never-resting, homeless,
> We storm'd across the war-convulsed Earth.'

Still farther to soften the asperities of the scene, the dialogue is cast into a rude Hudibrastic metre, full of forced rhymes, and strange double-endings, with a rhythm ever changing, ever rough and lively, which might almost be compared to the hard, irregular, fluctuating sound of the regimental drum. In this ludicrous doggrel, with phrases and figures of a correspondent cast, homely, ridiculous, graphic, these men of service paint their hopes and doings. There are ranks and kinds among them; representatives of all the constituent parts of the motley multitude, which followed this prince of *Condottieri*. The solemn pedantry of the ancient Wachtmeister is faithfully given; no less so are the jocund ferocity and heedless daring of Holky's Jägers, or the iron courage and stern camp-philosophy of Pappenheim's Cuirassiers. Of the Jäger the sole principle is military obedience; he does not reflect or calculate; his business is to do whatever he is ordered, and to enjoy whatever he can reach. 'Free wished I to live,' he says,

'Free wished I to live, and easy and gay,
And see something new on each new day;
In the joys of the moment lustily sharing,
'Bout the past or the future not thinking or caring:
To the Kaiser, therefore, I sold my bacon,
And by him good charge of the whole is taken.
Order me on 'mid the whistling fiery shot,
Over the Rhine-stream rapid and roaring wide,
A third of the troop must go to pot,—
Without loss of time, I mount and ride;
But farther, I beg very much, do you see,
That in all things else you would leave me free.'

The Pappenheimer is an older man, more sedate and more indomitable; he has wandered over Europe, and gathered settled maxims of soldierly principle and soldierly privilege: he is not without a *rationale* of life; the various professions of men have passed in review before him, but no coat that he has seen has pleased him like his own 'steel doublet,' cased in which, it is his wish,

'Looking down on the world's poor restless scramble,
Careless, through it, astride of his nag to ramble.'

Yet at times with this military stoicism there is blended a dash of homely pathos; he admits,

'This sword of ours is no plough or spade,
You cannot delve or reap with the iron blade;
For us there falls no seed, no corn-field grows,
Neither home nor kindred the soldier knows:
Wandering over the face of the earth,
Warming his hands at another's hearth:
From the pomp of towns he must onward roam;
In the village-green with its cheerful game,
In the mirth of the vintage or harvest-home,
No part or lot can the soldier claim.
Tell me then, in the place of goods or pelf,
What has he unless to honour himself?
Leave not even *this* his own, what wonder
The man should burn and kill and plunder?'

But the camp of Wallenstein is full of bustle as well as speculation; there are gamblers, peasants, sutlers, soldiers, recruits, capuchin friars, moving to and fro in restless pursuit of their several purposes. The sermon of the Capuchin is an unpar-

alleled composition;[14] a medley of texts, puns, nicknames, and verbal logic, conglutinated by a stupid judgment, and a fiery catholic zeal. It seems to be delivered with great unction, and to find fit audience in the camp: towards the conclusion they rush upon him, and he narrowly escapes killing or ducking, for having ventured to glance a censure at the General. The soldiers themselves are jeering, wrangling, jostling; discussing their wishes and expectations; and, at last, they combine in a profound deliberation on the state of their affairs. A vague exaggerated outline of the coming events and personages is imaged to us in their coarse conceptions. We dimly discover the precarious position of Wallenstein; the plots which threaten him, which he is meditating: we trace the leading qualities of the principal officers; and form a high estimate of the potent spirit which binds this fierce discordant mass together, and seems to be the object of universal reverence where nothing else is revered.

In the *Two Piccolomini*, the next division of the work, the generals for whom we have thus been prepared appear in person on the scene, and spread out before us their plots and counterplots; Wallenstein, through personal ambition and evil counsel, slowly resolving to revolt; and Octavio Piccolomini, in secret, undermining his influence among the leaders, and preparing for him that pit of ruin, into which, in the third Part, *Wallenstein's Death*, we see him sink with all his fortunes. The military spirit which pervades the former piece is here well sustained. The ruling motives of these captains and colonels are a little more refined, or more disguised, than those of the Cuirassiers and Jägers; but they are the same in substance; the love of present or future pleasure, of action, reputation, money, power; selfishness, but selfishness distinguished by a superficial external propriety, and gilded over with the splendour of military honour, of courage inflexible, yet light, cool and unassuming. These are not imaginary heroes, but genuine hired men of war: we do not love them; yet there is a pomp about their operations, which agreeably fills up the scene

[14] Said to be by Goethe; the materials faithfully extracted from a real sermon (by the Jesuit Santa Clara) of the period it refers to.—There were various Jesuits Santa Clara, of that period: this is the *German* one, Abraham by name; specimens of whose Sermons, a fervent kind of preaching-run-mad, have been reprinted in late years, for dilettante purposes. (*Note of* 1845.)

This din of war, this clash of tumultuous conflicting interests, is felt as a suitable accompaniment to the affecting or commanding movements of the chief characters whom it envelops or obeys.

Of the individuals that figure in this world of war, Wallenstein himself, the strong Atlas which supports it all, is by far the most imposing. Wallenstein is the model of a high-souled, great, accomplished man, whose ruling passion is ambition. He is daring to the utmost pitch of manhood; he is enthusiastic and vehement; but the fire of his soul burns hid beneath a deep stratum of prudence, guiding itself by calculations which extend to the extreme limits of his most minute concerns. This prudence, sometimes almost bordering on irresolution, forms the outward rind of his character, and for a while is the only quality which we discover in it. The immense influence which his genius appears to exert on every individual of his many followers, prepares us to expect a great man; and, when Wallenstein, after long delay and much forewarning, is in fine presented to us, we at first experience something like a disappointment. We find him, indeed, possessed of a staid grandeur; yet involved in mystery; wavering between two opinions; and, as it seems, with all his wisdom, blindly credulous in matters of the highest import. It is only when events have forced decision on him, that he rises in his native might, that his giant spirit stands unfolded in its strength before us;

'Night must it be, ere Friedland's star will beam:'

amid difficulties, darkness and impending ruin, at which the boldest of his followers grow pale, he himself is calm, and first in this awful crisis feels the serenity and conscious strength of his soul return. Wallenstein, in fact, though preëminent in power, both external and internal, of high intellect and commanding will, skilled in war and statesmanship beyond the best in Europe, the idol of sixty thousand fearless hearts, is not yet removed above our sympathy. We are united with him by feelings which he reckons weak, though they belong to the most generous parts of his nature. His indecision partly takes its rise in the sensibilities of his heart, as well as in the caution of his judgment: his belief in astrology, which gives force and confirmation to this tendency, originates in some soft kindly emotions, and adds a new interest to the spirit of the warrior; it

humbles him, to whom the earth is subject, before those mysterious Powers which weigh the destinies of man in their balance, in whose eyes the greatest and the least of mortals scarcely differ in littleness. Wallenstein's confidence in the friendship of Octavio, his disinterested love for Max Piccolomini, his paternal and brotherly kindness, are feelings which cast an affecting lustre over the harsher, more heroic qualities wherewith they are combined. His treason to the Emperor is a crime, for which, provoked and tempted as he was, we do not greatly blame him; it is forgotten in our admiration of his nobleness, or recollected only as a venial trespass. Schiller has succeeded well with Wallenstein, where it was not easy to succeed. The truth of history has been but little violated; yet we are compelled to feel that Wallenstein, whose actions individually are trifling, unsuccessful, and unlawful, is a strong, sublime, commanding character; we look at him with interest, our concern at his fate is tinged with a shade of kindly pity.

In Octavio Piccolomini, his war-companion, we can find less fault, yet we take less pleasure. Octavio's qualities are chiefly negative: he rather walks by the letter of the moral law, than by its spirit; his conduct is externally correct, but there is no touch of generosity within. He is more of the courtier than of the soldier: his weapon is intrigue, not force. Believing firmly that 'whatever is, is best,' he distrusts all new and extraordinary things; he has no faith in human nature, and seems to be virtuous himself more by calculation than by impulse. We scarcely thank him for his loyalty; serving his Emperor, he ruins and betrays his friend: and, besides, though he does not own it, personal ambition is among his leading motives; he wishes to be general and prince, and Wallenstein is not only a traitor to his sovereign, but a bar to this advancement. It is true, Octavio does not personally tempt him towards his destruction; but neither does he warn him from it; and perhaps he knew that fresh temptation was superfluous. Wallenstein did not deserve such treatment from a man whom he had trusted as a brother, even though such confidence was blind, and guided by visions and starry omens. Octavio is a skilful, prudent, managing statesman; of the kind praised loudly, if not sincerely, by their friends, and detested deeply by their enemies. His object may be lawful or even laudable; but his

ways are crooked ; we dislike him but the more that we know not positively how to blame him.

Octavio Piccolomini and Wallenstein are, as it were, the two opposing forces by which this whole universe of military politics is kept in motion. The struggle of magnanimity and strength combined with treason, against cunning and apparent virtue, aided by law, gives rise to a series of great actions, which are here vividly presented to our view. We mingle in the clashing interests of these men of war; we see them at their gorgeous festivals and stormy consultations, and participate in the hopes or fears that agitate them. The subject had many capabilities; and Schiller has turned them all to profit. Our minds are kept alert by a constant succession of animating scenes of spectacle, dialogue, incident : the plot thickens and darkens as we advance; the interest deepens and deepens to the very end.

But among the tumults of this busy multitude, there are two forms of celestial beauty that solicit our attention, and whose destiny, involved with that of those around them, gives it an importance in our eyes which it could not otherwise have had. Max Piccolomini, Octavio's son, and Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, diffuse an ethereal radiance over all this tragedy; they call forth the finest feelings of the heart, where other feelings had already been aroused ; they superadd to the stirring pomp of scenes, which had already kindled our imaginations, the enthusiasm of bright unworn humanity, 'the bloom of young desire, the purple light of love.' The history of Max and Thekla is not a rare one in poetry; but Schiller has treated it with a skill which is extremely rare. Both of them are represented as combining every excellence ; their affection is instantaneous and unbounded; yet the coolest, most sceptical reader is forced to admire them, and believe in them.

Of Max we are taught from the first to form the highest expectations: the common soldiers and their captains speak of him as of a perfect hero; the Cuirassiers had, at Pappenheim's death, on the field of Lützen, appointed him their colonel by unanimous election. His appearance answers these ideas: Max is the very spirit of honour, and integrity, and young ardour, personified. Though but passing into maturer age, he has already seen and suffered much; but the experience of the man has not yet deadened or dulled the enthusiasm

of the boy. He has lived, since his very childhood, constantly amid the clang of war, and with few ideas but those of camps; yet here, by a native instinct, his heart has attracted to it all that was noble and graceful in the trade of arms, rejecting all that was repulsive or ferocious. He loves Wallenstein his patron, his gallant and majestic leader: he loves his present way of life, because it is one of peril and excitement, because he knows no other, but chiefly because his young unsullied spirit can shed a resplendent beauty over even the wastest region in the destiny of man. Yet though a soldier, and the bravest of soldiers, he is not this alone. He feels that there are fairer scenes in life, which these scenes of havoc and distress but deform or destroy; his first acquaintance with the Princess Thekla unveils to him another world, which till then he had not dreamed of; a land of peace and serene elysian felicity, the charms of which he paints with simple and unrivalled eloquence. Max is not more daring than affectionate; he is merciful and gentle, though his training has been under tents; modest and altogether unpretending, though young and universally admired. We conceive his aspect to be thoughtful but fervid, dauntless but mild: he is the very poetry of war, the essence of a youthful hero. We should have loved him anywhere; but here, amid barren scenes of strife and danger, he is doubly dear to us.

His first appearance wins our favour; his eloquence in sentiment prepares us to expect no common magnanimity in action. It is as follows: *Octavio* and *Questenberg* are consulting on affairs of state; *Max* enters: he is just returned from convoying the *Princess Thekla* and her mother, the daughter and the wife of *Friedland*, to the camp at Pilsen.

Act I. Scene IV.

Max Piccolomini, Octavio Piccolomini, Questenberg.

Max. 'Tis he himself! My father, welcome, welcome!
[*He embraces him: on turning round, he observes Questenberg, and draws coldly back.*
Busied, I perceive? I will not interrupt you.
Oct. How now, Max? View this stranger better!
An old friend deserves regard and kindness;
The Kaiser's messenger should be rever'd!

MAX. [*drily*] Von Questenberg! If it is good that brings you
To our head-quarters, welcome!
QUEST. [*has taken his hand*] Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I grasp it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.
Octavio, Max, Piccolomini! [*Taking both their hands.*
Names of benignant solemn import! Never
Can Austria's fortune fail while two such stars,
To guide and guard her, gleam above our hosts.
MAX. You play it wrong, Sir Minister! To praise,
I wot, you come not hither; to blame and censure
You are come. Let me be no exception.
OCT. [*to Max.*] He comes from Court, where every one is not
So well contented with the Duke as here.
MAX. And what new fault have they to charge him with?
That he alone decides what he alone
Can understand? Well! Should it not be so?
It should and must! This man was never made
To ply and mould himself like wax to others:
It goes against his heart; he cannot do it,
He has the spirit of a ruler, and
The station of a ruler. Well for us
It is so! Few can rule themselves, can use
Their wisdom wisely: happy for the whole
Where there is one among them that can be
A centre and a hold for many thousands;
That can plant himself like a firm column,
For the whole to lean on safely! Such a one
Is Wallenstein; some other man might better
Serve the Court, none else could serve the Army.
QUEST. The Army, truly!
MAX. And it is a pleasure
To behold how all awakes and strengthens
And revives around him; how men's faculties
Come forth; their gifts grow plainer to themselves!
From each he can elicit his endowment,
His peculiar power; and does it wisely;
Leaving each to be the man he found him,
Watching only that he always be so
I' th' proper place: and thus he makes the talents
Of all mankind his own.
QUEST. No one denies him
Skill in men, and skill to use them. His fault is
That in the ruler he forgets the servant,
As if he had been born to be commander.
MAX. And is he not? By birth he is invested

With all gifts for it, and with the farther gift
Of finding scope to use them; of acquiring
For the ruler's faculties the ruler's office.
QUEST. So that how far the rest of us have rights
Or influence, if any, lies with Friedland?
MAX. He is no common person; he requires
No common confidence: allow him space;
The proper limit he himself will set.
QUEST. The trial shows it!
MAX. Ay! Thus it is with them!
Still so! All frights them that has any depth;
Nowhere are they at ease but in the shallows.
OCT. [*to Quest.*] Let him have his way, my friend! The argument
Will not avail us.
MAX. They invoke the spirit
I' th' hour of need, and shudder when he rises.
The great, the wonderful, must be accomplished
Like a thing of course!—In war, in battle,
A moment is decisive; on the spot
Must be determin'd, in the instant done.
With ev'ry noble quality of nature
The leader must be gifted: let him live, then,
In their noble sphere! The oracle within him,
The living spirit, not dead books, old forms,
Not mould'ring parchments must he take to counsel.
OCT. My Son! despise not these old narrow forms!
They are as barriers, precious walls and fences,
Which oppressed mortals have erected
To mod'rate the rash will of their oppressors.
For the uncontrolled has ever been destructive.
The way of Order, though it lead through windings,
Is the best. Right forward goes the lightning
And the cannon-ball: quick, by the nearest path,
They come, op'ning with murderous crash their way,
To blast and ruin! My Son! the quiet road
Which men frequent, where peace and blessings travel,
Follows the river's course, the valley's bendings;
Modest skirts the cornfield and the vineyard,
Revering property's appointed bounds;
And leading safe though slower to the mark.
QUEST. O, hear your Father! him who is at once
A hero and a man!
OCT. It is the child
O' th' camp that speaks in thee, my Son: a war
Of fifteen years has nursed and taught thee; peace
Thou hast never seen. My Son, there is a worth
Beyond the worth of warriors: ev'n in war itself

The object is not war. The rapid deeds
Of power, th' astounding wonders of the moment—
It is not these that minister to man
Aught useful, aught benignant or enduring.
In haste the wandering soldier comes, and builds
With canvas his light town: here in a moment
Is a rushing concourse; markets open;
Roads and rivers crowd with merchandise
And people; Traffic stirs his hundred arms.
Ere long, some morning, look,—and it is gone!
The tents are struck, the host has marched away;
Dead as a churchyard lies the trampled seed-field,
And wasted is the harvest of the year.

MAX. O Father! that the Kaiser *would* make peace!
The bloody laurel I would gladly change
For the first violet Spring should offer us,
The tiny pledge that Earth again was young!

OCT. How's this? What is it that affects thee so?

MAX. Peace I have never seen? Yes, I have seen it!
Ev'n now I come from it: my journey led me
Through lands as yet unvisited by war.
O Father! life has charms, of which we know not:
We have but seen the barren coasts of life;
Like some wild roving crew of lawless pirates,
Who, crowded in their narrow noisome ship,
Upon the rude sea, with rude manners dwell;
Naught of the fair land knowing but the bays,
Where they may risk their hurried thievish landing.
Of the loveliness that, in its peaceful dales,
The land conceals—O Father!—O, of this,
In our wild voyage we have seen no glimpse.

OCT. [*gives increased attention*]
And did this journey show thee much of it?

MAX. 'Twas the first holiday of my existence.
Tell me, where's the end of all this labour,
This grinding labour that has stolen my youth,
And left my heart uncheer'd and void, my spirit
Uncultivated as a wilderness?
This camp's unceasing din; the neighing steeds;
The trumpet's clang; the never-changing round
Of service, discipline, parade, give nothing
To the heart, the heart that longs for nourishment.
There is no soul in this insipid bus'ness;
Life has another fate and other joys.

OCT. Much hast thou learn'd, my Son, in this short journey!

MAX. O blessed bright day, when at last the soldier
Shall turn back to life, and be again a man!

Through th' merry lines the colours are unfurl'd,
And homeward beats the thrilling soft peace-march;
All hats and helmets deck'd with leafy sprays,
The last spoil of the fields! The city's gates
Fly up; now needs not the petard to burst them:
The walls are crowded with rejoicing people;
Their shouts ring through the air: from every tower
Blithe bells are pealing forth the merry vesper
Of that bloody day. From town and hamlet
Flow the jocund thousands; with their hearty
Kind impetuosity our march impeding.
The old man, weeping that he sees this day,
Embraces his long-lost son: a stranger
He revisits his old home; with spreading boughs
The tree o'ershadows him at his return,
Which waver'd as a twig when he departed;
And modest blushing comes a maid to meet him,
Whom on her nurse's breast he left. O happy,
For whom some kindly door like this, for whom
Soft arms to clasp him shall be open'd!—

QUEST. [*with emotion*] O that
The times you speak of should be so far distant!
Should not be tomorrow, be today!

MAX. And who's to blame for it but you at Court?
I will deal plainly with you, Questenberg:
When I observ'd you here, a twinge of spleen
And bitterness went through me. It is you
That hinder peace; yes, you. The General
Must force it, and you ever keep tormenting him,
Obstructing all his steps, abusing him;
For what? Because the good of Europe lies
Nearer his heart, than whether certain acres
More or less of dirty land be Austria's!
You call him traitor, rebel, God knows what,
Because he spares the Saxons; as if that
Were not the only way to peace; for how
If during war, war end not, *can* peace follow?
Go to! go to! As I love goodness, so I hate
This paltry work of yours: and here I vow to God,
For him, this rebel, traitor Wallenstein,
To shed my blood, my heart's blood, drop by drop,
Ere I will see you triumph in his fall!

The Princess Thekla is perhaps still dearer to us. Thekla, just entering on life, with 'timid steps,' with the brilliant visions of a cloister yet undisturbed by the contradictions of reality, beholds in Max, not merely her protector and escort to her

father's camp, but the living emblem of her shapeless yet glowing dreams. She knows not deception, she trusts and is trusted: their spirits meet and mingle, and 'clasp each other firmly and forever.' All this is described by the poet with a quiet inspiration, which finds its way into our deepest sympathies. Such beautiful simplicity is irresistible. 'How long,' the Countess Terzky asks,

How long is it since you disclosed your heart?
MAX. This morning first I risked a word of it.
COUN. Not till this morning during twenty days?
MAX. 'Twas at the castle where you met us, 'twixt this
And Nepomuk, the last stage of the journey.
On a balcony she and I were standing, our looks
In silence turn'd upon the vacant landscape;
And before us the dragoons were riding,
Whom the Duke had sent to be her escort.
Heavy on my heart lay thoughts of parting,
And with a faltering voice at last I said:
All this reminds me, Fräulein, that today
I must be parted from my happiness;
In few hours you will find a father,
Will see yourself encircled by new friends;
And I shall be to you nought but a stranger,
Forgotten in the crowd—"Speak with Aunt Terzky!"
Quick she interrupted me; I noticed
A quiv'ring in her voice; a glowing blush
Spread o'er her cheeks; slow rising from the ground,
Her eyes met mine: I could control myself
No longer—
[*The Princess appears at the door, and stops; the Countess, but not Piccolomini, observing her.*
—I clasp'd her wildly in my arms,
My lips were join'd with hers. Some footsteps stirring
I' th' next room parted us; 'twas you; what then
Took place, you know.
COUN. And can you be so modest,
Or incurious, as not once to ask me
For *my* secret, in return?
MAX. Your secret?
COUN. Yes, sure! On coming in the moment after,
How my niece receiv'd me, what i' th' instant
Of her first surprise she—
MAX. Ha?
THEKLA [*enters hastily*]. Spare yourself
The trouble, Aunt! That he can learn from me.

* * * * *

We rejoice in the ardent, pure and confiding affection of these two angelic beings: but our feeling is changed and made more poignant, when we think that the inexorable hand of Destiny is already lifted to smite their world with blackness and desolation. Thekla has enjoyed 'two little hours of heavenly beauty;' but her native gaiety gives place to serious anticipations and alarms; she feels that the camp of Wallenstein is not a place for hope to dwell in. The instructions and explanations of her aunt disclose the secret: she is not to love Max; a higher, it may be a royal, fate awaits her; but she is to tempt him from his duty, and make him lend his influence to her father, whose daring projects she now for the first time discovers. From that moment her hopes of happiness have vanished, never more to return. Yet her own sorrows touch her less than the ruin which she sees about to overwhelm her tender and affectionate mother. For herself, she waits with gloomy patience the stroke that is to crush her. She is meek, and soft, and maiden-like; but she is Friedland's daughter, and does not shrink from what is unavoidable. There is often a rectitude, and quick inflexibility of resolution about Thekla, which contrasts beautifully with her inexperience and timorous acuteness of feeling: on discovering her father's treason, she herself decides that Max 'shall obey his first impulse,' and forsake her.

There are few scenes in poetry more sublimely pathetic than this. We behold the sinking but still fiery glory of Wallenstein, opposed to the impetuous despair of Max Piccolomini, torn asunder by the claims of duty and of love; the calm but broken-hearted Thekla, beside her broken-hearted mother, and surrounded by the blank faces of Wallenstein's desponding followers. There is a physical pomp corresponding to the moral grandeur of the action; the successive revolt and departure of the troops is heard without the walls of the Palace; the trumpets of the Pappenheimers reëcho the wild feelings of their leader. What follows too is equally affecting. Max being forced away by his soldiers from the side of Thekla, rides forth at their head in a state bordering on frenzy. Next day come tidings of his fate, which no heart is hard enough to hear unmoved. The effect it produces upon Thekla displays all the hidden energies of her soul. The first accidental hearing of the news had almost overwhelmed her; but she summons up her strength: she sends for the messenger, that she may ques-

tion him more closely, and listen to his stern details with the heroism of a Spartan virgin.

Act IV. Scene X.

Thekla; the Swedish Captain; Fräulein Neubrunn.

Capt. [*approaches respectfully*]
Princess—I—must pray you to forgive me
My most rash unthinking words: I could not—
Thekla [*with noble dignity*].
You saw me in my grief; a sad chance made you
At once my confidant, who were a stranger.
Capt. I fear the sight of me is hateful to you:
They were mournful tidings I brought hither.
Thekla. The blame was mine! 'Twas I that forced them from you;
Your voice was but the voice of Destiny.
My terror interrupted your recital:
Finish it, I pray you.
Capt. 'Twill renew your grief!
Thekla. I am prepared for't, I will be prepared.
Proceed! How went the action? Let me hear.
Capt. At Neustadt, dreading no surprise, we lay
Slightly entrench'd; when towards night a cloud
Of dust rose from the forest, and our outposts
Rush'd into the camp, and cried: The foe was there!
Scarce had we time to spring on horseback, when
The Pappenheimers, coming at full gallop,
Dash'd o'er the palisado, and next moment
These fierce troopers pass'd our camp-trench also.
But thoughtlessly their courage had impelled them
To advance without support; their infantry
Was far behind; only the Pappenheimers
Boldly following their bold leader—
[*Thekla makes a movement. The Captain pauses for a moment, till she beckons him to proceed.*
On front and flank with all our horse we charged them;
And ere long forc'd them back upon the trench,
Where rank'd in haste our infantry presented
An iron hedge of spikes to stop their passage.
Advance they could not, nor retreat a step,
Wedg'd in this narrow prison, death on all sides.
Then the Rheingraf call'd upon their leader,
In fair battle, fairly to surrender:
But Colonel Piccolomini— [*Thekla, tottering, catches by a seat.*
—We knew him

By's helmet-plume and his long flowing hair,
The rapid ride had loosen'd it: to the trench
He points; leaps first himself his gallant steed
Clean over it; the troop plunge after him:
But—in a twinkle it was done!—his horse
Run through the body by a partisan,
Rears in its agony, and pitches far
Its rider; and fierce o'er him tramp the steeds
O' th' rest, now heeding neither bit nor bridle.

[*Thekla, who has listened to the last words with increasing anguish, falls into a violent tremor; she is sinking to the ground; Fräulein Neubrunn hastens to her, and receives her in her arms.*

NEU. Lady, dearest mistress—
CAPT. [*moved*] Let me begone.
THEKLA. 'Tis past; conclude it.
CAPT. Seeing their leader fall,
A grim inexorable desperation
Seiz'd the troops: their own escape forgotten,
Like wild tigers they attack us; their fury
Provokes our soldiers, and the battle ends not
Till the last man of the Pappenheimers falls.
THEKLA [*with a quivering voice*].
And where—where is—you have not told me all.
CAPT. [*after a pause*]
This morning we interr'd him. He was borne
By twelve youths of the noblest families,
And all our host accompanied the bier.
A laurel deck'd his coffin; and upon it
The Rheingraf laid his own victorious sword.
Nor were tears wanting to his fate: for many
Of us had known his noble-mindedness,
And gentleness of manners; and all hearts
Were mov'd at his sad end. Fain would the Rheingraf
Have sav'd him; but himself prevented it;
'Tis said he wish'd to die.
NEU. [*with emotion, to Thekla, who hides her face*]
O! dearest mistress,
Look up! O, why would you insist on this?
THEKLA. Where is his grave?
CAPT. I' th' chapel of a cloister
At Neustadt is he laid, till we receive
Directions from his father.
THEKLA. What is its name?
CAPT. St. Catharine's.
THEKLA. Is't far from this?
CAPT. Seven leagues.

THEKLA. How goes the way?
CAPT. You come by Tirschenreit
And Falkenberg, and through our farthest outposts.
THEKLA. Who commands them?
CAPT. Colonel Seckendorf.
THEKLA [*steps to a table, and takes a ring from her jewel-box*].
You have seen me in my grief, and shown me
A sympathising heart: accept a small
Memorial of this hour [*giving him the ring*]. Now leave me.
CAPT. [*overpowered*] Princess!
[*Thekla silently makes him a sign to go, and turns from him. He lingers, and attempts to speak; Neubrunn repeats the sign; he goes.*

SCENE XI.

NEUBRUNN; THEKLA.

THEKLA [*falls on Neubrunn's neck*].
Now, good Neubrunn, is the time to show the love
Which thou hast always vow'd me. Prove thyself
A true friend and attendant! We must go,
This very night.
NEU. Go! This very night! And whither?
THEKLA. Whither? There is but one place in the world,
The place where he lies buried: to his grave.
NEU. Alas, what would you there, my dearest mistress?
THEKLA. What there? Unhappy girl! Thou wouldst not ask
If thou hadst ever lov'd. There, there, is all
That yet remains of him; that one small spot
Is all the earth to me. Do not detain me!
O, come! Prepare, think how we may escape.
NEU. Have you reflected on your father's anger?
THEKLA. I dread no mortal's anger now.
NEU. The mockery
Of the world, the wicked tongue of slander!
THEKLA. I go to seek one that is cold and low:
Am I, then, hast'ning to my lover's arms?
O God! I am but hast'ning to his grave!
NEU. And we alone? Two feeble, helpless women?
THEKLA. We will arm ourselves; my hand shall guard thee.
NEU. In the gloomy night-time?
THEKLA. Night will hide us.
NEU. In this rude storm?
THEKLA. Was *his* bed made of down,
When the horses' hoofs went o'er him?
NEU. O Heaven!

And then the many Swedish posts! They will not
Let us pass.
THEKLA. Are they not men? Misfortune
Passes free through all the earth.
NEU. So far! So—
THEKLA. Does the pilgrim count the miles, when journeying
To the distant shrine of grace?
NEU. How shall we
Even get out of Eger?
THEKLA. Gold opens gates.
Go! Do go!
NEU. If they should recognise us?
THEKLA. In a fugitive despairing woman
No one will look to meet with Friedland's daughter.
NEU. And where shall we get horses for our flight?
THEKLA. My Equerry will find them. Go and call him.
NEU. Will he venture without his master's knowledge?
THEKLA. He will, I tell thee. Go! O, linger not!
NEU. Ah! And what will your mother do when you
Are vanish'd?
THEKLA [*recollecting this, and gazing with a look of anguish*].
O my mother!
NEU. Your good mother!
She has already had so much to suffer.
Must this last heaviest stroke too fall on her?
THEKLA. I cannot help it. Go, I prithee, go!
NEU. Think well what you are doing.
THEKLA. All is thought
That can be thought, already.
NEU. *Were* we there,
What would you do?
THEKLA. God will direct me, there.
NEU. Your heart is full of trouble: O my lady!
This way leads *not* to peace.
THEKLA. To that deep peace
Which he has found. O, hasten! Go! No words!
There is some force, I know not what to call it,
Pulls me irresistibly, and drags me
On to his grave: there I shall find some solace
Instantly; the strangling band of sorrow
Will be loosen'd; tears will flow. O, hasten!
Long time ago we might have been o' th' road.
No rest for me till I have fled these walls:
They fall upon me, some dark power repels me
From them—Ha! What's this? The chamber's filling
With pale gaunt shapes! No room is left for me!
More! more! The crowding spectres press on me,

And push me forth from this accursed house.
NEU. You frighten me, my lady: I dare stay
No longer; quickly I'll call Rosenberg.

SCENE XII.

THEKLA.

It is his spirit calls me! 'Tis the host
Of faithful souls that sacrificed themselves
In fiery vengeance for him. They upbraid me
For this loit'ring: *they* in death forsook him not,
Who in their life had led them; their rude hearts
Were capable of this: and *I* can live?
No! No! That laurel-garland which they laid
Upon his bier was twined for both of us!
What is this life without the light of love?
I cast it from me, since its worth is gone.
Yes, when we found and lov'd each other, life
Was something! Glittering lay before me
The golden morn: I had two hours of Heaven.

Thou stoodest at the threshold of the scene
Of busy life; with timid steps I cross'd it:
How fair it lay in solemn shade and sheen!
And thou beside me, like some angel, posted
To lead me out of childhood's fairy land
On to life's glancing summit, hand in hand!
My first thought was of joy no tongue can tell,
My first look on *thy* spotless spirit fell.
[*She sinks into a reverie, then with signs of horror proceeds*
And Fate put forth his hand: inexorable, cold,
My friend it grasp'd and clutch'd with iron hold,
And—under th' hoofs of their wild horses hurl'd:
Such is the lot of loveliness i' th' world!

Thekla has yet another pang to encounter; the parting with her mother: but she persists in her determination, and goes forth to die beside her lover's grave. The heart-rending emotions, which this amiable creature has to undergo, are described with an almost painful effect: the fate of Max and Thekla might draw tears from the eyes of a stoic.

Less tender, but not less sublimely poetical, is the fate of Wallenstein himself. We do not pity Wallenstein; even in ruin he seems too great for pity. His daughter having vanished like a fair vision from the scene, we look forward to Wallenstein's inevitable fate with little feeling save expectant awe:

> This kingly Wallenstein, whene'er he falls,
> Will drag a world to ruin down with him;
> And as a ship that in the midst of ocean
> Catches fire, and shiv'ring springs into the air,
> And in a moment scatters between sea and sky
> The crew it bore, so will he hurry to destruction
> Ev'ry one whose fate was join'd with his.

Yet still there is some touch of pathos in his gloomy fall; some visitings of nature in the austere grandeur of his slowly-coming, but inevitable and annihilating doom. The last scene of his life is among the finest which poetry can boast of. Thekla's death is still unknown to him; but he thinks of Max, and almost weeps. He looks at the stars: dim shadows of superstitious dread pass fitfully across his spirit, as he views these fountains of light, and compares their glorious and enduring existence with the fleeting troubled life of man. The strong spirit of his sister is subdued by dark forebodings; omens are against him; his astrologer entreats, one of the relenting conspirators entreats, his own feelings call upon him, to watch and beware. But he refuses to let the resolution of his mind be over-mastered; he casts away these warnings, and goes cheerfully to sleep, with dreams of hope about his pillow, unconscious that the javelins are already grasped which will send him to his long and dreamless sleep. The death of Wallenstein does not cause tears; but it is perhaps the most high-wrought scene of the play. A shade of horror, of fateful dreariness, hangs over it, and gives additional effect to the fire of that brilliant poetry, which glows in every line of it. Except in *Macbeth* or the conclusion of *Othello*, we know not where to match it. Schiller's genius is of a kind much narrower than Shakspeare's; but in his own peculiar province, the exciting of lofty, earnest, strong emotion, he admits of no superior. Others are finer, more piercing, varied, thrilling, in their influence: Schiller, in his finest mood, is overwhelming.

This tragedy of *Wallenstein*, published at the close of the eighteenth century, may safely be rated as the greatest dramatic work of which that century can boast. France never rose into the sphere of Schiller, even in the days of her Corneille: nor can our own country, since the times of Elizabeth, name any dramatist to be compared with him in general

strength of mind, and feeling, and acquired accomplishment. About the time of *Wallenstein's* appearance, we of this gifted land were shuddering at *The Castle Spectre!* Germany, indeed, boasts of Goethe: and on some rare occasions, it must be owned that Goethe has shown talents of a higher order than are here manifested; but he has made no equally regular or powerful exertion of them: *Faust* is but a careless effusion compared with *Wallenstein.* The latter is in truth a vast and magnificent work. What an assemblage of images, ideas, emotions, disposed in the most felicitous and impressive order! We have conquerors, statesmen, ambitious generals, marauding soldiers, heroes, and heroines, all acting and feeling as they would in nature, all faithfully depicted, yet all embellished by the spirit of poetry, and all made conducive to heighten one paramount impression, our sympathy with the three chief characters of the piece.[15]

Soon after the publication of *Wallenstein,* Schiller once more changed his abode. The 'mountain air of Jena' was conceived by his physicians to be prejudicial in disorders of the lungs; and partly in consequence of this opinion, he determined henceforth to spend his winters in Weimar. Perhaps a weightier reason in favour of this new arrangement was the opportunity it gave him of being near the theatre, a constant attendance on which, now that he had once more become a dramatist, seemed highly useful for his farther improvement. The summer he, for several years, continued still to spend in Jena; to which, especially its beautiful environs, he declared himself particularly attached. His little garden-house was still his place of study during summer; till at last he settled constantly at Weimar. Even then he used frequently to visit Jena; to which there was a fresh attraction in later years, when Goethe chose it for his residence, which, we understand, it still occasionally is. With Goethe he often stayed for months.

[15] *Wallenstein* has been translated into French by M. Benjamin Constant; and the last two parts of it have been faithfully rendered into English by Mr. Coleridge. As to the French version, we know nothing, save that it is an *improved* one; but that little is enough: Schiller, as a dramatist, improved by M. Constant, is a spectacle we feel no wish to witness. Mr. Coleridge's translation is also, as a whole, unknown to us: but judging from many large specimens, we should pronounce it, excepting Sotheby's *Oberon*, to be the best, indeed the only sufferable, translation from the German with which our literature has yet been enriched.

This change of place produced little change in Schiller's habits or employment: he was now as formerly in the pay of the Duke of Weimar; now as formerly engaged in dramatic composition as the great object of his life. What the amount of his pension was, we know not: that the Prince behaved to him in a princely manner, we have proof sufficient. Four years before, when invited to the University of Tübingen, Schiller had received a promise, that, in case of sickness or any other cause preventing the continuance of his literary labour, his salary should be doubled. It was actually increased on occasion of the present removal; and again still farther in 1804, some advantageous offers being made to him from Berlin. Schiller seems to have been, what he might have wished to be, neither poor nor rich: his simple unostentatious economy went on without embarrassment: and this was all that he required. To avoid pecuniary perplexities was constantly among his aims: to amass wealth, never. We ought also to add that, in 1802, by the voluntary solicitation of the Duke, he was ennobled; a fact which we mention, for his sake by whose kindness this honour was procured; not for the sake of Schiller, who accepted it with gratitude, but had neither needed nor desired it.

The official services expected of him in return for so much kindness seem to have been slight, if any. Chiefly or altogether of his own accord, he appears to have applied himself to a close inspection of the theatre, and to have shared with Goethe the task of superintending its concerns. The rehearsals of new pieces commonly took place at the house of one of these friends; they consulted together on all such subjects, frankly and copiously. Schiller was not slow to profit by the means of improvement thus afforded him; in the mechanical details of his art he grew more skilful: by a constant observation of the stage, he became more acquainted with its capabilities and its laws. It was not long till, with his characteristic expansiveness of enterprise, he set about turning this new knowledge to account. In conjunction with Goethe, he remodelled his own *Don Carlos* and his friend's *Count Egmont*, altering both according to his latest views of scenic propriety. It was farther intended to treat, in the same manner, the whole series of leading German plays, and thus to produce a national stock of dramatic pieces, formed according to the best rules; a vast project, in which some pro-

gress continued to be made, though other labours often interrupted it. For the present, Schiller was engaged with his *Maria Stuart:* it appeared in 1800.

This tragedy will not detain us long. It is upon a subject, the incidents of which are now getting trite, and the moral of which has little that can peculiarly recommend it. To exhibit the repentance of a lovely but erring woman, to show us how her soul may be restored to its primitive nobleness, by sufferings, devotion and death, is the object of *Maria Stuart.* It is a tragedy of sombre and mournful feelings; with an air of melancholy and obstruction pervading it; a looking backward on objects of remorse, around on imprisonment, and forward on the grave. Its object is undoubtedly attained. We are forced to pardon and to love the heroine; she is beautiful, and miserable, and lofty-minded; and her crimes, however dark, have been expiated by long years of weeping and woe. Considering also that they were the fruit not of calculation, but of passion acting on a heart not dead, though blinded for a time, to their enormity, they seem less hateful than the cold premeditated villany of which she is the victim. Elizabeth is selfish, heartless, envious; she violates no law, but she has no virtue, and she lives triumphant: her arid, artificial character serves by contrast to heighten our sympathy with her warm-hearted, forlorn, ill-fated rival. These two Queens, particularly Mary, are well delineated: their respective qualities are vividly brought out, and the feelings they were meant to excite arise within us. There is also Mortimer, a fierce, impetuous, impassioned lover; driven onward chiefly by the heat of his blood, but still interesting by his vehemence and unbounded daring. The dialogue, moreover, has many beauties; there are scenes which have merited peculiar commendation. Of this kind is the interview between the Queens; and more especially the first entrance of Mary, when, after long seclusion, she is once more permitted to behold the cheerful sky. In the joy of a momentary freedom, she forgets that she is still a captive; she addresses the clouds, the 'sailors of the air,' who 'are not subjects of Elizabeth,' and bids them carry tidings of her to the hearts that love her in other lands. Without doubt, in all that he intended, Schiller has succeeded; *Maria Stuart* is a beautiful tragedy; it would have formed the glory of a meaner man, but it cannot materially alter his. Compared

with *Wallenstein*, its purpose is narrow, and its result is common. We have no manners or true historical delineation. The figure of the English court is not given; and Elizabeth is depicted more like one of the French Medici, than like our own politic, capricious, coquettish, imperious, yet on the whole true-hearted, 'good Queen Bess.' With abundant proofs of genius, this tragedy produces a comparatively small effect, especially on English readers. We have already wept enough for Mary Stuart, both over prose and verse; and the persons likely to be deeply touched with the moral or the interest of her story, as it is recorded here, are rather a separate class than men in general. Madame de Staël, we observe, is her principal admirer.

Next year, Schiller took possession of a province more peculiarly his own: in 1801, appeared his *Maid of Orleans* (*Jungfrau von Orleans*); the first hint of which was suggested to him by a series of documents, relating to the sentence of Jeanne d'Arc, and its reversal, first published about this time by De l'Averdy of the *Académie des Inscriptions*. Schiller had been moved in perusing them: this tragedy gave voice to his feelings.

Considered as an object of poetry or history, Jeanne d'Arc, the most singular personage of modern times, presents a character capable of being viewed under a great variety of aspects, and with a corresponding variety of emotions. To the English of her own age, bigoted in their creed, and baffled by her prowess, she appeared inspired by the Devil, and was naturally burnt as a sorceress. In this light, too, she is painted in the poems of Shakspeare. To Voltaire, again, whose trade it was to war with every kind of superstition, this child of fanatic ardour seemed no better than a moonstruck zealot; and the people who followed her, and believed in her, something worse than lunatics. The glory of what she had achieved was forgotten, when the means of achieving it were recollected; and the Maid of Orleans was deemed the fit subject of a poem, the wittiest and most profligate for which literature has to blush. Our illustrious *Don Juan* hides his head when contrasted with Voltaire's *Pucelle:* Juan's biographer, with all his zeal, is but an innocent, and a novice, by the side of this arch-scorner.

Such a manner of considering the Maid of Orleans is evidently not the right one. Feelings so deep and earnest as hers can never be an object of ridicule: whoever pursues a purpose

of any sort with such fervid devotedness, is entitled to awaken emotions, at least of a serious kind, in the hearts of others. Enthusiasm puts on a different shape in every different age: always in some degree sublime, often it is dangerous; its very essence is a tendency to error and exaggeration; yet it is the fundamental quality of strong souls; the true nobility of blood, in which all greatness of thought or action has its rise. *Quicquid vult valdè vult* is ever the first and surest test of mental capability. This peasant girl, who felt within her such fiery vehemence of resolution, that she could subdue the minds of kings and captains to her will, and lead armies on to battle, conquering, till her country was cleared of its invaders, must evidently have possessed the elements of a majestic character. Benevolent feelings, sublime ideas, and above all an overpowering will, are here indubitably marked. Nor does the form, which her activity assumed, seem less adapted for displaying these qualities, than many other forms in which we praise them. The gorgeous inspirations of the Catholic religion are as real as the phantom of posthumous renown; the love of our native soil is as laudable as ambition, or the principle of military honour. Jeanne d'Arc must have been a creature of shadowy yet far-glancing dreams, of unutterable feelings, of 'thoughts that wandered through Eternity.' Who can tell the trials and the triumphs, the splendours and the terrors, of which her simple spirit was the scene! 'Heartless, sneering, god-forgetting French!' as old Suwarrow called them,—they are not worthy of this noble maiden. Hers were errors, but errors which a generous soul alone could have committed, and which generous souls would have done more than pardon. Her darkness and delusions were of the understanding only; they but make the radiance of her heart more touching and apparent; as clouds are gilded by the orient light into something more beautiful than azure itself.

'It is under this aspect that Schiller has contemplated the Maid of Orleans, and endeavoured to make us contemplate her. For the latter purpose, it appears that more than one plan had occurred to him. His first idea was, to represent Joanna, and the times she lived in, as they actually were: to exhibit the superstition, ferocity, and wretchedness of the period, in all their aggravation; and to show us this patriotic and religious enthusiast beautifying the tempestuous scene by her presence;

swaying the fierce passions of her countrymen; directing their fury against the invaders of France; till at length, forsaken and condemned to die, she perished at the stake, retaining the same steadfast and lofty faith, which had ennobled and redeemed the errors of her life, and was now to glorify the ignominy of her death. This project, after much deliberation, he relinquished, as too difficult. By a new mode of management, much of the homeliness and rude horror, that defaced and encumbered the reality, is thrown away. The Dauphin is not here a voluptuous weakling, nor is his court the centre of vice and cruelty and imbecility: the misery of the time is touched but lightly, and the Maid of Arc herself is invested with a certain faint degree of mysterious dignity, ultimately represented as being in truth a preternatural gift; though whether preternatural, and if so, whether sent from above or from below, neither we nor she, except by faith, are absolutely sure, till the conclusion.

The propriety of this arrangement is liable to question; indeed, it has been more than questioned. But external blemishes are lost in the intrinsic grandeur of the piece: the spirit of Joanna is presented to us with an exalting and pathetic force sufficient to make us blind to far greater improprieties. Joanna is a pure creation, of half-celestial origin, combining the mild charms of female loveliness with the awful majesty of a prophetess, and a sacrifice doomed to perish for her country. She resembled, in Schiller's view, the Iphigenia of the Greeks; and as such, in some respects, he has treated her.

The woes and desolation of the land have kindled in Joanna's keen and fervent heart a fire, which the loneliness of her life, and her deep feelings of religion, have nourished and fanned into a holy flame. She sits in solitude with her flocks, beside the mountain chapel of the Virgin, under the ancient Druid oak, a wizard spot, the haunt of evil spirits as well as of good; and visions are revealed to her such as human eyes behold not. It seems the force of her own spirit, expressing its feelings in forms which react upon itself. The strength of her impulses persuades her that she is called from on high to deliver her native France; the intensity of her own faith persuades others; she goes forth on her mission; all bends to the fiery vehemence of her will; she is inspired because she thinks herself so. There is something beautiful and moving in the aspect of a noble enthusiasm, fostered in the secret soul, amid obstructions and depressions,

and at length bursting forth with an overwhelming force to accomplish its appointed end: the impediments which long hid it are now become testimonies of its power; the very ignorance, and meanness, and error, which still in part adhere to it, increase our sympathy without diminishing our admiration; it seems the triumph, hardly contested, and not wholly carried, but still the triumph, of Mind over Fate, of human volition over material necessity.

All this Schiller felt, and has presented with even more than his usual skill. The secret mechanism of Joanna's mind is concealed from us in a dim religious obscurity; but its active movements are distinct; we behold the lofty heroism of her feelings; she affects us to the very heart. The quiet, devout innocence of her early years, when she lived silent, shrouded in herself, meek and kindly though not communing with others, makes us love her: the celestial splendour which illuminates her after-life adds reverence to our love. Her words and actions combine an overpowering force with a calm unpretending dignity: we seem to understand how they must have carried in their favour the universal conviction. Joanna is the most noble being in tragedy. We figure her with her slender lovely form, her mild but spirit-speaking countenance; 'beautiful and terrible;' bearing the banner of the Virgin before the hosts of her country; travelling in the strength of a rapt soul; irresistible by faith; 'the lowly herdsmaid,' greater in the grandeur of her simple spirit than the kings and queens of this world. Yet her breast is not entirely insensible to human feeling, nor her faith never liable to waver. When that inexorable vengeance, which had shut her ear against the voice of mercy to the enemies of France, is suspended at the sight of Lionel, and her heart experiences the first touch of mortal affection, a baleful cloud overspreads the serene of her mind; it seems as if Heaven had forsaken her, or from the beginning permitted demons or earthly dreams to deceive her. The agony of her spirit, involved in endless and horrid labyrinths of doubt, is powerfully portrayed. She has crowned the king at Rheims; and all is joy, and pomp, and jubilee, and almost adoration of Joanna: but Joanna's thoughts are not of joy. The sight of her poor but kind and true-hearted sisters in the crowd, moves her to the soul. Amid the tumult and magnificence of this royal pageant, she sinks into a reverie; her small native dale of Arc, between

its quiet hills, rises on her mind's eye, with its straw-roofed huts, and its clear greensward; where the sun is even then shining so brightly, and the sky is so blue, and all is so calm and motherly and safe. She sighs for the peace of that sequestered home; then shudders to think that she shall never see it more. Accused of witchcraft, by her own ascetic melancholic father, she utters no word of denial to the charge; for her heart is dark, it is tarnished by earthly love, she dare not raise her thoughts to Heaven. Parted from her sisters; cast out with horror by the people she had lately saved from despair, she wanders forth, desolate, forlorn, not knowing whither. Yet she does not sink under this sore trial: as she suffers from without, and is forsaken of men, her mind grows clear and strong, her confidence returns. She is now more firmly fixed in our admiration than before; tenderness is united to our other feelings; and her faith has been proved by sharp vicissitudes. Her countrymen recognise their error; Joanna closes her career by a glorious death; we take farewell of her in a solemn mood of heroic pity.

Joanna is the animating principle of this tragedy; the scenes employed in developing her character and feelings constitute its great charm. Yet there are other personages in it, that leave a distinct and pleasing impression of themselves in our memory. Agnes Sorel, the soft, languishing, generous mistress of the Dauphin, relieves and heightens by comparison the sterner beauty of the Maid. Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, the lover of Joanna, is a blunt, frank, sagacious soldier, and well described. And Talbot, the gray veteran, delineates his dark, unbelieving, indomitable soul, by a few slight but expressive touches: he sternly passes down to the land, as he thinks, of utter nothingness, contemptuous even of the fate that destroys him, and

> 'On the soil of France he sleeps, as does
> 'A hero on the shield he would not quit.'

A few scattered extracts may in part exhibit some of these inferior personages to our readers, though they can afford us no impression of the Maid herself. Joanna's character, like every finished piece of art, to be judged of must be seen in all its bearings. It is not in parts, but as a whole, that the delineation moves us; by light and manifold touches, it works

upon our hearts, till they melt before it into that mild rapture, free alike from the violence and the impurities of Nature, which it is the highest triumph of the Artist to communicate.

Act III. Scene IV.

[*The* Dauphin Charles, *with his suite: afterwards* Joanna. *She is in armour, but without her helmet; and wears a garland in her hair.*

Dunois [*steps forward*].
My heart made choice of her while she was lowly;
This new honour raises not her merit
Or my love. Here, in the presence of my King
And of this holy Archbishop, I offer her
My hand and princely rank, if she regard me
As worthy to be hers.

Charles. Resistless Maid,
Thou addest miracle to miracle!
Henceforward I believe that nothing is
Impossible to thee. Thou hast subdued
This haughty spirit, that till now defied
Th' omnipotence of Love.

La Hire [*steps forward*]. If I mistake not
Joanna's form of mind, what most adorns her
Is her modest heart. The rev'rence of the great
She merits; but her thoughts will never rise
So high. She strives not after giddy splendours:
The true affection of a faithful soul
Contents her, and the still, sequester'd lot
Which with this hand I offer her.

Charles. Thou too,
La Hire? Two valiant suitors, equal in
Heroic virtue and renown of war!
—Wilt thou, that hast united my dominions,
Soften'd my opposers, part my firmest friends?
Both may not gain thee, each deserving thee:
Speak, then! Thy heart must here be arbiter.

Agnes Sorel [*approaches*].
Joanna is embarrass'd and surprised;
I see the bashful crimson tinge her cheeks.
Let her have time to ask her heart, to open
Her clos'd bosom in trustful confidence
With me. The moment is arriv'd when I
In sisterly communion also may
Approach the rigorous Maid, and offer her
The solace of my faithful, silent breast.
First let us women sit in secret judgment

On this matter that concerns us; then expect
What we shall have decided.

CHARLES [*about to go*]. Be it so, then!

JOANNA. Not so, Sire! 'Twas not the embarrassment
Of virgin shame that dy'd my cheeks in crimson:
To this lady I have nothing to confide,
Which I need blush to speak of before men.
Much am I honour'd by the preference
Of these two noble Knights; but it was not
To chase vain worldly grandeurs, that I left
The shepherd moors; not in my hair to bind
The bridal garland, that I girt myself
With warlike armour. To far other work
Am I appointed: and the spotless virgin
Alone can do it. I am the soldier
Of the God of Battles; to no living man
Can I be wife.

ARCHBISHOP. As kindly help to man
Was woman born; and in obeying Nature
She best obeys and reverences Heaven.
When the command of God who summon'd thee
To battle is fulfill'd, thou wilt lay down
Thy weapons, and return to that soft sex
Which thou deny'st, which is not call'd to do
The bloody work of war.

JOANNA. Father, as yet
I know not how the Spirit will direct me:
When the needful time comes round, His voice
Will not be silent, and I will obey it.
For the present, I am bid complete the task
He gave me. My sov'reign's brow is yet uncrown'd,
His head unwetted by the holy oil,
He is not yet a King.

CHARLES. We are journeying
Towards Rheims.

JOANNA. Let us not linger by the way.
Our foes are busy round us, shutting up
Thy passage: I will lead thee through them all.

DUNOIS. And when the work shall be fulfill'd, when we
Have marched in triumph into Rheims,
Will not Joanna then—

JOANNA. If God see meet
That I return with life and vict'ry from
These broils, my task is ended, and the herdsmaid
Has nothing more to do in her King's palace.

CHARLES [*taking her hand*].
It is the Spirit's voice impels thee now,

And Love is mute in thy inspired bosom.
Believe me, it will not be always mute!
Our swords will rest; and Victory will lead
Meek Peace by th' hand, and Joy will come again
To ev'ry breast, and softer feelings waken
In every heart: in thy heart also waken;
And tears of sweetest longing wilt thou weep,
Such as thine eyes have never shed. This heart,
Now fill'd by Heav'n, will softly open
To some terrestrial heart. Thou hast begun
By blessing thousands; but thou wilt conclude
By blessing one.

JOANNA. Dauphin! Art thou weary
Of the heavenly vision, that thou seekest
To deface its chosen vessel, wouldst degrade
To common dust the Maid whom God has sent thee?
Ye blind of heart! O ye of little faith!
Heaven's brightness is about you, before your eyes
Unveils its wonders; and ye see in me
Nought but a woman. Dare a woman, think ye,
Clothe herself in iron harness, and mingle
In the wreck of battle? Woe, woe to me,
If bearing in my hand th' avenging sword
Of God, I bore in my vain heart a love
To earthly man! Woe to me! It were better
That I never had been born. No more,
No more of this! Unless ye would awake the wrath
Of HIM that dwells in me! The eye of man
Desiring me is an abomination
And a horror.

CHARLES. Cease! 'Tis vain to urge her.

JOANNA. Bid the trumpets sound! This loit'ring grieves
And harasses me. Something chases me
From sloth, and drives me forth to do my mission,
Stern beck'ning me to my appointed doom.

SCENE V.

A KNIGHT [*in haste*].

CHARLES. How now?

KNIGHT. The enemy has pass'd the Marne;
Is forming as for battle.

JOANNA [*as if inspired*]. Arms and battle!
My soul has cast away its bonds! To arms!
Prepare yourselves, while I prepare the rest! [*She hastens out.*

* * * * *

[*Trumpets sound with a piercing tone, and while the scene is changing pass into a wild tumultuous sound of battle.*]

Scene VI.

[*The scene changes to an open space encircled with trees. During the music, soldiers are seen hastily retreating across the background.*]

Talbot, *leaning upon* Fastolf, *and accompanied by* Soldiers. *Soon after,* Lionel.

Talbot. Here set me down beneath this tree, and you
Betake yourselves again to battle: quick!
I need no help to die.
Fastolf. O day of woe! [*Lionel enters.*
Look, what a sight awaits you, Lionel!
Our General expiring of his wounds!
Lionel. Now God forbid! Rise, noble Talbot! This
Is not a time for you to faint and sink.
Yield not to Death; force faltering Nature
By your strength of soul, that life depart not!
Talbot. In vain! The day of Destiny is come
That prostrates with the dust our power in France.
In vain, in the fierce clash of desp'rate battle,
Have I risk'd our utmost to withstand it:
The bolt has smote and crush'd me, and I lie
To rise no more forever. Rheims is lost;
Make haste to rescue Paris.
Lionel. Paris has surrender'd
To the Dauphin: an express is just arriv'd
With tidings.
Talbot [*tears away his bandages*].
Then flow out, ye life-streams;
I am grown to loathe this Sun.
Lionel. They want me!
Fastolf, bear him to a place of safety:
We can hold this post few instants longer,
The coward knaves are giving way on all sides,
Irresistible the Witch is pressing on.
Talbot. Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield:
Stupidity can baffle the very gods.
High Reason, radiant Daughter of God's Head,
Wise Foundress of the system of the Universe,
Conductress of the stars, who art thou, then,
If, tied to th' tail o' th' wild horse Superstition,
Thou must plunge, eyes open, vainly shrieking,
Sheer down with that drunk Beast to the Abyss?
Cursed who sets his life upon the great
And dignified; and with forecasting spirit
Forms wise projects! The Fool-king rules this world.

LIONEL. O, Death is near you! Think of your Creator!
TALBOT. Had we as brave men been defeated
By brave men, we might have consoled ourselves
With common thoughts of Fortune's fickleness:
But that a sorry farce should be our ruin!—
Did our earnest toilsome struggle merit
No graver end than this?
LIONEL [*grasps his hand*]. Talbot, farewell!
The meed of bitter tears I'll duly pay you,
When the fight is done, should I outlive it.
Now Fate calls me to the field, where yet
She wav'ring sits, and shakes her doubtful urn.
Farewell! we meet beyond the unseen shore.
Brief parting for long friendship! God be with you! [*Exit.*
TALBOT. Soon it is over, and to th' Earth I render,
To the everlasting Sun, the atoms,
Which for pain and pleasure join'd to form me;
And of the mighty Talbot, whose renown
Once fill'd the world, remains nought but a handful
Of light dust. Thus man comes to his end;
And our one conquest in this fight of life
Is the conviction of life's nothingness,
And deep disdain of all that sorry stuff
We once thought lofty and desirable.

SCENE VII.

Enter CHARLES; BURGUNDY; DUNOIS; DU CHATEL.; *and* Soldiers

BURGUN. The trench is storm'd.
DUNOIS. The victory is ours.
CHARLES [*observing Talbot*].
Ha! who is this that to the light of day
Is bidding his constrained and sad farewell?
His bearing speaks no common man: go, haste,
Assist him, if assistance yet avail.
[*Soldiers from the Dauphin's suite step forward.*
FASTOLF. Back! Keep away! Approach not the Departing,
Whom in life ye never wish'd too near you.
BURGUN. What do I see? Lord Talbot in his blood!
[*He goes towards him. Talbot gazes fixedly at him, and dies.*
FASTOLF. Off, Burgundy! With th' aspect of a traitor
Poison not the last look of a hero.
DUNOIS. Dreaded Talbot! stern, unconquerable!
Dost thou content thee with a space so narrow,
And the wide domains of France once could not

Stay the striving of thy giant spirit?—
Now for the first time, Sire, I call you King:
The crown but totter'd on your head, so long
As in this body dwelt a soul.

CHARLES [*after looking at the dead in silence*]. It was
A higher hand that conquer'd him, not we.
Here on the soil of France he sleeps, as does
A hero on the shield he would not quit.
Bring him away. [*Soldiers lift the corpse, and carry it off.*
And peace be with his dust!
A fair memorial shall arise to him
I' th' midst of France: here, where the hero's course
And life were finished, let his bones repose.
Thus far no other foe has e'er advanced.
His epitaph shall be the place he fell on.

o o o o

SCENE IX.

Another empty space in the field of battle. In the distance are seen the towers of Rheims illuminated by the sun.

A Knight, cased in black armour, with his visor shut. JOANNA *follows him to the front of the scene, where he stops and awaits her.*

JOANNA. Deceiver! Now I see thy craft. Thou hast,
By seeming flight, enticed me from the battle,
And warded death and destiny from off the head
Of many a Briton. Now they reach thy own.

KNIGHT. Why dost thou follow me, and track my steps
With murd'rous fury? I am not appointed
To die by thee.

JOANNA. Deep in my lowest soul
I hate thee as the Night, which is thy colour.
To sweep thee from the face of Earth, I feel
Some irresistible desire impelling me.
Who art thou? Lift thy visor: had not I
Seen Talbot fall, I should have named thee Talbot.

KNIGHT. Speaks not the prophesying Spirit in thee?

JOANNA. It tells me loudly, in my inmost bosom,
That Misfortune is at hand.

KNIGHT. Joanna d'Arc!
Up to the gates of Rheims hast thou advanced,
Led on by victory. Let the renown
Already gain'd suffice thee! As a slave
Has Fortune serv'd thee: emancipate her,
Ere in wrath she free herself; fidelity
She hates; no one obeys she to the end.

JOANNA. How say'st thou, in the middle of my course,
That I should pause and leave my work unfinish'd?
I will conclude it, and fulfil my vow.

KNIGHT. Nothing can withstand thee; thou art most strong;
In ev'ry battle thou prevailest. But go
Into no other battle. Hear my warning!

JOANNA. This sword I quit not, till the English yield.

KNIGHT. Look! Yonder rise the towers of Rheims, the goal
And purpose of thy march; thou seest the dome
Of the cathedral glittering in the sun:
There wouldst thou enter in triumphal pomp,
To crown thy sov'reign and fulfil thy vow.
Enter not there. Turn homewards. Hear my warning!

JOANNA. Who art thou, false, double-tongued betrayer,
That wouldst frighten and perplex me? Dar'st thou
Utter lying oracles to me?

[*The Black Knight attempts to go; she steps in his way.*

No!
Thou shalt answer me, or perish by me!

[*She lifts her arm to strike him.*

KNIGHT [*touches her with his hand: she stands immovable*].
Kill what is mortal!

[*Darkness, lightning and thunder. The Knight sinks.*

JOANNA [*stands at first amazed: but soon recovers herself*].
It was nothing earthly.
Some delusive form of Hell, some spirit
Of Falsehood, sent from th' everlasting Pool
To tempt and terrify my fervent soul!
Bearing the sword of God, what do I fear?
Victorious will I end my fated course;
Though Hell itself with all its fiends assail me,
My heart and faith shall never faint or fail me. [*She is going.*

SCENE X.

LIONEL, JOANNA.

LIONEL. Accursed Sorceress, prepare for battle:
Not both of us shall leave the place alive.
Thou hast destroyed the chosen of my host;
Brave Talbot has breath'd out his mighty spirit
In my bosom. I will avenge the Dead,
Or share his fate. And wouldst thou know the man
Who brings thee glory, let him die or conquer,
I am Lionel, the last survivor
Of our chiefs; and still unvanquish'd is this arm.

[*He rushes towards her; after a short contest, she strikes the sword from his hand.*

Faithless fortune! [*He struggles with her.*

JOANNA [*seizes him by the plume from behind, and tears his helmet violently down, so that his face is exposed: at the same time she lifts her sword with the right hand*].

Suffer what thou soughtest!
The Virgin sacrifices thee through me!

[*At this moment she looks in his face; his aspect touches her; she stands immovable, and then slowly drops her arm.*

LIONEL. Why lingerest thou, and stayest the stroke of death?
My honour thou hast taken, take my life:
'Tis in thy hands to take it; I want not mercy.

[*She gives him a sign with her hand to depart.*

Fly from *thee?* Owe *thee* my life? Die rather!

JOANNA [*her face turned away*].

I will not remember that thou owedst
Thy life to me.

LIONEL. I hate thee and thy gift.
I want not mercy. Kill thy enemy,
Who meant to kill thee, who abhors thee!

JOANNA. Kill me, and fly!

LIONEL. Ha! How is this?

JOANNA [*hides her face*]. Woe's me!

LIONEL [*approaches her*].

Thou killest every Briton, I have heard,
Whom thou subdu'st in battle: why spare me?

JOANNA [*lifts her sword with a rapid movement against him, but quickly lets it sink again, when she observes his face*].

O Holy Virgin!

LIONEL. Wherefore namest thou
The Virgin? *She* knows nothing of thee; Heaven
Has nought to say to thee.

JOANNA [*in violent anguish*]. What have I done!
My vow, my vow is broke! [*Wrings her hands in despair.*

LIONEL [*looks at her with sympathy, and comes nearer*].

Unhappy girl!
I pity thee; thou touchest me; thou showedst
Mercy to me alone. My hate is going:
I am constrain'd to feel for thee. Who art thou?
Whence comest thou?

JOANNA. Away! Begone!

LIONEL. Thy youth,
Thy beauty melt and sadden me; thy look
Goes to my heart: I could wish much to save thee;
Tell me how I may! Come, come with me! Forsake
This horrid business; cast away those arms!

JOANNA. I no more deserve to bear them!
LIONEL. Cast them
Away, then, and come with me!
JOANNA [*with horror*]. Come with thee!
LIONEL. Thou mayst be sav'd: come with me! I will save thee.
But delay not. A strange sorrow for thee
Seizes me, and an unspeakable desire
To save thee. [*Seizes her arm.*
JOANNA. Ha! Dunois! 'Tis they!
If they should find thee!—
LIONEL. Fear not; I will guard thee.
JOANNA. I should die, were they to kill thee.
LIONEL. Am I
Dear to thee?
JOANNA. Saints of Heaven!
LIONEL. Shall I ever
See thee, hear of thee, again?
JOANNA. Never! Never!
LIONEL. This sword for pledge that I will see thee!
[*He wrests the sword from her.*
JOANNA. Madman!
Thou dar'st?
LIONEL. I yield to force; again I'll see thee. [*Exit.*

The introduction of supernatural agency in this play, and the final aberration from the truth of history, have been considerably censured by the German critics: Schlegel, we recollect, calls Joanna's end a 'rosy death.' In this dramaturgic discussion, the mere reader need take no great interest. To require our belief in apparitions and miracles, things which we cannot now believe, no doubt for a moment disturbs our submission to the poet's illusions: but the miracles in this story are rare and transient, and of small account in the general result: they give our reason little trouble, and perhaps contribute to exalt the heroine in our imaginations. It is still the mere human grandeur of Joanna's spirit that we love and reverence; the lofty devotedness with which she is transported, the generous benevolence, the irresistible determination. The heavenly mandate is but the means of unfolding these qualities, and furnishing them with a proper passport to the minds of her age. To have produced, without the aid of fictions like these, a Joanna so beautified and exalted, would undoubtedly have yielded greater satisfaction: but it may be questioned whether the difficulty would not have increased in a still higher

ratio. The sentiments, the characters, are not only accurate, but exquisitely beautiful; the incidents, excepting the very last, are possible, or even probable: what remains is but a very slender evil.

After all objections have been urged, and this among others has certainly a little weight, the *Maid of Orleans* will remain one of the very finest of modern dramas. Perhaps, among all Schiller's plays, it is the one which evinces most of that quality denominated *genius* in the strictest meaning of the word. *Wallenstein* embodies more thought, more knowledge, more conception; but it is only in parts illuminated by that ethereal brightness, which shines over every part of this. The spirit of the romantic ages is here imaged forth; but the whole is exalted, embellished, ennobled. It is what the critics call idealised. The heart must be cold, the imagination dull, which the *Jungfrau von Orleans* will not move.

In Germany this case did not occur: the reception of the work was beyond example flattering. The leading idea suited the German mind; the execution of it inflamed the hearts and imaginations of the people; they felt proud of their great poet, and delighted to enthusiasm with his poetry. At the first exhibition of the play in Leipzig, Schiller being in the theatre, though not among the audience, this feeling was displayed in a rather singular manner. When the curtain dropped at the end of the first act, there arose on all sides a shout of "*Es lebe Friedrich Schiller!*" accompanied by the sound of trumpets and other military music: at the conclusion of the piece, the whole assembly left their places, went out, and crowded round the door through which the poet was expected to come; and no sooner did he show himself, than his admiring spectators, uncovering their heads, made an avenue for him to pass; and as he walked along, many, we are told, held up their children, and exclaimed, "*That is he!*"[16]

[16] Doering (p. 176);—who adds as follows: 'Another testimony of approval, very different in its nature, he received at the first production of the play in Weimar. Knowing and valuing, as he did, the public of that city, it could not but surprise him greatly, when a certain young Doctor S—— called out to him, "*Bravo, Schiller!*" from the gallery, in a very loud tone of voice. Offended at such impertinence, the poet hissed strongly, in which the audience joined him. He likewise expressed in words his displeasure at this conduct; and the youthful sprig of medicine was, by direction of the Court, farther punished for his indiscreet applause, by some admonitions from the police.'

This must have been a proud moment for Schiller; but also an agitating, painful one; and perhaps on the whole, the latter feeling, for the time, prevailed. Such noisy, formal, and tumultuous plaudits were little to his taste: the triumph they confer, though plentiful, is coarse; and Schiller's modest nature made him shun the public gaze, not seek it. He loved men, and did not affect to despise their approbation; but neither did this form his leading motive. To him art, like virtue, was its own reward; he delighted in his tasks for the sake of the fascinating feelings which they yielded him in their performance. Poetry was the chosen gift of his mind, which his pleasure lay in cultivating: in other things he wished not that his habits or enjoyments should be different from those of other men.

At Weimar his present way of life was like his former one at Jena: his business was to study and compose; his recreations were in the circle of his family, where he could abandon himself to affections, grave or trifling, and in frank and cheerful intercourse with a few friends. Of the latter he had lately formed a social club, the meetings of which afforded him a regular and innocent amusement. He still loved solitary walks: in the Park at Weimar he might frequently be seen wandering among the groves and remote avenues, with a note-book in his hand; now loitering slowly along, now standing still, now moving rapidly on; if any one appeared in sight, he would dart into another alley, that his dream might not be broken.[17] 'One of his favourite resorts,' we are told, 'was the thickly-'overshadowed rocky path which leads to the *Römische Haus*, 'a pleasure-house of the Duke's, built under the direction of 'Goethe. There he would often sit in the gloom of the crags, 'overgrown with cypresses and boxwood; shady hedges before 'him; not far from the murmur of a little brook, which there 'gushes in a smooth slaty channel, and where some verses of 'Goethe are cut upon a brown plate of stone, and fixed in the 'rock.' He still continued to study in the night: the morning was spent with his children and his wife, or in pastimes such as we have noticed; in the afternoon he revised what had been last composed, wrote letters, or visited his friends. His evenings

[17] 'Whatever he intended to write, he first composed in his head, before 'putting down a line of it on paper. He used to call a work *ready* so soon 'as its existence in his spirit was complete: hence in the public there often 'were reports that such and such a piece of his was finished, when, in the 'common sense, it was not even begun.'—*Jördens Lexicon*, § SCHILLER.

were often passed in the theatre; it was the only public place of amusement which he ever visited; nor was it for the purpose of amusement that he visited this: it was his observatory, where he watched the effect of scenes and situations; devised new schemes of art, or corrected old ones. To the players he was kind, friendly: on nights when any of his pieces had been acted successfully or for the first time, he used to invite the leaders of the company to a supper in the Stadthaus, where the time was spent in mirthful diversions, one of which was frequently a recitation, by Genast, of the Capuchin's sermon in *Wallenstein's Camp*. Except on such rare occasions, he returned home directly from the theatre, to light his midnight lamp, and commence the most earnest of his labours.

The assiduity, with which he struggled for improvement in dramatic composition, had now produced its natural result: the requisitions of his taste no longer hindered the operation of his genius; art had at length become a second nature. A new proof at once of his fertility, and of his solicitude for farther improvement, appeared in 1803. The *Braut von Messina* was an experiment; an attempt to exhibit a modern subject and modern sentiments in an antique garb. The principle on which the interest of this play rests is the Fatalism of the ancients: the plot is of extreme simplicity; a Chorus also is introduced, an elaborate discussion of the nature and uses of that accompaniment being prefixed by way of preface. The experiment was not successful: with a multitude of individual beauties this *Bride of Messina* is found to be ineffectual as a whole: it does not move us; the great object of every tragedy is not attained. The Chorus, which Schiller, swerving from the Greek models, has divided into two contending parts, and made to enter and depart with the principals to whom they are attached, has in his hands become the medium of conveying many beautiful effusions of poetry; but it retards the progress of the plot; it dissipates and diffuses our sympathies; the interest we should take in the fate and prospects of Manuel and Cæsar, is expended on the fate and prospects of man. For beautiful and touching delineations of life; for pensive and pathetic reflections, sentiments, and images, conveyed in language simple but nervous and emphatic, this tragedy stands high in the rank of modern compositions. There is in it a breath of young tenderness and ardour, mingled impressively with the feelings of gray-haired

experience, whose recollections are darkened with melancholy, whose very hopes are chequered and solemn. The implacable Destiny which consigns the brothers to mutual enmity and mutual destruction, for the guilt of a past generation, involving a Mother and a Sister in their ruin, spreads a sombre hue over all the poem; we are not unmoved by the characters of the hostile Brothers, and we pity the hapless and amiable Beatrice, the victim of their feud. Still there is too little action in the play; the incidents are too abundantly diluted with reflection; the interest pauses, flags, and fails to produce its full effect. For its specimens of lyrical poetry, tender, affecting, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, the *Bride of Messina* will long deserve a careful perusal; but as exemplifying a new form of the drama, it has found no imitators, and is likely to find none.

The slight degree of failure or miscalculation which occurred in the present instance, was next year abundantly redeemed. *Wilhelm Tell*, sent out in 1804, is one of Schiller's very finest dramas; it exhibits some of the highest triumphs which his genius, combined with his art, ever realised. The first descent of Freedom to our modern world, the first unfurling of her standard on the rocky pinnacle of Europe, is here celebrated in the style which it deserved. There is no false tinsel-decoration about *Tell*, no sickly refinement, no declamatory sentimentality. All is downright, simple, and agreeable to Nature; yet all is adorned and purified and rendered beautiful, without losing its resemblance. An air of freshness and wholesomeness breathes over it; we are among honest, inoffensive, yet fearless peasants, untainted by the vices, undazzled by the theories, of more complex and perverted conditions of society. The opening of the first scene sets us down among the Alps. It is 'a high rocky shore of the Luzern Lake, oppo-
' site to Schwytz. The lake makes a little bight in the land, a
' hut stands at a short distance from the bank, the fisher-boy
' is rowing himself about in his boat. Beyond the lake, on the
' other side, we see the green meadows, the hamlets and farms
' of Schwytz, lying in the clear sunshine. On our left are ob-
' served the peaks of the Hacken surrounded with clouds: to
' the right, and far in the distance, appear the glaciers. We
' hear the *rance des vaches* and the tinkling of cattle-bells.'
This first impression never leaves us; we are in a scene where

all is grand and lovely; but it is the loveliness and grandeur of unpretending, unadulterated Nature. These Switzers are not Arcadian shepherds or speculative patriots; there is not one crook or beechen bowl among them, and they never mention the Social Contract, or the Rights of Man. They are honest people, driven by oppression to assert their privileges; and they go to work like men in earnest, bent on the despatch of business, not on the display of sentiment. They are not philosophers or tribunes; but frank, stalwart landmen: even in the field of Rütli, they do not forget their common feelings; the party that arrive first indulge in a harmless little ebullition of parish vanity: "*We* are first here!" they say, "we Unterwaldeners!" They have not charters or written laws to which they can appeal; but they have the traditionary rights of their fathers, and bold hearts and strong arms to make them good. The rules by which they steer are not deduced from remote premises, by a fine process of thought; they are the accumulated result of experience, transmitted from peasant sire to peasant son. There is something singularly pleasing in this exhibition of genuine humanity; of wisdom, embodied in old adages and practical maxims of prudence; of magnanimity, displayed in the quiet unpretending discharge of the humblest every-day duties. Truth is superior to Fiction: we feel at home among these brave good people; their fortune interests us more than that of all the brawling, vapid, sentimental heroes in creation. Yet to make them interest us was the very highest problem of art; it was to copy lowly Nature, to give us a copy of it embellished and refined by the agency of genius, yet preserving the likeness in every lineament. The highest quality of art is to conceal itself: these peasants of Schiller's are what every one imagines he could imitate successfully; yet in the hands of any but a true and strong-minded poet they dwindle into repulsive coarseness or mawkish insipidity. Among our own writers, who have tried such subjects, we remember none that has succeeded equally with Schiller. One potent but ill-fated genius has, in far different circumstances and with far other means, shown that he could have equalled him: the *Cotter's Saturday Night* of Burns is, in its own humble way, as quietly beautiful, as *simplex munditiis*, as the scenes of *Tell*. No other has even approached them; though some gifted persons have attempted it. Mr. Wordsworth is no ordinary man; nor are

his pedlars, and leech-gatherers, and dalesmen, without their attractions and their moral; but they sink into whining drivellers beside *Rösselmann the Priest, Ulric the Smith, Hans of the Wall*, and the other sturdy confederates of Rütli.

The skill with which the events are concatenated in this play corresponds to the truth of its delineation of character. The incidents of the Swiss Revolution, as detailed in Tschudi or Müller, are here faithfully preserved, even to their minutest branches. The beauty of Schiller's descriptions all can relish; their fidelity is what surprises every reader who has been in Switzerland. Schiller never saw the scene of his play; but his diligence, his quickness and intensity of conception, supplied this defect. Mountain and mountaineer, conspiracy and action, are all brought before us in their true forms, all glowing in the mild sunshine of the poet's fancy. The tyranny of Gessler, and the misery to which it has reduced the land; the exasperation, yet patient courage of the people; their characters, and those of their leaders, Fürst, Stauffacher, and Melchthal; their exertions and ultimate success, described as they are here, keep up a constant interest in the piece. It abounds in action, as much as the *Bride of Messina* is defective in that point.

But the finest delineation is undoubtedly the character of Wilhelm Tell, the hero of the Swiss Revolt, and of the present drama. In Tell are combined all the attributes of a great man, without the help of education or of great occasions to develop them. His knowledge has been gathered chiefly from his own experience, and this is bounded by his native mountains: he has had no lessons or examples of splendid virtue, no wish or opportunity to earn renown: he has grown up to manhood, a simple yeoman of the Alps, among simple yeomen; and has never aimed at being more. Yet we trace in him a deep, reflective, earnest spirit, thirsting for activity, yet bound in by the wholesome dictates of prudence; a heart benevolent, generous, unconscious alike of boasting or of fear. It is this salubrious air of rustic, unpretending honesty that forms the great beauty in Tell's character: all is native, all is genuine; he does not declaim: he dislikes to talk of noble conduct, he exhibits it. He speaks little of his freedom, because he has always enjoyed it, and feels that he can always defend it. His reasons for destroying Gessler are not drawn from jurisconsults and writers on morality, but from the everlasting instincts of Nature:

the Austrian Vogt must die; because if not, the wife and children of Tell will be destroyed by him. The scene, where the peaceful but indomitable archer sits waiting for Gessler in the hollow way among the rocks of Küssnacht, presents him in a striking light. Former scenes had shown us Tell under many amiable and attractive aspects; we knew that he was tender as well as brave, that he loved to haunt the mountain tops, and inhale in silent dreams the influence of their wild and magnificent beauty: we had seen him the most manly and warm-hearted of fathers and husbands; intrepid, modest, and decisive in the midst of peril, and venturing his life to bring help to the oppressed. But here his mind is exalted into stern solemnity; its principles of action come before us with greater clearness, in this its fiery contest. The name of murder strikes a damp across his frank and fearless spirit; while the recollection of his children and their mother proclaims emphatically that there is no remedy. Gessler must perish: Tell swore it darkly in his secret soul, when the monster forced him to aim at the head of his boy; and he will keep his oath. His thoughts wander to and fro, but his volition is unalterable; the free and peaceful mountaineer is to become a shedder of blood: woe to them that have made him so!

Travellers come along the pass; the unconcern of their everyday existence is strikingly contrasted with the dark and fateful purposes of Tell. The shallow innocent garrulity of Stüssi the Forester, the maternal vehemence of Armgart's Wife, the hard-hearted haughtiness of Gessler, successively presented to us, give an air of truth to the delineation, and deepen the impressiveness of the result.

Act IV. Scene III.

The hollow way at Küssnacht. You descend from behind amid rocks; and travellers, before appearing on the scene, are seen from the height above. Rocks encircle the whole space; on one of the foremost is a projecting crag overgrown with brushwood.

Tell [*enters with his bow*].

Here through the hollow way he'll pass; there is
No other road to Küssnacht: here I'll do it!
The opportunity is good; the bushes
Of alder there will hide me; from that point
My arrow hits him; the strait pass prevents

Pursuit. Now, Gessler, balance thy account
With Heaven! Thou must be gone: thy sand is run.

Remote and harmless I have liv'd; my bow
Ne'er bent save on the wild beast of the forest;
My thoughts were free of murder. Thou hast scar'd me
From my peace; to fell asp-poison hast thou
Changed the milk of kindly temper in me;
Thou hast accustom'd me to horrors. Gessler!
The archer who could aim at his boy's head
Can send an arrow to his enemy's heart.

Poor little boys! My kind true wife! I will
Protect them from thee, Landvogt! When I drew
That bowstring, and my hand was quiv'ring,
And with devilish joy thou mad'st me point it
At the child, and I in fainting anguish
Entreated thee in vain; then with a grim
Irrevocable oath, deep in my soul,
I vow'd to God in Heav'n, that the *next* aim
I took should be thy heart. The vow I made
In that despairing moment's agony
Became a holy debt; and I will pay it.

Thou art my master, and my Kaiser's Vogt;
Yet would the Kaiser not have suffer'd thee
To do as thou hast done. He sent thee hither
To judge us; rigorously, for he is angry;
But not to glut thy savage appetite
With murder, and thyself be safe, among us:
There is a God to punish them that wrong us.

Come forth, thou bringer once of bitter sorrow,
My precious jewel now, my trusty yew!
A mark I'll set thee, which the cry of woe
Could never penetrate: to *thee* it shall not
Be impenetrable. And, good bowstring!
Which so oft in sport hast serv'd me truly,
Forsake me not in this last awful earnest;
Yet once hold fast, thou faithful cord; thou oft
For me hast wing'd the biting arrow;
Now send it sure and piercing, now or never!
Fail this, there is no second in my quiver.

[*Travellers cross the scene.*

Here let me sit on this stone bench, set up
For brief rest to the wayfarer; for here
There is no home. Each pushes on quick, transient,
Regarding not the other or his sorrows.

Here goes the anxious merchant, and the light
Unmoneyed pilgrim; the pale pious monk,
The gloomy robber, and the mirthful showman;
The carrier with his heavy-laden horse,
Who comes from far-off lands; for every road
Will lead one to the end o' th' World.
They pass; each hastening forward on his path,
Pursuing his own business: mine is death! [*Sits down.*

Erewhile, my children, were your father out,
There was a merriment at his return;
For still, on coming home, he brought you somewhat,
Might be an Alpine flower, rare bird, or elf-bolt,
Such as the wand'rer finds upon the mountains:
Now he is gone in quest of other spoil.
On the wild way he sits with thoughts of murder:
'Tis for his enemy's life he lies in wait.
And yet on you, dear children, you alone
He thinks as then: for your sake is he here;
To guard you from the Tyrant's vengeful mood,
He bends his peaceful bow for work of blood. [*Rises.*

No common game I watch for. Does the hunter
Think it nought to roam the livelong day,
In winter's cold; to risk the desp'rate leap
From crag to crag, to climb the slipp'ry face
O' th' dizzy steep, glueing his steps in's blood;
And all to catch a pitiful chamois?
Here is a richer prize afield: the heart
Of my sworn enemy, that would destroy me.
[*A sound of gay music is heard in the distance; it approaches.*

All my days, the bow has been my comrade,
I have trained myself to archery; oft
Have I took the bull's-eye, many a prize
Brought home from merry shooting; but today
I will perform my master-feat, and win me
The best prize in the circuit of the hills.
[*A wedding company crosses the scene, and mounts up through the Pass. Tell looks at them, leaning on his bow; Stüssi the Forester joins him.*

STÜSSI. 'Tis Klostermey'r of Morlischachen holds
His bridal feast today: a wealthy man;
Has half a score of glens i' th' Alps. They're going
To fetch the bride from Imisee; tonight
There will be mirth and wassail down at Küssnacht.
Come you! All honest people are invited.

TELL. A serious guest befits not bridal feasts.

STÜSSI. If sorrow press you, dash it from your heart!
Seize what you can: the times are hard; one needs
To snatch enjoyment nimbly while it passes.
Here 'tis a bridal, there 'twill be a burial.
TELL. And oftentimes the one leads to the other.
STÜSSI. The way o' th' world at present! There is nought
But mischief everywhere: an avalanche
Has come away in Glarus; and, they tell me,
A side o' th' Glärnish has sunk under ground.
TELL. Do, then, the very hills give way! On earth
Is nothing that endures.
STÜSSI. In foreign parts, too,
Are strange wonders. I was speaking with a man
From Baden: a Knight, it seems, was riding
To the King; a swarm of hornets met him
By the way, and fell on's horse, and stung it
Till it dropt down dead of very torment,
And the poor Knight was forced to go afoot.
TELL. Weak creatures too have stings.
[*Armgart's Wife enters with several children, and places herself at the entrance of the Pass.*
STÜSSI. 'Tis thought to bode
Some great misfortune to the land; some black
Unnatural action.
TELL. Ev'ry day such actions
Occur in plenty: needs no sign or wonder
To foreshow them.
STÜSSI. Ay, truly! Well for him
That tills his field in peace, and undisturb'd
Sits by his own fireside!
TELL. The peacefulest
Dwells not in peace, if wicked neighbours hinder.
[*Tell looks often, with restless expectation, towards the top of the Pass.*
STÜSSI. Too true.—Good b'ye!—You're waiting here for some one?
TELL. That am I.
STÜSSI. Glad meeting with your friends!
You are from Uri? His Grace the Landvogt
Is expected thence today.
TRAVELLER [*enters*]. Expect not
The Landvogt now. The waters, from the rain,
Are flooded, and have swept down all the bridges. [*Tell stands up.*
ARMGART [*coming forward*].
The Vogt not come!
STÜSSI. Did you want aught with him?
ARMGART. Ah! yes, indeed!

STÜSSI. Why have you placed yourself
In this strait pass to meet him?
ARMGART. In the pass
He cannot turn aside from me, must hear me.
FRIESSHARDT [*comes hastily down the Pass, and calls into the Scene*].
Make way! make way! My lord the Landvogt
Is riding close at hand.
ARMGART. The Landvogt coming!
[*She goes with her children to the front of the Scene. Gessler and Rudolph der Harras appear on horseback at the top of the Pass.*
STÜSSI [*to Friesshardt*].
How got you through the water, when the flood
Had carried down the bridges?
FRIESS. We have battled
With the billows, friend; we heed no Alp-flood.
STÜSSI. Were you o' board i' th' storm?
FRIESS. That were we;
While I live, I shall remember 't.
STÜSSI. Stay, stay!
O, tell me!
FRIESS. Cannot; must run on t' announce
His lordship in the Castle. [*Exit.*
STÜSSI. Had these fellows
I' th' boat been honest people, 't would have sunk
With ev'ry soul of them. But for such rakehells,
Neither fire nor flood will kill them. [*He looks round*] Whither
Went the Mountain-man was talking with me? [*Exit.*

GESSLER *and* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS *on horseback.*

GESSLER. Say what you like, I am the Kaiser's servant,
And must think of pleasing him. He sent me
Not to caress these hinds, to soothe or nurse them:
Obedience is the word! The point at issue is
Shall Boor or Kaiser here be lord o' th' land.
ARMGART. Now is the moment! Now for my petition!
[*Approaches timidly*
GESSLER. This Hat at Aldorf, mark you, I set up
Not for the joke's sake, or to try the hearts
O' th' people; these I know of old: but that
They might be taught to bend their necks to me,
Which are too straight and stiff: and in the way
Where they are hourly passing, I have planted
This offence, that so their eyes may fall on't,
And remind them of their lord, whom they forget.
RUDOLPH. But yet the people have some rights—

GESSLER. Which now
Is not a time for settling or admitting.
Mighty things are on the anvil. The house
Of Hapsburg must wax powerful; what the Father
Gloriously began, the Son must forward:
This people is a stone of stumbling, which
One way or t'other must be put aside.

[*They are about to pass along. The Woman throws herself before the Landvogt.*

ARMGART. Mercy, gracious Landvogt! Justice! Justice!

GESSLER. Why do you plague me here, and stop my way,
I' th' open road? Off! Let me pass!

ARMGART. My husband
Is in prison; these orphans cry for bread.
Have pity, good your Grace, have pity on us!

RUDOLPH. Who or what are you, then? Who is your husband?

ARMGART. A poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss,
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb.

RUDOLPH [*to Gessler*]. By Heaven, a wild and miserable life!
Do now! do let the poor drudge free, I pray you!
Whatever be his crime, that horrid trade
Is punishment enough.

[*To the Woman*] You shall have justice:
In the Castle there, make your petition;
This is not the place.

ARMGART. No, no! I stir not
From the spot till you give up my husband!
'Tis the sixth month he has lain i' th' dungeon,
Waiting for the sentence of some judge, in vain.

GESSLER. Woman! Wouldst' lay hands on me? Begone!

ARMGART. Justice, Landvogt! thou art judge o' th' land here,
I' th' Kaiser's stead and God's. Perform thy duty!
As thou expectest justice from above,
Show it to us.

GESSLER. Off! Take the mutinous rabble
From my sight.

ARMGART [*catches the bridle of the horse*].
No, no! I now have nothing
More to lose. Thou shalt not move a step, Vogt,
Till thou hast done me right. Ay, knit thy brows,
And roll thy eyes as sternly as thou wilt;
We are so wretched, wretched now, we care not
Aught more for thy anger.

GESSLER. Woman, make way!
Or else my horse shall crush thee.

ARMGART. Let it! there—

[*She pulls her children to the ground, and throws herself along with them in his way.*

Here am I with my children: let the orphans
Be trodden underneath thy horse's hoofs!
'Tis not the worst that thou hast done.

RUDOLPH. Woman! Art' mad?

ARMGART [*with still greater violence*].

'Tis long that thou hast trodden
The Kaiser's people under foot. Too long!
O, I am but a woman; were I a man,
I should find something else to do than lie
Here crying in the dust.

[*The music of the Wedding is heard again, at the top of the Pass, but softened by distance.*

GESSLER. Where are my servants?
Quick! Take her hence! I may forget myself,
And do the thing I shall repent.

RUDOLPH. My lord,
The servants cannot pass; the place above
Is crowded by a bridal company.

GESSLER. I've been too mild a ruler to this people;
They are not tamed as they should be; their tongues
Are still at liberty. This shall be alter'd!
I will break that stubborn humour; Freedom
With its pert vauntings shall no more be heard of:
I will enforce a new law in these lands;
There shall not—

[*An arrow pierces him; he claps his hand upon his heart, and is about to sink. With a faint voice*

God be merciful to me!

RUDOLPH. Herr Landvogt—God! What is it? Whence came it?

ARMGART [*springing up*].

Dead! dead! He totters, sinks! 'T has hit him!

RUDOLPH [*springs from his horse*].

Horrible!—O God of Heaven!—Herr Ritter,
Cry to God for mercy! You are dying.

GESSLER. 'Tis Tell's arrow.

[*Has slid down from his horse into Rudolph's arms, who sets him on the stone bench.*

TELL [*appears above, on the point of the rock*].

Thou hast found the archer:
Seek no other. Free are the cottages,
Secure is innocence from thee; thou wilt
Torment the land no more.

[*Disappears from the height. The people rush in.*

STUSSI [*foremost*]. What? What has happen'd?

ARMGART. The Landvogt shot, kill'd by an arrow.
PEOPLE [*rushing in*]. Who?
Who is shot?
[*Whilst the foremost of the Wedding company enter on the Scene, the hindmost are still on the height, and the music continues.*
RUDOLPH. He's bleeding, bleeding to death.
Away! Seek help; pursue the murderer!
Lost man! Must it so end with thee? Thou wouldst not
Hear my warning!
STÜSSI. Sure enough! There lies he
Pale and going fast.
MANY VOICES. Who was it killed him?
RUDOLPH. Are the people mad, that they make music
Over murder? Stop it, I say!
[*The music ceases suddenly; more people come crowding round.*
Herr Landvogt,
Can you not speak to me? Is there nothing
You would entrust me with?
[*Gessler makes signs with his hand, and vehemently repeats them, as they are not understood.*
Where shall I run?
To Küssnacht! I cannot understand you:
O, grow not angry! Leave the things of Earth,
And think how you shall make your peace with Heaven!
[*The whole bridal company surround the dying man with an expression of unsympathising horror.*
STÜSSI. Look there! How pale he grows! Now! Death is coming
Round his heart: his eyes grow dim and fixed.
ARMGART [*lifts up one of her children*].
See, children, how a miscreant departs!
RUDOLPH. Out on you, crazy hags! Have ye no touch
Of feeling in you, that ye feast your eyes
On such an object? Help me, lend your hands!
Will no one help to pull the tort'ring arrow
From his breast?
WOMEN [*start back*]. *We* touch him whom God has smote!
RUDOLPH. My curse upon you! [*Draws his sword.*
STÜSSI [*lays his hand on Rudolph's arm*].
Softly, my good Sir!
Your government is at an end. The Tyrant
Is fallen: we will endure no farther violence:
We are free.
ALL [*tumultuously*]. The land is free!
RUDOLPH. Ha! runs it so?

Are rev'rence and obedience gone already?

[*To the armed Attendants, who press in.*

You see the murd'rous deed that has been done.
Our help is vain, vain to pursue the murd'rer;
Other cares demand us. On! To Küssnacht!
To save the Kaiser's fortress! For at present
All bonds of order, duty, are unloosed,
No man's fidelity is to be trusted.

[*Whilst he departs with the Attendants, appear six Fratres Misericordiæ.*

ARMGART. Room! Room! Here come the Friars of Mercy.
STÜSSI. The victim slain, the ravens are assembling!
FRATRES MISERICORDIÆ [*form a half-circle round the dead body, and sing in a deep tone*].

With noiseless tread death comes on man,
No plea, no prayer delivers him;
From midst of busy life's unfinished plan,
With sudden hand, it severs him:
And ready or not ready,—no delay,
Forth to his Judge's bar he must away!

The death of Gessler, which forms the leading object of the plot, happens at the end of the fourth act; the fifth, occupied with representing the expulsion of his satellites, and the final triumph and liberation of the Swiss, though diversified with occurrences and spectacles, moves on with inferior animation. A certain want of unity is, indeed, distinctly felt throughout all the piece; the incidents do not point one way; there is no connexion, or a very slight one, between the enterprise of Tell and that of the men of Rütli. This is the principal, or rather sole, deficiency of the present work; a deficiency inseparable from the faithful display of the historical event, and far more than compensated by the deeper interest and the wider range of action and delineation, which a strict adherence to the facts allows. By the present mode of management, Alpine life in all its length and breadth is placed before us: from the feudal halls of Attinghausen to Ruodi the Fisher of the Luzern Lake, and Armgart,—

The poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,
Whose trade is, on the brow of the abyss,
To mow the common grass from craggy shelves
And nooks to which the cattle dare not climb,—

we stand as if in presence of the Swiss, beholding the achievement of their freedom in its minutest circumstances, with all

its simplicity and unaffected greatness. The light of the poet's genius is upon the Four Forest Cantons, at the opening of the Fourteenth Century: the whole time and scene shine as with the brightness, the truth, and more than the beauty, of reality.

The tragedy of *Tell* wants unity of interest and of action; but in spite of this, it may justly claim the high dignity of ranking with the very best of Schiller's plays. Less comprehensive and ambitious than *Wallenstein*, less ethereal than the *Jungfrau*, it has a look of nature and substantial truth, which neither of its rivals can boast of. The feelings it inculcates and appeals to are those of universal human nature, and presented in their purest, most unpretending form. There is no high-wrought sentiment, no poetic love. Tell loves his wife as honest men love their wives; and the episode of Bertha and Rudenz, though beautiful, is very brief, and without effect on the general result. It is delightful and salutary to the heart to wander among the scenes of *Tell:* all is lovely, yet all is real. Physical and moral grandeur are united; yet both are the unadorned grandeur of Nature. There are the lakes and green valleys beside us, the Schreckhorn, the Jungfrau, and their sister peaks, with their avalanches and their palaces of ice, all glowing in the southern sun; and dwelling among them are a race of manly husbandmen, heroic without ceasing to be homely, poetical without ceasing to be genuine.

We have dwelt the longer on this play, not only on account of its peculiar fascinations, but also—as it is our last! Schiller's faculties had never been more brilliant than at present: strong in mature age, in rare and varied accomplishments, he was now reaping the full fruit of his studious vigils; the rapidity with which he wrote such noble poems, at once betokened the exuberant riches of his mind and the prompt command which he enjoyed of them. Still all that he had done seemed but a fraction of his appointed task: a bold imagination was carrying him forward into distant untouched fields of thought and poetry, where triumphs yet more glorious were to be gained. Schemes of new writings, new kinds of writing, were budding in his fancy; he was yet, as he had ever been, surrounded by a multitude of projects, and full of ardour to labour in fulfilling them. But Schiller's labours and triumphs were drawing to a close. The invisible Messenger was already near, which

overtakes alike the busy and the idle, which arrests man in the midst of his pleasures or his occupations, *and changes his countenance and sends him away.*

In 1804, having been at Berlin witnessing the exhibition of his *Wilhelm Tell*, he was seized, while returning, with a paroxysm of that malady which for many years had never wholly left him. The attack was fierce and violent; it brought him to the verge of the grave; but he escaped once more; was considered out of danger, and again resumed his poetical employments. Besides various translations from the French and Italian, he had sketched a tragedy on the history of Perkin Warbeck, and finished two acts of one on that of a kindred but more fortunate impostor, Dimitri of Russia. His mind, it would appear, was also frequently engaged with more solemn and sublime ideas. The universe of human thought he had now explored and enjoyed; but he seems to have found no permanent contentment in any of its provinces. Many of his later poems indicate an incessant and increasing longing for some solution of the mystery of life; at times it is a gloomy resignation to the want and the despair of any. His ardent spirit could not satisfy itself with things seen, though gilded with all the glories of intellect and imagination; it soared away in search of other lands, looking with unutterable desire for some surer and brighter home beyond the horizon of this world. Death he had no reason to regard as probably a near event; but we easily perceive that the awful secrets connected with it had long been familiar to his contemplation. The veil which hid them from his eyes was now shortly, when he looked not for it, to be rent asunder.

The spring of 1805, which Schiller had anticipated with no ordinary hopes of enjoyment and activity, came on in its course, cold, bleak, and stormy; and along with it his sickness returned. The help of physicians was vain; the unwearied services of trembling affection were vain: his disorder kept increasing; on the 9th of May it reached a crisis. Early in the morning of that day he grew insensible, and by degrees delirious. Among his expressions, the word *Lichtenberg* was frequently noticed; a word of no import; indicating, as some thought, the writer of that name, whose works he had lately been reading; according to others, the castle of Leuchtenberg, which, a few days before his sickness, he had been proposing

to visit. The poet and the sage was soon to lie low; but his friends were spared the farther pain of seeing him depart in madness. The fiery canopy of physical suffering, which had bewildered and blinded his thinking faculties, was drawn aside; and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity, once again before it passed away forever. After noon his delirium abated; about four o'clock he fell into a soft sleeep, from which he ere long awoke in full possession of his senses. Restored to consciousness in that hour, when the soul is cut off from human help, and man must front the King of Terrors on his own strength, Schiller did not faint or fail in this his last and sharpest trial. Feeling that his end was come, he addressed himself to meet it as became him; not with affected carelessness or superstitious fear, but with the quiet unpretending manliness which had marked the tenor of his life. Of his friends and family he took a touching but a tranquil farewell: he ordered that his funeral should be private, without pomp or parade. Some one inquiring how he felt, he said "*Calmer and calmer;*" simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up with a lively air, and said, "*Many things were growing plain and clear to him!*" Again he closed his eyes; and his sleep deepened and deepened, till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening; and all that remained of Schiller was a lifeless form, soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley.

The news of Schiller's death fell cold on many a heart: not in Germany alone, but over Europe, it was regarded as a public loss, by all who understood its meaning. In Weimar especially, the scene of his noblest efforts, the abode of his chosen friends, the sensation it produced was deep and universal. The public places of amusement were shut; all ranks made haste to testify their feelings, to honour themselves and the deceased by tributes to his memory. It was Friday when Schiller died; his funeral was meant to be on Sunday; but the state of his remains made it necessary to proceed before. Doering thus describes the ceremony:

'According to his own directions, the bier was to be borne
' by private burghers of the city; but several young artists and
' students, out of reverence for the deceased, took it from them.

'It was between midnight and one in the morning, when they 'approached the churchyard. The overclouded heaven threat-'ened rain. But as the bier was set down beside the grave, 'the clouds suddenly split asunder, and the moon, coming 'forth in peaceful clearness, threw her first rays on the coffin 'of the Departed. They lowered him into the grave; and the 'moon again retired behind her clouds. A fierce tempest of 'wind began to howl, as if it were reminding the bystanders 'of their great, irreparable loss. At this moment who could 'have applied without emotion the poet's own words:

Alas, the ruddy morning tinges
A silent, cold, sepulchral stone;
And evening throws her crimson fringes
But round his slumber dark and lone!'

So lived and so died Friedrich Schiller; a man on whose history other men will long dwell with a mingled feeling of reverence and love. Our humble record of his life and writings is drawing to an end: yet we still linger, loth to part with a spirit so dear to us. From the scanty and too much neglected field of his biography, a few slight facts and indications may still be gleaned; slight, but distinctive of him as an individual, and not to be despised in a penury so great and so unmerited.

Schiller's age was forty-five years and a few months when he died.[18] Sickness had long wasted his form, which at no time could boast of faultless symmetry. He was tall and strongly boned; but unmuscular and lean: his body, it might be perceived, was wasting under the energy of a spirit too keen for it. His face was pale, the cheeks and temples rather hollow, the chin somewhat deep and slightly projecting, the nose irregularly aquiline, his hair inclined to auburn. Withal his countenance was attractive, and had a certain manly beauty. The lips were curved together in a line, expressing delicate and honest sensibility; a silent enthusiasm, impetuosity not unchecked by melancholy, gleamed in his softly kindled eyes and pale cheeks, and the brow was high and thoughtful. To judge

[18] 'He left a widow, two sons, and two daughters,' of whom we regret to say that we have learned nothing. 'Of his three sisters, the youngest 'died before him; the eldest is married to the Hofrath Reinwald, in Meinun-'gen; the second to Herr Frankh, the clergyman of Meckmühl, in Würtem-'berg.' *Doering.*

from his portraits, Schiller's face expressed well the features of his mind: it is mildness tempering strength; fiery ardour shining through the clouds of suffering and disappointment, deep but patiently endured. Pale was its proper tint; the cheeks and temples were best hollow. There are few faces that affect us more than Schiller's; it is at once meek, tender, unpretending, and heroic.

In his dress and manner, as in all things, he was plain and unaffected. Among strangers, something shy and retiring might occasionally be observed in him: in his own family, or among his select friends, he was kind-hearted, free, and gay as a little child. In public, his external appearance had nothing in it to strike or attract. Of an unpresuming aspect, wearing plain apparel, his looks as he walked were constantly bent on the ground; so that frequently, as we are told, 'he failed to notice 'the salutation of a passing acquaintance; but if he heard it, 'he would catch hastily at his hat, and give his cordial "*Guten* '*Tag*."' Modesty, simplicity, a total want of all parade or affectation were conspicuous in him. These are the usual concomitants of true greatness, and serve to mitigate its splendour. Common things he did as a common man. His conduct in such matters was uncalculated, spontaneous; and therefore natural and pleasing.

Concerning his mental character, the greater part of what we had to say has been already said, in speaking of his works. The most cursory perusal of these will satisfy us that he had a mind of the highest order; grand by nature, and cultivated by the assiduous study of a lifetime. It is not the predominating force of any one faculty that impresses us in Schiller; but the general force of all. Every page of his writings bears the stamp of internal vigour; new truths, new aspects of known truth, bold thought, happy imagery, lofty emotion. Schiller would have been no common man, though he had altogether wanted the qualities peculiar to poets. His intellect is clear, deep, and comprehensive; its deductions, frequently elicited from numerous and distant premises, are presented under a magnificent aspect, in the shape of theorems, embracing an immense multitude of minor propositions. Yet it seems powerful and vast, rather than quick or keen; for Schiller is not notable for wit, though his fancy is ever prompt with its metaphors, illustrations, comparisons, to decorate and point the

perceptions of his reason. The earnestness of his temper farther disqualified him for this: his tendency was rather to adore the grand and the lofty than to despise the little and the mean. Perhaps his greatest faculty was a half-poetical, half-philosophical imagination: a faculty teeming with magnificence and brilliancy; now adorning, or aiding to erect, a stately pyramid of scientific speculation; now brooding over the abysses of thought and feeling, till thoughts and feelings, else unutterable, were embodied in expressive forms, and palaces and landscapes glowing in ethereal beauty rose like exhalations from the bosom of the deep.

Combined and partly of kindred with these intellectual faculties was that vehemence of temperament which is necessary for their full development. Schiller's heart was at once fiery and tender; impetuous, soft, affectionate, his enthusiasm clothed the universe with grandeur, and sent his spirit forth to explore its secrets and mingle warmly in its interests. Thus poetry in Schiller was not one but many gifts. It was not the 'lean and flashy song' of an ear apt for harmony, combined with a maudlin sensibility, or a mere animal ferocity of passion, and an imagination creative chiefly because unbridled: it was, what true poetry is always, the quintessence of general mental riches, the purified result of strong thought and conception, and of refined as well as powerful emotion. In his writings, we behold him a moralist, a philosopher, a man of universal knowledge: in each of these capacities he is great, but also in more; for all that he achieves in these is brightened and gilded with the touch of another quality; his maxims, his feelings, his opinions are transformed from the lifeless shape of didactic truths, into living shapes that address faculties far finer than the understanding.

The gifts by which such transformation is effected, the gift of pure, ardent, tender sensibility, joined to those of fancy and imagination, are perhaps not wholly denied to any man endowed with the power of reason; possessed in various degrees of strength, they add to the products of mere intellect corresponding tints of new attractiveness; in a degree great enough to be remarkable they constitute a poet. Of this peculiar faculty how much had fallen to Schiller's lot, we need not attempt too minutely to explain. Without injuring his reputation, it may be admitted that, in general, his works exhibit rather extraor-

dinary strength than extraordinary fineness or versatility. His power of dramatic imitation is perhaps never of the very highest, the Shakspearean kind; and in its best state, it is farther limited to a certain range of characters. It is with the grave, the earnest, the exalted, the affectionate, the mournful, that he succeeds: he is not destitute of humour, as his *Wallenstein's Camp* will show, but neither is he rich in it; and for sprightly ridicule in any of its forms he has seldom shown either taste or talent. Chance principally made the drama his department; he might have shone equally in many others. The vigorous and copious invention, the knowledge of life, of men and things, displayed in his theatrical pieces, might have been available in very different pursuits; frequently the charm of his works has little to distinguish it from the charm of intellectual and moral force in general; it is often the capacious thought, the vivid imagery, the impetuous feeling of the orator, rather than the wild pathos and capricious enchantment of the poet. Yet that he was capable of rising to the loftiest regions of poetry, no reader of his *Maid of Orleans*, his character of Thekla, or many other of his pieces, will hesitate to grant. Sometimes we suspect that it is the very grandeur of his general powers which prevents us from exclusively admiring his poetic genius. We are not lulled by the syren song of poetry, because her melodies are blended with the clearer, manlier tones of serious reason, and of honest though exalted feeling.

Much laborious discussion has been wasted in defining genius, particularly by the countrymen of Schiller, some of whom have narrowed the conditions of the term so far, as to find but three *men of genius* since the world was created: Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe! From such rigid precision, applied to a matter in itself indefinite, there may be an apparent, but there is no real, increase of accuracy. The creative power, the faculty not only of imitating given forms of being, but of imagining and representing new ones, which is here attributed with such distinctness and so sparingly, has been given by nature in complete perfection to no man, nor entirely denied to any. The shades of it cannot be distinguished by so loose a scale as language. A definition of genius which excludes such a mind as Schiller's will scarcely be agreeable to philosophical correctness, and it will tend rather to lower than to exalt the dignity of the word. Possessing all the general men-

tal faculties in their highest degree of strength, an intellect ever active, vast, powerful, far-sighted; an imagination never weary of producing grand or beautiful forms; a heart of the noblest temper, sympathies comprehensive yet ardent, feelings vehement, impetuous, yet full of love and kindliness and tender pity; conscious of the rapid and fervid exercise of all these powers within him, and able farther to present their products refined and harmonised, and 'married to immortal verse,' Schiller may or may not be called a man of genius by his critics; but his mind in either case will remain one of the most enviable which can fall to the share of a mortal.

In a poet worthy of that name, the powers of the intellect are indissolubly interwoven with the moral feelings; and the exercise of his art depends not more on the perfection of the one than of the other. The poet, who does not feel nobly and justly, as well as passionately, will never permanently succeed in making others feel: the forms of error and falseness, infinite in number, are transitory in duration; truth, of thought and sentiment, but chiefly of sentiment, truth alone is eternal and unchangeable. But, happily, a delight in the products of reason and imagination can scarcely ever be divided from, at least, a love for virtue and genuine greatness. Our feelings are in favour of heroism; we *wish* to be pure and perfect. Happy he whose resolutions are so strong, or whose temptations are so weak, that he can convert these feelings into action! The severest pang, of which a proud and sensitive nature can be conscious, is the perception of its own debasement. The sources of misery in life are many: vice is one of the surest. Any human creature, tarnished with guilt, will in general be wretched; a man of genius in that case will be doubly so, for his ideas of excellence are higher, his sense of failure is more keen. In such miseries, Schiller had no share. The sentiments, which animated his poetry, were converted into principles of conduct; his actions were as blameless as his writings were pure. With his simple and high predilections, with his strong devotedness to a noble cause, he contrived to steer through life, unsullied by its meanness, unsubdued by any of its difficulties or allurements. With the world, in fact, he had not much to do; without effort, he dwelt apart from it; its prizes were not the wealth which could enrich him. His great, almost his single aim, was to unfold his spiritual faculties, to study and contemplate

and improve their intellectual creations. Bent upon this, with the steadfastness of an apostle, the more sordid temptations of the world passed harmlessly over him. Wishing not to seem, but to be, envy was a feeling of which he knew but little, even before he rose above its level. Wealth or rank he regarded as a means, not an end; his own humble fortune supplying him with all the essential conveniences of life, the world had nothing more that he chose to covet, nothing more that it could give him. He was not rich; but his habits were simple, and, except by reason of his sickness and its consequences, unexpensive. At all times he was far above the meanness of self-interest, particularly in its meanest shape, a love of money. Doering tells us, that a bookseller having travelled from a distance expressly to offer him a higher price for the copyright of *Wallenstein*, at that time in the press, and for which he was on terms with Cotta of Tübingen, Schiller answering, "Cotta deals steadily with me, and I with him," sent away this new merchant, without even the hope of a future bargain. The anecdote is small; but it seems to paint the integrity of the man, careless of pecuniary concerns in comparison with the strictest uprightness in his conduct. In fact, his real wealth lay in being able to pursue his darling studies, and to live in the sunshine of friendship and domestic love. This he had always longed for; this he at last enjoyed. And though sickness and many vexations annoyed him, the intrinsic excellence of his nature chequered the darkest portions of their gloom with an effulgence derived from himself. The ardour of his feelings, tempered by benevolence, was equable and placid: his temper, though overflowing with generous warmth, seems almost never to have shown any hastiness or anger. To all men he was humane and sympathising; among his friends, open-hearted, generous, helpful; in the circle of his family, kind, tender. sportive. And what gave an especial charm to all this was, the unobtrusiveness with which it was attended: there was no parade, no display, no particle of affectation; rating and conducting himself simply as an honest man and citizen, he became greater by forgetting that he was great.

Such were the prevailing habits of Schiller. That in the mild and beautiful brilliancy of their aspect there must have been some specks and imperfections, the common lot of poor humanity, who knows not? That these were small and tran-

sient, we judge from the circumstance that scarcely any hint of them has reached us: nor are we anxious to obtain a full description of them. For practical uses, we can sufficiently conjecture what they were; and the heart desires not to dwell upon them. This man is passed away from our dim and tarnished world: let him have the benefit of departed friends; let him be transfigured in our thoughts, and shine there without the little blemishes that clung to him in life.

Schiller gives a fine example of the German character: he has all its good qualities in a high degree, with very few of its defects. We trace in him all that downrightness and simplicity, that sincerity of heart and mind, for which the Germans are remarked; their enthusiasm, their patient, long-continuing, earnest devotedness; their imagination, delighting in the lofty and magnificent; their intellect, rising into refined abstractions, stretching itself into comprehensive generalisations. But the excesses to which such a character is liable are, in him, prevented by a firm and watchful sense of propriety. His simplicity never degenerates into ineptitude or insipidity; his enthusiasm must be based on reason; he rarely suffers his love of the vast to betray him into toleration of the vague. The boy Schiller was extravagant; but the man admits no bombast in his style, no inflation in his thoughts or actions. He is the poet of truth; our understandings and consciences are satisfied, while our hearts and imaginations are moved. His fictions are emphatically nature copied and embellished; his sentiments are refined and touchingly beautiful, but they are likewise manly and correct; they exalt and inspire, but they do not mislead. Above all, he has no cant; in any of its thousand branches, ridiculous or hateful, none. He does not distort his character or genius into shapes, which he thinks more becoming than their natural one: he does not hang out principles which are not his, or harbour beloved persuasions which he half or wholly knows to be false. He did not often speak of wholesome prejudices; he did not 'embrace the Roman Ca-'tholic religion because it was the grandest and most comfort-'able.' Truth with Schiller, or what seemed such, was an indispensable requisite: if he but suspected an opinion to be false, however dear it may have been, he seems to have examined it with rigid scrutiny, and if he found it guilty, to have plucked it out, and resolutely cast it forth. The sacrifice might

cause him pain, permanent pain; real damage, he imagined, it could hardly cause him. It is irksome and dangerous to travel in the dark; but better so, than with an *Ignis-fatuus* to guide us. Considering the warmth of his sensibilities, Schiller's merit on this point is greater than we might at first suppose. For a man with whom intellect is the ruling or exclusive faculty, whose sympathies, loves, hatreds, are comparatively coarse and dull, it may be easy to avoid this half-wilful entertainment of error, and this cant which is the consequence and sign of it. But for a man of keen tastes, a large fund of innate probity is necessary to prevent his aping the excellence which he loves so much, yet is unable to attain. Among persons of the latter sort, it is extremely rare to meet with one completely unaffected. Schiller's other noble qualities would not have justice, did we neglect to notice this, the truest proof of their nobility. Honest, unpretending, manly simplicity pervades all parts of his character and genius and habits of life. We not only admire him, we trust him and love him.

'The character of child-like simplicity,' he has himself observed,[19] 'which genius impresses on its works, it shows also 'in its private life and manners. It is bashful, for nature is 'ever so; but it is not prudish, for only corruption is prudish. 'It is clear-sighted, for nature can never be the contrary; but 'it is not cunning, for this only art can be. It is faithful to 'its character and inclinations; but not so much because it is 'directed by principles, as because after all vibrations nature 'constantly reverts to her original position, constantly renews 'her primitive demand. It is modest, nay timid, for genius is 'always a secret to itself; but it is not anxious, for it knows 'not the dangers of the way which it travels. Of the private 'habits of the persons who have been peculiarly distinguished 'by their genius, our information is small; but the little that 'has been recorded for us of the chief of them,—of Sophocles, 'Archimedes, Hippocrates; and in modern times, of Dante and 'Tasso, of Rafaelle, Albrecht Dürer, Cervantes, Shakspeare, 'Fielding, and others,—confirms this observation.' Schiller himself confirms it; perhaps more strongly than most of the examples here adduced. No man ever wore his faculties more meekly, or performed great works with less consciousness of their greatness. Abstracted from the contemplation of himself,

[19] *Naive und sentimentalische Dichtung.*

his eye was turned upon the objects of his labour, and he pursued them with the eagerness, the entireness, the spontaneous sincerity, of a boy pursuing sport. Hence this 'child-like simplicity,' the last perfection of his other excellencies. His was a mighty spirit unheedful of its might. He walked the earth in calm power: 'the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam;' but he wielded it like a wand.

Such, so far as we can represent it, is the form in which Schiller's life and works have gradually painted their character in the mind of a secluded individual, whose solitude he has often charmed, whom he has instructed, and cheered, and moved. The original impression, we know, was faint and inadequate, the present copy of it is still more so; yet we have sketched it as we could: the figure of Schiller, and of the figures he conceived and drew are there; himself, 'and in his hand a glass which shows us many more.' To those who look on him as we have wished to make them, Schiller will not need a farther panegyric. For the sake of Literature, it may still be remarked, that his merit was peculiarly due to her. Literature was his creed, the dictate of his conscience; he was an Apostle of the Sublime and Beautiful, and this his calling made a hero of him. For it was in the spirit of a true man that he viewed it, and undertook to cultivate it; and its inspirations constantly maintained the noblest temper in his soul. The end of Literature was not, in Schiller's judgment, to amuse the idle, or to recreate the busy, by showy spectacles for the imagination, or quaint paradoxes and epigrammatic disquisitions for the understanding: least of all was it to gratify in any shape the selfishness of its professors, to minister to their malignity, their love of money, or even of fame. For persons who degrade it to such purposes, the deepest contempt of which his kindly nature could admit was at all times in store. 'Unhappy mortal!' says he to the literary tradesman, the man who writes for gain, 'Unhappy mortal, who with science and art, the noblest of all 'instruments, effectest and attemptest nothing more than the 'day-drudge with the meanest; who, in the domain of perfect 'Freedom, bearest about in thee the spirit of Slave!' As Schiller viewed it, genuine Literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, art; whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The daughter, she is likewise the nurse of all that is

spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth; truth not merely physical, political, economical, such as the sensual man in us is perpetually demanding, ever ready to reward, and likely in general to find; but truth of moral feeling, truth of taste, that inward truth in its thousand modifications, which only the most ethereal portion of our nature can discern, but without which that portion of it languishes and dies, and we are left divested of our birthright, thenceforward 'of the earth earthy,' machines for earning and enjoying, no longer worthy to be called the Sons of Heaven. The treasures of Literature are thus celestial, imperishable, beyond all price: with her is the shrine of our best hopes, the palladium of pure manhood; to be among the guardians and servants of this is the noblest function that can be intrusted to a mortal. Genius, even in its faintest scintillations, is 'the inspired gift of God;' a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labour in his sphere, to keep alive 'the sacred fire' among his brethren, which the heavy and polluted atmosphere of this world is forever threatening to extinguish. Woe to him if he neglect this mandate, if he hear not its small still voice! Woe to him if he turn this inspired gift into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions; if he offer it on the altar of vanity, if he sell it for a piece of money!

'The Artist, it is true,' says Schiller, 'is the son of his age; 'but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favourite! Let 'some beneficent Divinity snatch him when a suckling from 'the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a 'better time; that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a 'distant Grecian sky. And having grown to manhood, let him 'return, a foreign shape, into his century; not, however, to 'delight it by his presence; but terrible, like the Son of Aga-'memnon, to purify it. The Matter of his works he will take 'from the present; but their Form he will derive from a nobler 'time, nay from beyond all time, from the absolute unchanging 'unity of his nature. Here from the pure æther of his spiritual 'essence, flows down the Fountain of Beauty, uncontaminated 'by the pollutions of ages and generations, which roll to and 'fro in their turbid vortex far beneath it. His Matter caprice 'can dishonour as she has ennobled it; but the chaste Form 'is withdrawn from her mutations. The Roman of the first century had long bent the knee before his Cæsars, when the

'statues of Rome were still standing erect; the temples continued holy to the eye, when their gods had long been a laughing-stock; and the abominations of a Nero and a Commodus were silently rebuked by the style of the edifice which lent them its concealment. Man has lost his dignity, but Art has saved it, and preserved it for him in expressive marbles. Truth still lives in fiction, and from the copy the original will be restored.

'But how is the Artist to guard himself from the corruptions of his time, which on every side assail him? By despising its decisions. Let him look upwards to his dignity and his mission, not downwards to his happiness and his wants. Free alike from the vain activity, that longs to impress its traces on the fleeting instant; and from the discontented spirit of enthusiasm, that measures by the scale of perfection the meagre product of reality, let him leave to *common sense*, which is here at home, the province of the actual; while *he* strives from the union of the possible with the necessary to bring out the ideal. This let him imprint and express in fiction and truth, imprint it in the sport of his imagination and the earnest of his actions, imprint it in all sensible and spiritual forms, and cast it silently into everlasting Time.'[20]

Nor were these sentiments, be it remembered, the mere boasting manifesto of a hot-brained inexperienced youth, entering on literature with feelings of heroic ardour, which its difficulties and temptations would soon deaden or pervert: they are the calm principles of a man, expressed with honest manfulness, at a period when the world could compare them with a long course of conduct. In this just and lofty spirit, Schiller undertook the business of literature; in the same spirit he pursued it with unflinching energy all the days of his life. The common, and some uncommon, difficulties of a fluctuating and dependent existence could not quench or abate his zeal: sickness itself seemed hardly to affect him. During his last fifteen years, he wrote his noblest works; yet, as it has been proved too well, no day of that period could have passed without its load of pain.[21] Pain could not turn him from his purpose, or

[20] *Über die æsthetische Erziehung des Menschen.*

[21] On a surgical inspection of his body after death, the most vital organs were found totally deranged. 'The structure of the lungs was in great part 'destroyed, the cavities of the heart were nearly grown up, the liver had be-'come hard, and the gall-bladder was extended to an extraordinary size.' *Doering.*

shake his equanimity : in death itself he was *calmer and calmer*. Nor has he gone without his recompense. To the credit of the world it can be recorded, that their suffrages, which he never courted, were liberally bestowed on him : happier than the mighty Milton, he found 'fit hearers,' even in his lifetime, and they were not 'few.' His effect on the mind of his own country has been deep and universal, and bids fair to be abiding : his effect on other countries must in time be equally decided ; for such nobleness of heart and soul shadowed forth in beautiful imperishable emblems, is a treasure which belongs not to one nation, but to all. In another age, this Schiller will stand forth in the foremost rank among the master-spirits of his century ; and be admitted to a place among the chosen of all centuries. His works, the memory of what he did and was, will rise afar off like a towering landmark in the solitude of the Past, when distance shall have dwarfed into invisibility the lesser people that encompassed him, and hid him from the near beholder.

On the whole, we may pronounce him happy. His days passed in the contemplation of ideal grandeurs, he lived among the glories and solemnities of universal Nature ; his thoughts were of sages and heroes, and scenes of elysian beauty. It is true, he had no rest, no peace ; but he enjoyed the fiery consciousness of his own activity, which stands in place of it for men like him. It is true, he was long sickly ; but did he not even then conceive and body-forth Max Piccolomini, and Thekla, and the Maid of Orleans, and the scenes of *Wilhelm Tell?* It is true, he died early ; but the student will exclaim with Charles XII. in another case, "Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?" These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering to another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tear : they are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness, and dignity, and power, of all men; new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, won from the 'void and formless Infinite;' a κτῆμα ἐς αἰεί, 'a possession forever,' to all the generations of the Earth.

SUPPLEMENT OF 1872.

HERR SAUPE'S BOOK.

In the end of Autumn last a considerately kind old Friend of mine brought home to me, from his Tour in Germany, a small Book by a Herr Saupe, one of the Head-masters of Gera High-School,—Book entitled 'Schiller and His Father's Household,'[1]—of which, though it has been before the world these twenty years and more, I had not heard till then. The good little Book,—an altogether modest, lucid, exact and amiable, though not very lively performance, offering new little facts about the Schiller world, or elucidations and once or twice a slight correction of the old,—proved really interesting and instructive; awoke, in me especially, multifarious reflections, mournfully beautiful old memories;—and led to farther readings in other Books touching on the same subject, particularly in these three mentioned below,[2]—the first two of them earlier than Saupe's, the third later and slightly corrective of him once or twice;—all which agreeably employed me for some weeks, and continued to be rather a pious recreation than any labour.

To this accident of Saupe's little Book there was, meanwhile, added another not less unexpected: a message, namely, from Bibliopolic Headquarters that my own poor old Book on Schiller was to be reprinted, and that in this "*People's Edition*" it would want (on deduction of the German Piece by Goethe, which had gone into the "*Library Edition*," but which had no fitness here) some sixty or seventy pages for the proper size of the volume. *Saupe*, which I was still reading, or idly reading-about, offered the ready expedient:—and here accordingly *Saupe* is. I have had him faithfully translated, and with some small omissions or abridgments, slight transposals here and there for clearness' sake, and one or two elucidative patches, gathered from the three subsidiary Books already named, all duly distinguished from Saupe's text;—whereby the gap or deficit of pages is well filled up, almost of its own accord. And thus I can now certify that, in all essential respects, the authentic *Saupe*

[1] *Schiller und sein Väterliches Haus.* Von Ernst Julius Saupe, Subconrector am Gymnasium zu Gera. Leipzig: Verlagsbuchhandlung von J. J. Weber, 1851.

[2] *Schiller's Leben von Gustav Schwab* (Stuttgart, 1841).

Schiller's Leben, verfasst aus, &c. By Caroline von Wolzogen, *born* von Lengefeld (Schiller's Sister-in-law): Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1845.

Schiller's Beziehungen zu Eltern, Geschwistern und der Familie von Wolzogen, aus den Familien-Papieren By Baroness von Gleichen (Schiller's youngest Daughter) and Baron von Wolzogen (her Cousin): Stuttgart, 1859.

is here made accessible to English readers as to German; and hope that to many lovers of Schiller among us, who are likely to be lovers also of humbly beautiful Human Worth, and of such an unconsciously noble scene of Poverty made *richer* than any California, as that of the elder Schiller Household here manifests, it may be a welcome and even profitable bit of reading.

Chelsea, Nov. 1872. T. C.

SAUPE'S "SCHILLER AND HIS FATHER'S HOUSEHOLD."

I. THE FATHER.

'SCHILLER'S Father, Johann Caspar Schiller, was born at 'Bittenfeld, a parish hamlet in the ancient part of Würtem-'berg, a little north of Waiblingen, on the 27th October 1723. 'He had not yet completed his tenth year when his Father, 'Johannes Schiller, *Schultheiss*, "Petty Magistrate," of the Vil-'lage, and by trade a Baker, died, at the age of fifty-one. Soon 'after which the fatherless Boy, hardly fitted out with the most 'essential elements of education, had to quit school, and was 'apprenticed to a Surgeon; with whom, according to the then 'custom, he was to learn the art of "Surgery;" but in reality 'had little more to do than follow the common employment of 'a Barber.

'After completing his apprenticeship and proof-time, the 'pushing young lad, eager to get forward in the world, went, 'during the Austrian-Succession War, in the year 1745, with 'a Bavarian Hussar Regiment, as "Army Doctor," into the 'Netherlands. Here, as his active mind found no full employ-'ment in the practice of his Art, he willingly undertook, withal, 'the duties of a sub-officer in small military enterprises. On the 'Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1748, when a part of this Regiment 'was disbanded, and Schiller with them, he returned to his home-'land; and set himself down in Marbach, a pleasant little coun-'try town on the Neckar, as practical Surgeon there. Here, in '1749, he married the Poet's Mother; then a young girl of six-'teen: Elisabetha Dorothea, born at Marbach in the year 1733, 'the daughter of a respectable townsman, Georg Friedrich Kod-'weis, who, to his trade of Baker adding that of Innkeeper and 'Woodmeasurer, had gathered a little fortune, and was at this

'time counted well-off, though afterwards, by some great inun-
'dation of the Neckar,' date not given, 'he was again reduced
'to poverty. The brave man by this unavoidable mischance
'came, by degrees, so low that he had to give up his house in
'the Market-Place, and in the end to dwell in a poor hut, as
'Porter at one of the Toll-Gates of Marbach. Elisabetha was a
'comely girl to look upon; slender, well-formed, without quite
'being tall; the neck long, hair high-blond, almost red, brow
'broad, eyes as if a little sorish, face covered with freckles;
'but with all these features enlivened by a soft expression of
'kindliness and good-nature.

'This marriage, for the first eight years, was childless;
'after that, they gradually had six children, two of whom died
'soon after birth; the Poet Schiller was the second of these
'six, and the only Boy. The young couple had to live in a
'very narrow, almost needy condition, as neither of them had
'any fortune; and the Husband's business could hardly sup-
'port a household. There is still in existence a legal Marriage
'Record and Inventory, such as is usual in these cases, which
'estimates the money and money's worth brought together by
'the young people at a little over 700 gulden (70*l.*). Out of
'the same Inventory, one sees, by the small value put upon the
'surgical instruments, and the outstanding debts of patients,
'distinctly enough, that Caspar Schiller's practice, at that point
'of time, did not much exceed that of a third-class Surgeon,
'and was scarcely adequate, as above stated, to support the
'thriftiest household. And therefore it is not surprising that
'Schiller, intent on improving so bare a position, should, at
'the breaking-out of the Seven-Years War, have anew sought
'a military appointment, as withal more fit for employing his
'young strength and ambitions.

'In the beginning of the year 1757 he went, accordingly,
'as Ensign and Adjutant, into the Würtemberg Regiment
'Prince Louis; which in several of the campaigns in the Seven-
'Years War belonged to an auxiliary corps of the Austrian
'Army.'—Was he at the *Ball of Fulda*, one wonders? Yes, for certain! He was at the Ball of Fulda (tragi-comical Explosion of a Ball, *not* yet got to the dancing-point); and had to run for life, as his Duke, in a highly-ridiculous manner, had already done. And, again, tragically, it is certain that he stood on the fated Austrian left-wing at the *Battle of Leuthen;* had his horse

shot under him there, and was himself nearly drowned in a quagmire, struggling towards Breslau that night.[1]

'In Bohemia this Corps was visited by an infectious fever, 'and suffered by the almost pestilential disorder a good deal of 'loss. In this bad time, Schiller, who by his temperance and 'frequent movement in the open air had managed to retain 'perfect health, showed himself very active and helpful; and 'cheerfully undertook every kind of business in which he could 'be of use. He attended the sick, there being a scarcity of 'Doctors; and served at the same time as Chaplain to the Re-'giment, so far as to lead the Psalmody, and read the Prayers. 'When, after this, he was changed into another Würtemberg 'Regiment, which served in Hessen and Thüringen, he em-'ployed every free hour in filling up, by his own industrious 'study, the many deeply-felt defects in his young schooling; 'and was earnestly studious. By his perseverant zeal and 'diligence, he succeeded in the course of these war-years in 'acquiring not only many medical, military and agricultural 'branches of knowledge, but also, as his Letters prove, in amass-'ing a considerable amount of general culture. Nor did his 'praiseworthy efforts remain without recognition and external 'reward. At the end of the Seven-Years War, he had risen 'to be a Captain, and had even saved a little money.

'His Wife, who, during these War-times, lived, on money 'sent by him, in her Father's house at Marbach, he could only 'visit seldom, and for short periods in winter quarters, much 'as he longed for his faithful Wife; who, after the birth of a 'Daughter, in September 1757, was dearer to him than ever. 'But never had the rigid fetters of War-Discipline appeared 'more oppressive than when, two years later, in November '1759, a Son, the Poet, was born. With joyful thanks to God, he 'saluted this dear Gift of Heaven; in daily prayer commended 'Mother and Child to "the Being of all Beings;" and waited 'now with impatience the time when he should revisit his 'home, and those that were his there. Yet there still passed 'four years before Father Schiller, on conclusion of the Hu-'bertsburg Peace, 1763, could return home from the War,

[1] See *Life of Friedrich* (Book xix. chap. 8; Book xviii. chap. 10), and Schiller Senior's rough bit of Autobiography, called '*Meine Lebensgeschichte*,' in *Schiller's Beziehungen zu Eltern, Geschwistern und der Familie von Wolzogen* (mentioned above), pp. 1 et seqq.

'and again take up his permanent residence in his home-'country. Where, on his return, his first Garrison quarters 'were, whether at Ludwigsburg, Cannstadt or what other 'place, is not known. On the other hand, all likelihoods are, 'that, so soon as he could find it possible, he carried over his 'Wife and his two Children, the little Daughter Christophine 'six, and the little Friedrich now four, out of Marbach to his 'own quarters, wherever these were.'

There is no date to the Neckar Inundation above mentioned; but we have elsewhere evidence that the worthy Father Kodweis with his Wife, at this time, still dwelt in their comfortable house in the Market-Place. We know also, though it is not mentioned in the text, that their pious Daughter struggled zealously to the last to alleviate their sore poverty; and the small effect, so far as money goes, may testify how poor and straitened the Schiller Family itself then was.

'With the Father's return out of War, there came a new 'element into the Family, which had so long been deprived of 'its natural Guardian and Counsellor. To be House-Father 'in the full sense of the word was now all the more Captain 'Schiller's need and duty, the longer his War Service had kept 'him excluded from the sacred vocation of Husband and Fa-'ther. For he was throughout a rational and just man, simple, 'strong, expert, active for practical life, if also somewhat quick 'and rough. This announced itself even in the outward make 'and look of him; for he was of short stout stature and power-'ful make of limbs; the brow high-arched, eyes sharp and 'keen. Withal, his erect carriage, his firm step, his neat cloth-'ing, as well as his clear and decisive mode of speech, all 'testified of strict military training; which also extended itself 'over his whole domestic life, and even over the daily devotions 'of the Family. For although the shallow Illuminationism of 'that period had produced some influence on his religious con-'victions, he held fast by the pious principles of his forebeers; 'read regularly to his household out of the Bible; and pro-'nounced aloud, each day, the Morning and Evening Prayer. 'And this was, in his case, not merely an outward decorous 'bit of discipline, but in fact the faithful expression of his 'Christian conviction, that man's true worth and true happiness 'can alone be found in the fear of the Lord, and the moral 'purity of his heart and conduct. He himself had even, in

'the manner of those days, composed a long Prayer, which he 'in later years addressed to God every morning, and which 'began with the following lines:

True Watcher of Israel!
To Thee be praise, thanks and honour.
Praying aloud I praise Thee,
That earth and Heaven may hear.[2]

'If, therefore, a certain otherwise accredited Witness calls 'him a kind of crotchety, fantastic person, mostly brooding over 'strange thoughts and enterprises, this can only have meant 'that Caspar Schiller in earlier years appeared such, namely 'at the time when, as incipient Surgeon at Marbach, he saw 'himself forced into a circle of activity which corresponded nei-'ther to his inclination, strength nor necessities.

'On the spiritual development of his Son this conscientious 'Father employed his warmest interest and activities; and 'appears to have been for some time assisted herein by a near 'relation, a certain Johann Friedrich Schiller from Bittenfeld; 'the same who, as *Studiosus Philosophiæ*, was, in 1759, God-'father to the Boy. He is said to have given the little Godson 'Fritz his first lessons in Writing, Natural-History and Geo-'graphy. A more effective assistance in this matter the Father 'soon after met with on removing to Lorch.

'In the year 1765, the reigning Duke, Karl of Würtemberg, 'sent Captain Schiller as Recruiting Officer to the Imperial 'Free-Town Schwäbish-Gmünd; with permission to live with 'his Family in the nearest Würtemberg place, the Village and 'Cloister of Lorch. Lorch lies in a green meadow-ground, 'surrounded by beech-woods, at the foot of a hill, which is 'crowned by the weird buildings of the Cloister, where the Ho-'henstaufen graves are; opposite the Cloister and Hamlet, rise 'the venerable ruins of Hohenstaufen itself, with a series of 'hills; at the bottom winds the Rems,' a branch of the Neckar, 'towards still fruitfuller regions. In this attractive rural spot 'the Schiller Family resided for several years; and found from 'the pious and kindly people of the Hamlet, and especially

[2] '*Treuer Wächter Israels!*
Dir sei Preis und Dank und Ehren;
Laut betend lob' ich Dich,
Dass es Erd' und Himmel hören' &c.

'from a friend of the house, Moser, the worthy Parish-Parson 'there, the kindliest reception. The Schiller children soon 'felt themselves at home and happy in Lorch, especially Fritz 'did, who, in the Parson's Son, Christoph Ferdinand Moser, a 'soft gentle child, met with his first boy-friend. In this worthy 'Parson's house he also received, along with the Parson's own 'Sons, the first regular and accurate instruction in reading and 'writing, as also in the elements of Latin and Greek. This 'arrangement pleased and comforted Captain Schiller not a 'little: for the more distinctly he, with his clear and candid 'character, recognised the insufficiency of his own instruction 'and stock of knowledge, the more impressively it lay on him 'that his Son should early acquire a good foundation in Lan-'guages and Science, and learn something solid and effective. 'What he could himself do in that particular he faithfully did; 'bringing out, with this purpose, partly the grand historical memorials of that neighbourhood, partly his own life-experiences 'in instructive and exciting dialogues with his children. He 'would point out to the listening little pair the venerable re-'mains of the Hohenstaufen Ancestral Castle, or tell them of 'his own soldier-career. He took the Boy with him into the 'Exercise Camp, to the Woodmen in the Forest, and even into 'the farther-distant pleasure-castle of Hohenheim; and there-'by led their youthful imagination into many changeful imagin-'ings of life.[3]

'Externally little Fritz and his Sister were not like; Christo-'phine more resembling the Father, whilst Friedrich was the 'image of the Mother. On the other hand, they had internally 'very much in common; both possessed a lively apprehension 'for whatever was true, beautiful or good. Both had a temper 'capable of enthusiasm, which early and chiefly turned to-'wards the sublime and grand: in short, the strings of their 'souls were tuned on a cognate tone. Add to this, that both, in 'the beautifulest, happiest period of their life, had been under the 'sole care and direction of the pious genial Mother; and that 'Fritz, at least till his sixth year, was exclusively limited to 'Christophine's society, and had no other companion. They 'two had to be, and were, all to each other. Christophine on 'this account stood nearer to her Brother throughout all his 'life than the Sisters who were born later.

[3] *Saupe*, p. 11.

'In rural stillness, and in almost uninterrupted converse 'with out-door nature, flowed by for Fritz and her the great-'est part of their childhood and youth. Especially dear to 'them was their abode in this romantic region. Every hour 'that was free from teaching or other task, they employed in 'roaming about in the neighbourhood; and they knew no 'higher joy than a ramble into the neighbouring hills. In par-'ticular they liked to make pilgrimages together to a chapel 'on the Calvary Hill at Gmünd, a few miles off, to which the 'way was still through the old monkish grief-stations, on to the 'Cloister of Lorch noticed above. Often they would sit with 'closely-grasped hands, under the thousand-years-old Linden, 'which stood on a projection before the Cloister-walls, and 'seemed to whisper to them long-silent tales of past ages. On 'these walks the hearts of the two clasped each other ever 'closer and more firmly, and they faithfully shared their little 'childish joys and sorrows. Christophine would bitterly weep 'when her vivacious Brother had committed some small mis-'deed and was punished for it. In such cases, she often enough 'confessed Fritz's faults as her own, and was punished when 'she had in reality had no complicity in them. It was with 'great sorrow that they two parted from their little Paradise; 'and both of them always retained a great affection for Lorch 'and its neighbourhood. Christophine, who lived to be ninety, 'often even in her latter days looked back with tender affec-'tion to their abode there.[4]

'In his family-circle, the otherwise hard-mannered Father 'showed always to Mother and Daughters the tenderest re-'spect and the affectionate tone which the heart suggests. 'Thus, if at table a dish had chanced to be especially prepared 'for him, he would never eat of it without first inviting the 'Daughters to be helped. As little could he ever, in the long-'run, withstand the requests of his gentle Wife; so that not 'seldom she managed to soften his rough severity. The Chil-'dren learned to make use of this feature in his character; and 'would thereby save themselves from the first outburst of his 'anger. They confessed beforehand to the Mother their bits 'of misdoings, and begged her to inflict the punishment, and 'prevent their falling into the heavier paternal hand. Towards

[4] *Saupe*, pp. 106-108.

'the Son again, whose moral development his Father anxiously 'watched over, his wrath was at times disarmed by touches of 'courage and fearlessness on the Boy's part. Thus little Fritz, 'once on a visit at Hohenheim, in the house where his Father 'was calling, and which formed part of the side buildings of 'the Castle, whilst his Father followed his business within 'doors, had, unobserved, clambered out of a saloon-window, 'and undertaken a voyage of discovery over the roofs. The 'Boy, who had been missed and painfully sought after, was 'discovered just on the point of trying to have a nearer view 'of the Lion's Head, by which one of the roof-gutters discharges 'itself, when the terrified Father got eye on him, and called 'out aloud. Cunning Fritz, however, stood motionless where 'he was on the roof, till his Father's anger had stilled itself, 'and pardon was promised him.'—Here farther is a vague anecdote made authentic: 'Another time the little fellow was not 'to be found at the evening meal, while, withal, there was a 'heavy thunderstorm in the sky, and fiery bolts were blazing 'through the black clouds. He was searched for in vain, all 'over the house; and at every new thunder-clap the misery of 'his Parents increased. At last they found him, not far from 'the house, on the top of the highest lime-tree, which he was 'just preparing to descend, under the crashing of a very loud 'peal. "In God's name, what hast thou been doing there?" 'cried the agitated Father. "I wanted to know," answered 'Fritz, "where all that fire in the sky was coming from!"

'Three full years the Schiller Family lived at Lorch; and 'this in rather narrow circumstances, as the Father, though in 'the service of his Prince, could not, during the whole of this 'time, receive the smallest part of his pay, but had to live 'on the little savings he had made during War-time. Not 'till 1768, after the most impressive petitioning to the Duke, 'was he at last called away from his post of Recruiting Officer, 'and transferred to the Garrison of Ludwigsburg, where he, by 'little and little, squeezed out the pay owing him.

'Upon his removal, the Father's first care was to establish 'his little Boy, now nine years old,—who, stirred-on probably 'by the impressions he had got in the Parsonage at Lorch, and 'the visible wish of his Parents, had decided for the Clerical Profession,—in the Latin school at Ludwigsburg. This

'done, he made it his chief care that his Son's progress should 'be swift and satisfying there. But on that side, Fritz could 'never come up to his expectations, though the Teachers were 'well enough contented. But out of school-time, Fritz was 'not so zealous and diligent as could be wished; liked rather 'to spring about and sport in the garden. The arid, stony, 'philological instruction of his teacher, Johann Friedrich Jahn, 'who was a solid Latiner, and nothing more, was not calcu-'lated to make a specially alluring impression on the clever 'and lively Boy; thus it was nothing but the reverence and 'awe of his Father that could drive him on to diligence.

'To this time belongs the oldest completely preserved Poem 'of Schiller's; it is in the form of a little Hymn, in which, on 'New-year's day 1769, the Boy, now hardly over nine years 'old, presents to his Parents the wishes of the season. It 'may stand here by way of glimpse into the position of the 'Son towards his Parents, especially towards his Father.

MUCH-LOVED PARENTS.[5]

Parents, whom I lovingly honour,
Today my heart is full of thankfulness!
This Year may a gracious God increase
What is at all times your support!

The Lord, the Fountain of all joy,
Remain always your comfort and portion;
His Word be the nourishment of your heart,
And Jesus your wished-for salvation.

I thank you for all your proofs of love,
For all your care and patience;
My heart shall praise all your goodness,
And ever comfort itself in your favour.

Obedience, diligence and tender love
I promise you for this Year.
God send me only good inclinations,
And make true all my wishes! Amen.

1 January 1769. JOHANN FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

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[5] HERZGELIEBTE ELTERN.

Eltern, die ich zärtlich ehre,
Mein Herz ist heut' voll Dankbarkeit!
Der treue Gott dies Jahr vermehre
Was Sie erquickt zu jeder Zeit!

'According to the pious wish of their Son, this year, 1769, 'did bring somewhat which "comforted" them. Captain 'Schiller, from of old a lover of rural occupations, and skil- 'ful in gardening and nursery affairs, had, at Ludwigsburg, 'laid out for himself a little Nursery. It was managed on 'the same principles which he afterwards made public in his 'Book, *Die Baumzucht im Grossen* (Neustrelitz, 1795, and 'second edition, Giessen, 1806); and was prospering beauti- 'fully. The Duke, who had noticed this, signified satisfac- 'tion in the thing; and he appointed him, in 1770, to shift 'to his beautiful Forest-Castle, Die Solitüde, near Stuttgart, 'as overseer of all his Forest operations there. Hereby to 'the active man was one of his dearest wishes fulfilled; and 'a sphere of activity opened, corresponding to his acquire- 'ments and his inclination. At Solitüde, by the Duke's order, 'he laid out a Model Nursery for all Würtemberg, which he 'managed with perfect care and fidelity; and in this post he 'so completely satisfied the expectations entertained of him, 'that his Prince by and by raised him to the rank of Major.' He is reckoned to have raised from seeds, and successfully planted, 60,000 trees, in discharge of this function, which continued for the rest of his life.

'His Family, which already at Lorch, in 1766, had been 'increased by the birth of a Daughter, Luise, waited but a short 'time in Ludwigsburg till the Father brought them over to the 'new dwelling at Solitüde. Fritz, on the removal of his Pa- 'rents, was given over as boarder to his actual Teacher, the

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Der Herr, die Quelle aller Freude,
Verbleibe stets Ihr Trost und Theil;
Sein Wort sei Ihres Herzens Weide,
Und Jesus Ihr erwunschtes Heil.

Ich dank' von alle Liebes-Proben,
Von alle Sorgfalt und Geduld,
Mein Herz soll alle Güte loben,
Und trösten sich stets Ihrer Huld.

Gehorsam, Fleiss und zarte Liebe
Verspreche ich auf dieses Jahr.
Der Herr shenk' mir nur gute Treibe,
Und mache all' mein Wunschen wahr. Amen.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

Den 1 Januarii Anno 1769.

'rigorous pedant Jahn; and remained yet two years at the 'Latin school in Ludwigsburg. During this time, the lively, 'and perhaps also sometimes mischievous Boy, was kept in 'the strictest fetters; and, by the continual admonitions, exhor-'tations, and manually practical corrections of Father and of 'Teacher, not a little held down and kept in fear. The fact, 'for instance, that he liked more the potent Bible-words and 'pious songs of a Luther, a Paul Gerhard, and Gellert, than he 'did the frozen lifeless catechism-drill of the Ludwigsburg In-'stitute, gave surly strait-laced Jahn occasion to lament from 'time to time to the alarmed Parents, that "their Son had no 'feeling whatever for religion." In this respect, however, the 'otherwise so irritable Father easily satisfied himself, not only 'by his own observations of an opposite tendency, but chiefly 'by stricter investigation of one little incident that was reported 'to him. The teacher of religion in the Latin school, Super-'intendant Zilling, whose name is yet scornfully remembered, 'had once, in his dull awkwardness, introduced even Solo-'mon's Song as an element of nurture for his class; and was 'droning out, in an old-fashioned way, his interpretation of it 'as symbolical of the Christian Church and its Bridegroom 'Christ, when he was, on the sudden, to his no small surprise 'and anger, interrupted by the audible inquiry of little Schil-'ler, "But was this Song, then, actually sung to the Church?" 'Schiller Senior took the little heretic to task for this rash 'act; and got as justification the innocent question, "Has the 'Church really got teeth of ivory?" The Father was en-'lightened enough to take the Boy's opposition for a natural 'expression of sound human sense; nay, he could scarcely 'forbear a laugh; whirled swiftly round, and murmured to 'himself, "Occasionally she has Wolf's teeth." And so the 'thing was finished.[6]

'At Ludwigsburg Schiller and Christophine first saw a 'Theatre; where at that time, in the sumptuous Duke's love of 'splendour, only pompous operas and ballets were given. The 'first effect of this new enjoyment, which Fritz and his Sister 'strove to repeat as often as they could, was that at home, 'with little clipped and twisted paper dolls, they set about 'representing scenes; and on Christophine's part it had the 'more important result of awakening and nourishing, at an

[6] *Saupe*, p. 18.

early age, her æsthetic taste. Schiller considered her, ever ' after these youthful sports, as a true and faithful companion ' in his poetic dreams and attempts ; and constantly not only ' told his Sister, whose silence on such points could be perfect, ' of all that he secretly did in the way of verse-making in the ' Karl's School,—which, as we shall see, he entered in 1773,— ' but if possible brought it upon the scene with her. Scenes ' from the lyrical operetta of *Semele* were acted by Schiller and ' Christophine, on those terms; which appears in a complete ' shape for the first time in Schiller's *Anthology*, printed 1782.[7]

' So soon as Friedrich had gone through the Latin school ' at Ludwigsburg, which was in 1772, he was, according to the ' standing regulation, to enter one of the four Lower Cloister- ' schools; and go through the farther curriculum for a Würtem- ' berg clergyman. But now there came suddenly from the ' Duke to Captain Schiller an offer to take his Son, who had ' been represented to him as a clever boy, into the new Mili- ' tary Training-School, founded by his Highness at Solitüde, in ' 1771 ; where he would be brought up, and taken charge of, ' free of cost.

' In the Schiller Family this offer caused great consterna- ' tion and painful embarrassment. The Father was grieved to be ' obliged to sacrifice a long-cherished paternal plan to the whim ' of an arbitrary ruler; and the Son felt himself cruelly hurt to ' be torn away so rudely from his hope and inclination. Ac- ' cordingly, how dangerous soever for the position of the Family ' a declining of the Ducal grace might seem, the straightforward ' Father ventured nevertheless to lay open to the Duke, in a ' clear and distinct statement, how his purpose had always been ' to devote his Son, in respect both of his inclination and his ' hitherto studies, to the Clerical Profession ; for which in the ' new Training-School he could not be prepared. The Duke ' showed no anger at this step of the elder Schiller's ; but was ' just as little of intention to let a capable and hopeful scholar, ' who was also the Son of one of his Officers and Dependents, ' escape him. He simply, with brevity, repeated his wish, and ' required the choice of another study, in which the Boy would ' have a better career and outlook than in the Theological De- ' partment. Nill they, will they, there was nothing for the

[7] *Saupe*, p. 109.

'Parents but compliance with the so plainly intimated will of 'this Duke, on whom their Family's welfare so much depended.

'Accordingly, 17th January 1773, Friedrich Schiller, then 'in his fourteenth year, stept over to the Military Training-'School at Solitüde.

'In September of the following year, Schiller's Parents had, 'conformably to a fundamental law of the Institution, to ac-'knowledge and engage by a written Bond, "That their Son, 'in virtue of his entrance into this Ducal Institution, did wholly 'devote himself to the service of the Würtemberg Ducal 'House; that he, without special Ducal permission, was not 'empowered to go out of it; and that he had, with his best 'care, to observe not only this, but all other regulations of the 'Institute." By this time, indeed directly upon signature of this 'strict Bond, young Schiller had begun to study Jurisprudence; '—which, however, when next year, 1775, the Training-School, 'raised now to be a "Military Academy," had been transferred 'to Stuttgart, he either of his own accord, or in consequence 'of a discourse and interview of the Duke with his Father, 'exchanged for the Study of Medicine.

'From the time when Schiller entered this "Karl's School" ' (Military Academy, in official style), 'he was nearly altogether 'withdrawn from any tutelage of his Father; for it was only 'to Mothers, and to Sisters still under age, that the privilege 'of visiting their Sons and Brothers, and this on the Sunday 'only, was granted: beyond this, the Karl's Scholars, within 'their monastic cells, were cut off from family and the world, 'by iron-doors and sentries guarding them. This rigorous se-'clusion from actual life and all its friendly impressions, still 'more the spiritual constraint of the Institution, excluding 'every free activity, and all will of your own, appeared to the 'Son in a more hateful light than to the Father, who, himself 'an old soldier, found it quite according to order that the 'young people should be kept in strict military discipline and 'subordination. What filled the Son with bitter discontent 'and indignation, and at length brought him to a kind of poe-'tic outburst of revolution in the *Robbers*, therein the Father 'saw only a wholesome regularity, and indispensable substitute 'for paternal discipline. Transient complaints of individual 'teachers and superiors little disturbed the Father's mind; for, 'on the whole, the official testimonies concerning his Son were

'steadily favourable. The Duke too treated young Schiller, 'whose talents had not escaped his sharpness of insight, with 'particular good-will, nay distinction. To this Prince, used 'to the accurate discernment of spiritual gifts, the complaints 'of certain Teachers, that Schiller's slow progress in Juris-'prudence proceeded from want of head, were of no weight 'whatever; and he answered expressly, "Leave me that one 'alone; he will come to something yet!" But that Schiller 'gave his main strength to what in the Karl's School was a 'strictly forbidden object, to poetry namely, this I believe was 'entirely hidden from his Father, or appeared to him, on oc-'casional small indications, the less questionable, as he saw 'that, in spite of this, the Marketable-Sciences were not neg-lected.

'At the same age, viz. about twenty-two, at which Captain 'Schiller had made his first military sally into the Netherlands 'and the Austrian-Succession War, his Son issued from the 'Karl's School, 15th December 1780; and was immediately 'appointed Regimental-Doctor at Stuttgart, with a monthly 'pay of twenty-three gulden' (*2l.* 6*s.* = 11*s.* and a fraction per week). 'With this appointment, Schiller had, as it were, 'openly altogether outgrown all special paternal guardianship 'or guidance; and was, from this time, treated by his Father 'as come to majority, and standing on his own feet. If he 'came out, as frequently happened, with a comrade to Solitüde, 'he was heartily welcome there, and the Father's looks often 'dwelt on him with visible satisfaction. If in the conscientious 'and rigorous old man, with his instructive and serious expe-'riences of life, there might yet various anxieties and doubts 'arise when he heard of the exuberantly genial ways of his 'hopeful Son at Stuttgart, he still looked upon him with joyful 'pride, in remarking how those so promising Karl's Scholars, 'who had entered into the world along with him, recognised his 'superiority of mind, and willingly ranked themselves under 'him. Nor could it be otherwise than highly gratifying to his 'old heart to remark always with what deep love the gifted Son 'constantly regarded his Parents and Sisters.'[8]—Of Schiller's first procedures in Stuttgart, after his emancipation from the Karl's School, and appointment as Regimental-Surgeon, or

[8] *Saupe*, p. 25.

rather of his general behaviour and way of life there, which are said to have been somewhat wild, genially, or even *un*genially extravagant, and to have involved him in many paltry entanglements of debts, as one bad consequence, — there will be some notice in the next Section, headed "*The Mother*." His Regimental Doctorship, and stay in Stuttgart altogether, lasted twenty-two months.

This is Schiller's bodily appearance, as it first presented itself to an old School-fellow, who, after an interval of eighteen months, saw him again on Parade, as Doctor of the Regiment Augé,—more to his astonishment than admiration.

'Crushed into the stiff tasteless Old-Prussian Uniform; on 'each of his temples three stiff rolls as if done with gypsum; 'the tiny three-cocked hat scarcely covering his crown; so 'much the thicker the long pigtail, with the slender neck 'crammed into a very narrow horsehair stock; the felt put 'under the white spatterdashes, smirched by traces of shoe-'blacking, giving to the legs a bigger diameter than the thighs, 'squeezed into their tight-fitting breeches, could boast of. 'Hardly, or not at all, able to bend his knees, the whole man 'moved like a stork.'

'The Poet's form,' says this Witness elsewhere, a bit of a dilettante artist it seems, 'had somewhat the following appear-'ance: Long straight stature; long in the legs; long in the 'arms; pigeon-breasted; his neck very long; something rigor-'ously stiff; in gait and carriage not the smallest elegance. 'His brow was broad; the nose thin, cartilaginous, white of 'colour, springing out at a notably sharp angle, much bent,—a 'parrot-nose, and very sharp in the point (according to Dan-'necker the Sculptor, Schiller, who took snuff, had pulled it 'out so with his hand). The red eyebrows, over the deep-lying 'dark-gray eyes, were bent too close together at the nose, which 'gave him a pathetic expression. The lips were thin, ener-'getic; the under-lip protruding, as if pushed forward by the in-'spiration of his feelings; the chin strong; cheeks pale, rather 'hollow than full, freckly; the eyelids a little inflamed; the 'bushy hair of the head dark red; the whole head rather ghost-'like than manlike, but impressive even in repose, and all ex-'pression when Schiller declaimed. Neither the features nor 'the somewhat shrieky voice could he subdue. Dannecker.'

adds the satirical Witness, 'has unsurpassably cut this head ' in marble for us.'[9]

' The publication of the *Robbers*' (Autumn 1781),—' which ' Schiller, driven on by rage and desperation, had composed ' in the fetters of the Karl's School,—raised him on the sudden ' to a phenomenon on which all eyes in Stuttgart were turned. ' What, with careless exaggeration, he had said to a friend ' some months before, on setting forth his *Elegy on the Death ' of a Young Man*, " The thing has made my name hereabouts " more famous than twenty years of practice would have done; " but it is a name like that of him who burnt the Temple of " Ephesus: God be merciful to me a sinner!" might now ' with all seriousness be said of the impression his *Robbers* made ' on the harmless townsfolk of Stuttgart. But how did Father ' Schiller at first take up this eccentric product of his Son, ' which openly declared war on all existing order? Astonish- ' ment and terror, anger and detestation, boundless anxiety, ' with touches of admiration and pride, stormed alternately ' through the solid honest man's paternal breast, as he saw ' the frank picture of a Prodigal Son rolled out before him; ' and had to gaze into the most revolting deeps of the passions ' and vices. Yet he felt himself irresistibly dragged along by ' the uncommon vivacity of action in this wild Drama; and at ' the same time, powerfully attracted by the depth, the tender- ' ness, and fulness of true feeling manifested in it: so that, at ' last, out of those contradictory emotions of his, a clear ad- ' miration and pride for his Son's bold and rich spirit main- ' tained the upper hand. By Schiller's friends and closer ' connections, especially by his Mother and Sisters, all pains ' were of course taken to keep up this favourable humour in ' the Father, and carefully to hide from him all disadvantageous ' or disquieting tidings about the Piece and its consequences ' and practical effects. Thus he heard sufficiently of the huge ' excitement and noise which the *Robbers* was making all over ' Germany, and of the seductive approval which came stream- ' ing-in on the youthful Poet, even out of distant provinces; ' but heard nothing either of the Duke's offended and angry ' feelings over the *Robbers*, a production horrible to him; nor ' of the Son's secret journeys to Mannheim, and the next con-

[9] Schwab, *Schiller's Leben* (Stuttgart, 1841), p. 68.

'sequences of these' (his brief arrest, namely), 'nor of the 'rumour circulating in spiteful quarters, that this young Doctor 'was neglecting his own province of medicine, and meaning 'to become a play-actor. How could the old man, in these cir- 'cumstances, have a thought that the *Robbers* would be the loss 'of Family and Country to his poor Fritz! And yet so it proved.

'Excited by all kinds of messagings, informings and in- 'sinuations, the imperious Prince, in spite of his secret plea- 'sure in this sudden renown of his Pupil, could in no wise be 'persuaded to revoke or soften his harsh Order, which "for- 'bade the Poet henceforth, under pain of military imprisonment, 'either to write anything poetic or to communicate the same 'to foreign persons"' (non-Würtembergers). 'In vain were all 'attempts of Schiller to obtain his discharge from Military Ser- 'vice and his "*Entschwäbung*" (Un-*Swabia*ning); such peti- 'tions had only for result new sharper rebukes and hard threat- 'ening expressions, to which the mournful fate of Schubart in 'the Castle of Hohenasperg[10] formed a too questionable back- 'ground.

'Thus by degrees there ripened in the strong soul of this 'young man the determination to burst these laming fetters of 'his genius, by flight from despotic Würtemberg altogether; 'and, in some friendlier country, gain for himself the freedom 'without which his spiritual development was impossible. Only 'to one friend, who clung to him with almost enthusiastic de- 'votion, did he impart his secret. This was Johann Andreas 'Streicher of Stuttgart, who intended to go next year to Ham- 'burg, and there, under Bach's guidance, study music; but 'declared himself ready to accompany Schiller even now, since 'it had become urgent. Except to this trustworthy friend, 'Schiller had imparted his plan to his elder Sister Christophine 'alone; and she had not only approved of the sad measure, 'but had undertaken also to prepare their Mother for it. The 'Father naturally had to be kept dark on the subject; all the 'more that, if need were, he might pledge his word as an 'Officer that he had known nothing of his Son's intention.

'Schiller went out, in company of Madam Meier, Wife of 'the *Regisseur* (Theatre-manager) at Mannheim, a native of 'Stuttgart, and of this Streicher, one last time to Solitüde, to 'have one more look of it and of his dear ones there; espe-

[10] See Appendix, *infrâ*.

'cially to soothe and calm his Mother. On the way, which 'they travelled on foot, Schiller kept up a continual discourse 'about the Mannheim Theatre and its interests, without be- 'traying his secret to Madam Meier. The Father received 'these welcome guests with frank joy; and gave to the con- 'versation, which at first hung rather embarrassed, a happy 'turn by getting into talk, with cheery circumstantiality, of 'the grand Pleasure-Hunt, of the Play and of the Illumina- 'tion, which were to take place, in honour of the Russian 'Grand-Prince, afterwards Czar Paul, and his Bride, the 'Duke of Würtemberg's Niece, on the 17th September in- 'stant, at Solitüde. Far other was the poor Mother's mood; 'she was on the edge of betraying herself, in seeing the sad 'eyes of her Son; and she could not speak for emotion. The 'presence of Streicher and a Stranger with whom the elder 'Schiller was carrying on a, to him, attractive conversation, 'permitted Mother and Son to withdraw speedily and unre- 'marked. Not till after an hour did Schiller reappear, alone 'now, to the company; neither this circumstance, nor Schil- 'ler's expression of face, yet striking the preoccupied Father. 'Though to the observant Streicher, his wet red eyes betrayed 'how painful the parting must have been. Gradually on the 'way back to Stuttgart, amid general talk of the three, Schiller 'regained some composure and cheerfulness.

'The bitter sorrow of this hour of parting renewed itself 'yet once in Schiller's soul, when on the flight itself, about 'midnight of the 17th. In effect it was these same festivities 'that had decided the young men's time and scheme of jour- 'ney; and under the sheltering noise of which their plan was 'luckily executed. Towards midnight of the above-said day, 'when the Castle of Solitüde, with all its surroundings, was 'beaming in full splendour of illumination, there rolled past, 'almost rubbing elbows with it, the humble Schiller Vehicle 'from Stuttgart, which bore the fugitive Poet with his true 'Friend on their way. Schiller pointed out to his Friend the 'spot where his Parents lived, and, with a half-suppressed 'sigh and a woe-begone exclamation, "Oh, my Mother!" 'sank back upon his seat.'

Mannheim, the goal of their flight, is in Baden-Baden, under another Sovereign; lies about 80 miles to N.W. of Stuttgart. Their dreary journey lasted two days,—arrival not till

deep in the night of the second. Their united stock of money amounted to 51 gulden,—Schiller 23, Streicher 28,—5*l.* 6*s.* in all. Streicher subsequently squeezed out from home 3*l.* more; and that appears to have been their sum-total.[11]

'Great was the astonishment and great the wrath of the 'Father, when at length he understood that his Son had 'broken the paternal, written Bond, and withdrawn himself 'by flight from the Ducal Service. He dreaded, not without 'reason, the heavy consequences of so rash an action; and 'a thousand gnawing anxieties bestormed the heart of the 'worthy man. Might not the Duke, in the first outburst of 'his indignation, overwhelm forever the happiness of their 'Family, which there was nothing but the income of his post 'that supported in humble competence? And what a lot 'stood before the Son himself, if he were caught in flight, or 'if, what was nowise improbable, his delivery back was re-'quired and obtained? Sure enough, there had risen on the 'otherwise serene heaven of the Schiller Family, a threaten-'ing thundercloud; which, any day, might discharge itself, 'bringing destruction on their heads.

'The thing, however, passed away in merciful peace. 'Whatever may have been the Duke's motives or induce-'ments to let the matter, in spite of his embitterment, silently 'drop,—whether his bright festal humour in presence of those 'high kinsfolk, or the noble frankness with which the Run-'away first of all, to save his Family, had in a respectful 'missive, dated from Mannheim, explained to his Princely 'Educator the necessity of his flight; or the expectation, 'flattering to the Ducal pride, that the future greatness of his 'Pupil might be a source of glory to him and his Karl's-School: 'enough, on his part, there took place no kind of hostile step 'against the Poet, and still less against his Family. Captain 'Schiller again breathed freer when he saw himself delivered 'from his most crushing anxiety on this side; but there re-'mained still a sharp sting in his wounded heart. His mili-'tary feeling of honour was painfully hurt by the thought that 'they might now look upon his Son as a deserter; and withal 'the future of this voluntary Exile appeared so uncertain and 'wavering, that it did not offer the smallest justification of so 'great a risk. By degrees, however, instead of anger and blame

[11] Schwab. *Schiller's Leben*.

'there rose in him the most sympathetic anxiety for the poor 'Son's fate; to whom, from want of a free, firm and assuring 'position in life, all manner of contradictions and difficulties 'must needs arise.

'And Schiller did actually, at Mannheim, find himself in a 'bad and difficult position. The Superintendent of the cele- 'brated Mannheim Theatre, the greatly powerful Imperial 'Baron von Dalberg, with whom Schiller, since the bringing 'out of his *Robbers*, had stood in lively correspondence, drew 'back when Schiller himself was here; and kept the Poet 'at a distance as a political Fugitive; leaving him to shift as 'he could. In vain had Schiller explained to him, in manly 'open words, his economic straits, and begged from him a 'loan of 300 gulden' (30*l.*) 'to pay therewith a pressing 'debt in Stuttgart, and drag himself along, and try to get 'started in the world. Dalberg returned the *Fiesco*, Schiller's 'new republican Tragedy, which had been sent him, with the 'declaration that he could advance no money on the *Fiesco* in 'its present form; the Piece must first be remodelled to suit 'the stage. During this remodelling, which the otherwise so 'passionately vivid and hopeful Poet began without murmur, 'he lived entirely on the journey-money that had been saved up 'by the faithful Streicher, who would on no account leave him.'

What became of this good Streicher afterwards, I have inquired considerably, but with very little success. On the total exhaustion of their finance, Schiller and he had to part company,—Schiller for refuge at Bauerbach, as will soon be seen. Streicher continued about Mannheim, not as Schiller's fellow-lodger any longer, but always at his hand, passionately eager to serve him with all his faculties by night or by day; and they did not part finally till Schiller quitted Mannheim, two years hence, for Leipzig. After which they never met again. Streicher, in Mannheim, seems to have subsisted by his musical talent; and to have had some connection with the theatre in that capacity. In similar dim positions, with what shiftings, adventures and vicissitudes is quite unknown to me, he long survived Schiller, and, at least fifty years after these Mannheim struggles, wrote some Book of bright and loving Reminiscences concerning him, the exact *title* of which I can nowhere find,—though passages from it are copied by Biographer Schwab here and there. His affection for Schiller

is of the nature of worship rather, of constant adoration; and probably formed the sunshine to poor Streicher's life. Schiller nowhere mentions him in his writings or correspondences, after that final parting at Mannheim, 1784.

'The necessities of the two Friends reached by and by 'such a height that Schiller had to sell his Watch, although 'they had already for several weeks been subsisting on loans. 'To all which now came Dalberg's overwhelming message, 'that even this Remodelling of *Fiesco* could not be service-'able; and of course could not have money paid for it. Schil-'ler thereupon, at once resolute what to do, walked off to the 'worthy Bookseller Schwan,' with whom he was already on a trustful, even grateful footing; 'and sold him his MS. at one 'louis-d'or the sheet. At the same time, too, he recognised 'the necessity of quitting Mannheim, and finding a new asylum 'in Saxony; seeing, withal, his farther continuance here might 'be as dangerous for him as it was a matter of apprehension 'to his Friends. For although the Duke of Würtemberg under-'took nothing that was hostile to him, and his Family at Soli-'tüde experienced no annoyance, yet the impetuous Prince 'might, any day, take it into his head to have him put in 'prison. In the ever-livelier desire after a securely-hidden 'place of abode, where he might execute in peace his poetic 'plans and enterprises, Schiller suddenly took up an earlier 'purpose, which had been laid aside.

'In the Stuttgart time he had known Wilhelm von Wol-'zogen, by and by his Brother-in-law' (they married two sisters), 'who, with three Brothers, had been bred in the Karl's 'School. The two had, indeed, during the academic time, 'Wolzogen being some years younger, had few points of con-'tact, and were not intimate. But now on the appearance of 'the *Robbers*, Wolzogen took a cordial affection and enthu-'siasm for the widely-celebrated Poet, and on closer acquaint-'ance with Schiller, also affected his Mother,—who as Widow, 'for her three Sons' sake, lived frequently at Stuttgart,—with a 'deep and zealous sympathy in Schiller's fate. Schiller had, 'with a truly childlike trust, confided himself to this excellent 'Lady, and after his Arrest,—a bitter consequence of his se-'cret visit to Mannheim,—had confessed to her his purpose to 'run away. Frau von Wolzogen, who feared no sacrifice when 'the question was of the fortune of her friends, had then of-

'fered him her family mansion, Bauerbach near Meiningen, 'as a place of refuge. Schiller's notion had also been to fly 'thither; though, deceived by false hopes, he changed that 'purpose. He now wrote at once to Stuttgart, and announced 'to Frau von Wolzogen his wish to withdraw for some time 'to Bauerbach.' To which, as is well known, the assent was ready and zealous.

'Before quitting Mannheim, Schiller could not resist the long-'ing wish to see his Parents yet one time; and wrote to them 'accordingly, 19 Nov. 1782, in visible haste and excitement:

"Best Parents,—As I am at present in Mannheim, and am to go "away forever in five days, I wished to prepare for myself and you the "one remaining satisfaction of seeing one another once more. Today "is the 19th, on the 21st you receive this Letter;—if you therefore, "without the least delay (that is indispensable), leave Stuttgart, you "might on the 22d be at the Post-house in Bretten, which is about half "way from Mannheim, and where you would find me. I think it would "be best if Mamma and Christophine, under the pretext of going to "Ludwigsburg to Wolzogen, should make this journey. Take the Frau "Vischerin" (a Captain's Widow, sung of under the name of "Laura," with whom he had last lodged in Stuttgart) "and also Wolzogen with "you, as I wish to speak with both of them, perhaps for the last time, "Wolzogen excepted. I will give you a Karolin as journey-money; but "not till I see you at Bretten. By the prompt fulfilment of my Prayer, "I will perceive whether is still dear to you

"Your ever-grateful Son,

"SCHILLER."

From Mannheim, Bauerbach or Meiningen lies about 120 miles N.E.; and from Stuttgart almost as far straight North. Bretten, 'a little town on a hill, celebrated as Melancthon's 'Birthplace, his Father's house still standing there,' is some 35 miles S.E. of Mannheim, and as far N.W. from Stuttgart. From Mannheim, in this wise, it is not at all on the road to Meiningen, though only a few miles more remote in direct distance. Schiller's purpose had been, after this affectionate interview, to turn at once leftward and make for Meiningen, by what road or roads there were from Bretten thither. Schiller's poor guinea (Karolin) was not needed on this occasion; the rendezvous at Bretten being found impossible or inexpedient at the Stuttgart end of it. Our Author continues:

'Although this meeting, on which the loving Son and Bro-'ther wished to spend his last penny, did not take effect; yet

'this mournful longing of his, evident from the Letter, and from 'the purpose itself, must have touched the Father's heart with 'somewhat of a reconciliatory feeling. Schiller Senior writes 'accordingly, 8 December 1782, the very day after his Son's 'arrival in Bauerbach, to Bookseller Schwan in Mannheim: '"I have not noticed here the smallest symptom that his Du-"cal Durchlaucht has any thought of having my Son searched "for and prosecuted; and indeed his post here has long since "been filled up; a circumstance which visibly indicates that "they can do without him." This Letter to Schwan concludes 'in the following words, which are characteristic: "He (my "Son) has, by his untimely withdrawal, against the advice of "his true friends, plunged himself into this difficult position; "and it will profit him in soul and body that he feel the pain "of it, and thereby become wiser for the future. I am not "afraid, however, that want of actual necessaries should come "upon him, for in such case I should feel myself obliged to "lend a hand."

'And in effect Schiller, during his abode in Bauerbach, 'did once or twice receive little subventions of money from his 'Father, although never without earnest and not superfluous 'admonition to become more frugal, and take better heed in 'laying-out his money. For economics were, by Schiller's 'own confession, "not at all his talent; it cost him less," 'he says, "to execute a whole conspiracy and tragedy-plot "than to adjust his scheme of housekeeping."—At this time 'it was never the Father himself who wrote to Schiller, but 'always Christophine, by his commission; and on the other 'hand, Schiller too never risked writing directly to his Father, 'as he felt but too well how little on his part had been done 'to justify the flight in his Father's eyes. He writes accord-'ingly, likewise on that 8th December 1782, to his Publisher 'Schwan: "If you can accelerate the printing of my *Fiesco*, "you will very much oblige me by doing so. You know that "nothing but the prohibition to become an Author drove me "out of the Würtemberg service. If I now, on this side, don't "soon let my native country hear of me, they will say the step "I took was useless and without real motive."

'In Bauerbach Schiller lived about eight months, under 'the name of Doctor Ritter, unknown to everybody; and only 'the Court-Librarian, Reinwald, in Meiningen, afterwards his

'Brother-in-law,' as we shall see, 'in whom he found a solid 'friend, had been trusted by Frau von Wolzogen with the name 'and true situation of the mysterious stranger. The most of 'Schiller's time here was spent in dramatic labours, enterprises 'and dreams. The outcome of all these were his third civic Tra- 'gedy, *Louise Miller*, or *Kabale und Liebe*, which was finished in 'February 1783, and the settling on *Don Carlos* as a new tragic 'subject. Many reasons, meanwhile, in the last eight months, 'had been pushing Schiller into the determination to leave his 'asylum, and anew turn towards Mannheim. A passionate, 'though unreturned attachment to Charlotte von Wolzogen at 'that time filled Schiller's soul; and his removal therefore 'must both to Frau von Wolzogen for her own and her 'Daughter's sake, and to Schiller himself, have appeared de- 'sirable. It was Frau von Wolzogen's own advice to him to 'go for a short time to Mannheim, there to get into clear 'terms with Dalberg, who had again begun corresponding with 'him: so, in July 1783, Schiller bade his solitary, and, by 'this time dear and loved, abode a hasty adieu; and, much 'contrary to fond hope, never saw it again.

'In September 1783, his bargainings with Dalberg had 'come to this result, That for a fixed salary of 500 gulden,' 50*l.* a year, 'he was appointed Theatre-Poet here. By this 'means, to use his own words, the way was open to him gra- 'dually to pay-off a considerable portion of his debts, and so 'escape from the drowning whirlpool, and remain an honest 'man. Now, furthermore, he thought it permissible to show 'himself to his Family with a certain composure of attitude; 'and opened straightway a regular correspondence with his Pa- 'rents again. And Captain Schiller volunteers a stiff-starched 'but true and earnest Letter to the Baron Dalberg himself; 'most humbly thanking that gracious nobleman for such be- 'neficent favour shown my poor Son; and begs withal the 'far stranger favour that Dalberg would have the extreme 'goodness to appoint the then inexperienced young man some 'true friend who might help him to arrange his housekeeping, 'and in moral things might be his Mentor!

'Soon after this, an intermittent fever threw the Poet on 'a sick-bed; and lamed him above five weeks from all capacity 'of mental labour. Not even in June of the following year 'was the disease quite overcome. Visits, acquaintanceships,

'all kinds of amusements, and more than anything else, over-'hasty attempts at work, delayed his cure;—so that his Fa-'ther had a perfect right to bring before him his, Schiller's, 'own blame in the matter: "That thou"' (*Er*, He; the then usual tone towards servants and children) '"for eight "whole months hast weltered about with intermittent fever, "surely that does little honour to thy study of medicine; and "thou wouldst, with great justice, have poured the bitterest "reproaches on any Patient who, in a case like thine, had not "held himself to the diet and regimen that were prescribed to "him!"—

'In Autumn 1783, there seized Schiller so irresistible a long-'ing to see his kindred again, that he repeatedly expressed to 'his Father the great wish he had for a meeting, either at 'Mannheim or some other place outside the Würtemberg bor-'ders. To the fulfilment of this scheme there were, however, 'in the sickness which his Mother had fallen into, in the fet-'tered position of the Father, and in the rigorously frugal 'economies of the Family, insuperable obstacles. Whereupon 'his Father made him the proposal, that he, Friedrich, either 'himself or by him, the Captain, should apply to the Duke 'Karl's Serene Highness; and petition him for permission to 'return to his country and kindred. As Schiller to this ans-'wered nothing, Christophine time after time pressingly re-'peated to him the Father's proposal. At the risk of again 'angering his Father, Schiller gave, in his answer to Christo-'phine, of 1st January 1784, the decisive declaration that his 'honour would frightfully suffer if he, without connection with 'any other Prince, without character and lasting means of sup-'port, after his forceful withdrawal from Würtemberg, should 'again show face there. "That my Father," adds he, as ground 'of this refusal, "give his name to such a petition can help "me little; for every one will at once, so long as I cannot make "it plain that I no longer need the Duke of Würtemberg, sus-"pect in a return, obtained on petition (by myself or by an-"other is all one), a desire to get settled in Würtemberg again. "Sister, consider with serious attention these circumstances; "for the happiness of thy Brother may, by rash haste in this "matter, suffer an incurable wound. Great part of Germany "knows my relations to your Duke and of the way I left him. "People have interested themselves for me at the expense of

" this Duke; how horribly would the respect of the public (and " on this depends my whole future fortune), how miserably " would my own honour sink by the suspicion that I had sought " this return; that my circumstances had forced me to repent " my former step; that the support which I had sought in the " wide world had misgone, and I was seeking it anew in my " Birthland! The open manlike boldness, which I showed in " my forceful withdrawal, would get the name of a childish " outburst of mutiny, a stupid bit of impotent bluster, if I do " not make it good. Love for my dear ones, longing for my " Fatherland might perhaps excuse me in the heart of this or " the other candid man; but the world makes no account of " all that.

" For the rest, if my Father is determined to do it, I can- " not hinder him; only this I say to thee, Sister, that in case " even the Duke would permit it, I will not show myself on " Würtemberg ground till I have at least a character (for which " object I shall zealously labour); and that in case the Duke " refuses, I shall not be able to restrain myself from avenging " the affront thereby put upon me by open fooleries (*sottisen*) " and expressions of myself in print."

'The intended Petition to the Duke was not drawn out,— ' and Father Schiller overcame his anger on the matter; as, ' on closer consideration of the Son's aversion to this step, he ' could not wholly disapprove him. Yet he did not hide from ' Schiller Junior the steadfast wish that he would in some way ' or other try to draw near to the Duke; at any rate he, Father ' Schiller, " hoped to God that their parting would not last for- " ever; and that, in fine, he might still live to see his only Son " near him again."

'In Mannheim Schiller's financial position, in spite of his ' earnest purpose to manage wisely, grew by degrees worse ' rather than better. Owing to the many little expenses laid ' upon him by his connections in society, his income would ' not suffice; and the cash-box was not seldom run so low that ' he had not wherewithal to support himself next day. Of as- ' sistance from home, with the rigorous income of his Father, ' which scarcely amounted to 40*l.* a year, there could nothing ' be expected; and over and above, the Father himself had, in ' this respect, very clearly spoken his mind. " Parents and " Sisters," said Schiller Senior, " have as just a right as they

" have a confidence, in cases of necessity, to expect help and " support from a Son." To fill to overflowing the measure of ' the Poet's economical distress, there now stept forth suddenly ' some secret creditors of his in Stuttgart, demanding imme- ' diate payment. Whereupon, in quick succession, there came ' to Captain Schiller, to his great terror, two drafts from the ' Son, requiring of him, the one 10*l.*, the other 5*l.* The Cap- ' tain, after stern reflection, determined at last to be good for ' both demands; but wrote to the Son that he only did so in ' order that his, the Son's, labour might not be disturbed; and in ' the confident anticipation that the Son, regardful of his poor ' Sisters and their bit of portion, would not leave him in the lurch.

' But Schiller, whom still other debts in Stuttgart, un- ' known to his Father, were pressing hard, could only repay ' the smaller of these drafts; and thus the worthy Father saw ' himself compelled to pay the larger, the 10*l.*, out of the sav- ' ings he had made for outfit of his Daughters. Whereupon, ' as was not undeserved, he took his Son tightly to task, and ' wrote to him: "As long as thou, my Son, shalt make thy " reckoning on resources that are still to come, and therefore " are still subject to chance and mischance, so long wilt thou con- " tinue in thy mess of embarrassments. Furthermore, as long " as thou thinkest, This gulden or batzen (shilling or farthing) " can't help me to get over it; so long will thy debts become " never the smaller: and, what were a sorrow to me, thou wilt " not be able, after a heavy labour of head got done, to recreate " thyself in the society of other good men. But, withal, to make " recreation-days of that kind more numerous than work-days, " that surely will not turn out well. Best Son, thy abode in " Bauerbach has been of that latter kind. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ!* " For these thou art now suffering, and that not by accident. " The embarrassment thou now art in is verily a work of Higher " Providence, to lead thee off from too great trust in thy own " force; to make thee soft and contrite; that, laying aside all " selfwill, thou mayest follow more the counsel of thy Father " and other true friends; must meet every one with due re- " spectful courtesy and readiness to oblige; and become ever " more convinced that our most gracious Duke, in his restric- " tive plans, meant well with thee; and that altogether thy " position and outlooks had now been better, hadst thou com- " plied, and continued in thy country. Many a time I find

" thou hast wayward humours, that make thee to thy truest " friend scarcely endurable; stiff ways which repel the best- " wishing man;—for example, when I sent thee my excellent " old friend Herr Amtmann Cramer from Altdorf near Speier, " who had come to Herr Hofrath Schwan's in the end of last " year, thy reception of him was altogether dry and stingy, " though by my Letter I had given thee so good an opportu- " nity to seek the friendship of this honourable, rational and " influential man (who has no children of his own), and to try " whether he might not have been of help to thee. Thou wilt " do well, I think, to try and make good this fault on another " opportunity."

'At the same time the old man repeatedly pressed him to ' return to Medicine, and graduate in Heidelberg: " a theatre- " poet in Germany," he signified, " was but a small light; and " as he, the Son, with all his Three Pieces, had not made any " footing for himself, what was to be expected of the future " ones, which might not be of equal strength! Doctorship, " on the other hand, would give him a sure income and repu- " tation as well."—Schiller himself was actually determined ' to follow his Father's advice as to Medicine; but this project ' and others of the same, which were sometimes taken up, went ' to nothing, now and always, for want of money to begin with.

'Amid these old tormenting hindrances, affronts and em- ' barrassments, Schiller had also many joyful experiences, to ' which even his Father was not wholly indifferent. To these ' belong, besides many others, his reception into the *Kur-* ' *pfälzische Deutsche Gesellschaft*,' German Society of the Elec- toral Palatinate, ' of this year; which he himself calls a great ' step for his establishment; as well as the stormy applause ' with which his third Piece, *Kabale und Leibe*, came upon the ' boards, in March following. His Father acknowledged re- ' ceipt of this latter Work with the words, " That I possess a " copy of thy new Tragedy I tell nobody; for I dare not, on " account of certain passages, let any one notice that it has " pleased me." Nevertheless the Piece, as already *The Rob-* ' *bers* had done, came in Stuttgart also to the acting point; ' and was received with loud approval. Schiller now, with ' new pleasure and inspiration, laid hands on his *Don Carlos;* ' and with the happy progress of this Work, there began for ' him a more confident temper of mind, and a clearing-up of

'horizon and outlook; which henceforth only transiently yielded 'to embarrassments in his outer life.

'Soon after this, however, there came upon him an unex- 'pected event so suddenly and painfully that, in his extremest 'excitement and misery, he fairly hurt the feelings of his Fa- 'ther by unreasonable requirements of him, and reproaches on 'their being refused. A principal Stuttgart Cautioner of his, 'incessantly pressed upon by the stringent measures of the 'creditors there, had fairly run off, saved himself by flight, from 'Stuttgart, and been seized in Mannheim, and there put in 'jail. Were not this Prisoner at once got out, Schiller's hon- 'our and peace of conscience were at stake. And so, before 'his (properly Streicher's) Landlord, the Architect Hölzel, 'could get together the required 300 gulden, and save this un- 'lucky friend, the half-desperate Poet had written home, and 'begged from his Father that indispensable sum. And on 'the Father's clear refusal, had answered him with a very un- 'filial Letter. Not till after the lapse of seven weeks, did the 'Father reply; in a Letter, which, as a luminous memorial of 'his faithful honest father-heart and of his considerate just 'character as a man, deserves insertion here:

"Very unwilling," writes he, "am I to proceed to the ans- "wering of thy last Letter, 21st November, of the past year; "which I could rather wish never to have read than now to "taste again the bitterness contained there. Not enough that "thou, in the beginning of the said Letter, very undeservedly "reproachest me, as if I could and should have raised the 300 "gulden for thee,—thou continuest to blame me, in a very "painful way, for my inquiries about thee on this occasion. "Dear Son, the relation between a good Father and his Son "fallen into such a strait, who, although gifted with many "faculties of mind, is still, in all that belongs to true great- "ness and contentment, much mistaken and astray, can never "justify the Son in taking up as an injury what the Father "has said out of love, out of consideration and experience of "his own, and meant only for his Son's good. As to what "concerns those 300 gulden, every one, alas, who knows my "position here, knows that it cannot be possible for me to "have even 50 gulden, not to speak of 300, before me in "store; and that I should borrow such a sum, to the still "further disadvantage of my other children, for a Son, who of

" the much that he has promised me has been able to perform " so little, — there, for certain, were I an unjust Father." ' Farther on, the old man takes him up on another side, a pri- ' vate family affair. Schiller had, directly and through others, ' in reference to the prospect of a marriage between his elder ' Sister Christophine and his friend Reinwald the Court Li- ' brarian of Meiningen, expressed himself in a doubting manner, ' and thereby delayed the settlement of this affair. In regard ' to which his Father tells him:

" And now I have something to remark in respect of thy " Sister. As thou, my Son, partly straight out, and partly " through Frau von Kalb, hast pictured Reinwald in a way to " deter both me and thy Sister in counselling and negotiating " in the way we intended, the affair seems to have become " quite retrograde: for Reinwald, these two months past, has " not written a word more. Whether thou, my Son, didst " well to hinder a match not unsuitable for the age, and the " narrow pecuniary circumstances of thy Sister, God, who sees " into futurity, knows. As I am now sixty-one years of age, and " can leave little fortune when I die; and as thou, my Son, " how happily soever thy hopes be fulfilled, wilt yet have to " struggle, years long, to get out of these present embarrass- " ments, and arrange thyself suitably; and as, after that, thy " own probable marriage will always require thee to have more " thy own advantages in view, than to be able to trouble thy- " self much about those of thy Sisters;—it would not, all things " considered, have been ill if Christophine had got a settle- " ment. She would quite certainly, with her apparent regard " for Reinwald, have been able to fit herself into his ways and " him; all the better as she, God be thanked, is not yet smit " with ambition, and the wish for great things, and can suit " herself to all conditions."

The Reinwald marriage did take place by and by, in spite of Schiller Junior's doubts; and had not Christophine been the paragon of Wives, might have ended very ill for all parties.

' After these incidents, Schiller bent his whole strength to ' disengage himself from the crushing burden of his debts, ' and to attain the goal marked out for him by his Parents' ' wishes,—an enduring settlement and steady way of life. Two ' things essentially contributed to enliven his activity, and ' brighten his prospects into the future. One was, the original

'beginning, which falls in next June 1784, of his friendly in-
'timacy with the excellent Körner; in whom he was to find
'not only the first founder of his outer fortune in life, but also
'a kindred spirit, and cordial friend such as he had never be-
'fore had. The second was, that he made, what shaped his
'future lot, acquaintance with Duke Karl August of Weimar;
'who, after hearing him read the first act of *Don Carlos* at the
'Court of Darmstadt, had a long conversation with the Poet,
'and officially, in consequence of the same, bestowed on him
'the title of Rath. This new relation to a noble German
'Prince gave him a certain standing-ground for the future;
'and at the same time improved his present condition, by
'completely securing him in respect of any risk from Wür-
'temberg. The now Schiller, as Court-Counsellor (*Hofrath*)
'to the Duke of Weimar; distinguished in this way by a
'Prince, who was acquainted with the Muses, and accustomed
'only to what was excellent,—stept forth in much freer atti-
'tude, secure of his position and himself, than the poor fugi-
'tive under ban of law had done.

'Out of this, however, and the fact resulting from it, that he
'now assumed a more decisive form of speech in the Periodical
'"*Thalia*" founded by him, and therein spared the players
'as little as the public, there grew for him so many and such
'irritating brabbles and annoyances that he determined to
'quit his connection with the Theatre, leave Mannheim alto-
'gether; and, at Leipzig with his new title of Rath, to begin
'a new honourable career. So soon as the necessary moneys
'and advices from his friend' (Körner) 'had arrived, he re-
'paired thither, end of March 1785; and remained there all
'the summer. In October of the same year, he followed his
'friend Körner to Dresden; and found in the family of this
'just-minded, clear-seeing man the purest and warmest sym-
'pathy for himself and his fortunes. The year 1787 led him
'at last to Weimar. But here too he had still long to struggle,
'under the pressure of poverty and want of many things, while
'the world, in ever-increasing admiration, was resounding with
'his name, till, in 1789, his longing for a civic existence, and
'therewith the intensest wish of his Parents, was fulfilled.

'Inexpressible was the joy of the now elderly Father to
'see his deeply-beloved Son, after so many roamings, mis-
'chances and battles, at last settled as Professor in Jena; and

'soon thereafter, at the side of an excellent Wife, happy at a 'hearth of his own. The economic circumstances of the Son 'were now also shaped to the Father's satisfaction. If his 'College salary was small, his literary labours, added thereto, 'yielded him a sufficient income; his Wife moreover had come 'to him quite fitted out, and her Mother had given all that be-'longs to a household. "Our economical adjustment," writes 'Schiller to his Father, some weeks after their marriage, "has "fallen out, beyond all my wishes, well; and the order, the dig-"nity which I see around me here serves greatly to exhilarate "my mind. Could you but for a moment get to me, you would "rejoice at the happiness of your Son."

'Well satisfied and joyful of heart, from this time, the 'Father's eye followed his Son's career of greatness and re-'nown upon which the admired Poet every year stepped on-'wards, powerfuler, and richer in results, without ever, even 'transiently, becoming strange to his Father's house and his 'kindred there. Quite otherwise, all letters of the Son to 'Father and Mother bear the evident stamp of true-hearted, 'grateful and pious filial love. He took, throughout, the hearti-'est share in all, even the smallest, events that befell in his 'Father's house; and in return communicated to his loved 'ones all of his own history that could soothe and gratify them. 'Of this the following Letter, written by him, 26th October '1791, on receipt of a case of wine sent from home, furnishes a 'convincing proof:

"Dearest Father,—I have just returned with my dear Lotte from "Rudolstadt" (her native place), "where I was passing part of my holi-"days; and find your Letter. Thousand thanks for the thrice-welcome "news you give me there, of the improving health of our dear Mother, "and of the general welfare of you all. The conviction that it goes well "with you, and that none of my dear loved ones is suffering, heightens "for me the happiness which I enjoy here at the side of my dear Lotte.

"You are careful, even at this great distance, for your children, and "gladden our little household with gifts. Heartiest thanks from us both "for the Wine you have sent; and with the earliest carriage-post the "Reinwalds shall have their share. Day after tomorrow we will cele-"brate your Birthday as if you were present, and with our whole heart "drink your health.

"Here I send you a little production of my pen, which may perhaps "give pleasure to my dear Mother and Sisters; for it should be at least "written for ladies. In the year 1790, Wieland edited the *Historical*

" *Calendar*, and in this of 1791 and in the 1792 that will follow, I have " undertaken the task. Insignificant as a *Calendar* seems to be, it is " that kind of book which the Publishers can circulate the most exten- " sively, and which accordingly brings them the best payment. To the " Authors also they can, accordingly, offer much more. For this Essay " on the *Thirty-Years War* they have given me 80 Louis-d'or, and I " have in the middle of my Lectures written it in four weeks. Print, " copperplates, binding, Author's honorarium cost the Publisher 4,500 " *reichsthaler* (675*l.*), and he counts on a sale of 7,000 copies or more.

"28*th.* Today," so he continues, after some remarks on a good old friend of his Father's, written after interruption,—" Today is your Birth- " day, dearest Father, which we both celebrate with a pious joy that " Heaven has still preserved you sound and happy for us thus far. May " Heaven still watch over your dear life and your health, and preserve " your days to the latest age, that so your grateful Son may be able to " spread, with all the power he has, joy and contentment over the even- " ing of your life, and pay the debts of filial duty to you!

"Farewell, my dearest Father; loving kisses to our dearest Mother, " and my dear Sisters. We will soon write again.

"The Wine has arrived in good condition; once more receive our " hearty thanks.—Your grateful and obedient Son

"FRIEDRICH."

'In the beginning of this year (1791) the Poet had been 'seized with a violent and dangerous affection of the chest. 'The immediate danger was now over; but his bodily health 'was, for the rest of his life, shattered to ruin, and required, 'for the time coming, especially for the time just come, all 'manner of soft treatment and repose. The worst therefore 'was to be feared if his friends and he could not manage to 'place him, for the next few years, in a position freer from 'economic cares than now. Unexpectedly, in this difficulty, 'help appeared out of Denmark. Two warm admirers of Schil- 'ler's genius, the then hereditary Prince of Holstein-Augusten- 'burg' (Grandfather of the Prince Christian now, 1872, con- spicuous in our English Court), 'and Count von Schimmel- 'mann, offered the Poet a pension of 1,000 thalers' (150*l.*) 'for 'three years; and this with a fineness and delicacy of manner, 'which touched the recipient more even than the offer itself did, 'and moved him to immediate assent. The Pension was to 'remain a secret; but how could Schiller prevail on himself to 'be silent of it to his Parents? With tears of thankfulness the 'Parents received this glad message; in their pious minds they 'gathered out of this the beneficent conviction that their Son's

'heavy sorrows, and the danger in which his life hung, had 'only been decreed by Providence to set in its right light the 'love and veneration which he far and near enjoyed. Schiller 'himself this altogether unexpected proof of tenderest sym- 'pathy in his fate visibly cheered, and strengthened even in 'health; at lowest, the strength of his spirit, which now felt 'itself free from outward embarrassments, subdued under it 'the weakness of his body.

'In the middle of the year 1793, the love of his native 'country, and the longing after his kindred, became so lively 'in him that he determined, with his Wife, to visit Swabia. He 'writes to Körner: "The Swabian, whom I thought I had alto- "gether got done with, stirs himself strongly in me; but indeed "I have been eleven years parted from Swabia; and Thüringen "is not the country in which I can forget it." In August he 'set out, and halted first in the then *Reichstadt* (Imperial Free-town) 'Heilbronn, where he found the friendliest re- 'ception; and enjoyed the first indescribable emotion in seeing 'again his Parents, Sisters and early friends. "My dear "ones," writes he to Körner, 27th August, from Heilbronn, "I "found well to do, and, as thou canst suppose, greatly rejoiced "to meet me again. My Father, in his seventieth year, is the "image of a healthy old age; and any one who did not know "his years would not count them above sixty. He is in con- "tinual activity, and this it is which keeps him healthy and "youthful." In large draughts the robust old man enjoyed the 'pleasure, long forborne, of gazing into the eyes of his Son, 'who now stood before him a completed man. He knew not 'whether more to admire than love him; for, in his whole 'appearance, and all his speeches and doings, there stamped 'itself a powerful lofty spirit, a tender loving heart, and a pure 'noble character. His youthful fire was softened, a mild seri- 'ousness and a friendly dignity did not leave him even in jest; 'instead of his old neglect in dress, there had come a dignified 'elegance; and his lean figure and his pale face completed the 'interest of his look. To this was yet added the almost won- 'derful gift of conversation upon the objects that were dear to 'him, whenever he was not borne down by attacks of illness.

'From Heilbronn, soon after his arrival, Schiller wrote to 'Duke Karl, in the style of a grateful former Pupil, whom con-

'tradictory circumstances had pushed away from his native 'country. He got no answer from the Duke; but from Stutt-'gart friends he did get sure tidings that the Duke, on receipt 'of this Letter, had publicly said, If Schiller came into Wür-"temberg Territory, he, the Duke, would take no notice. To 'Schiller Senior, too, he had at the same time granted the 'humble petition that he might have leave to visit his Son in 'Heilbronn now and then.

'Under these circumstances, Schiller, perfectly secure, vi-'sited Ludwigsburg and even Solitüde, without, as he himself 'expressed it, asking permission of the "Schwabenkönig." 'And, in September, in the near prospect of his Wife's confine-'ment, he went altogether to Ludwigsburg, where he was a 'good deal nearer to his kindred; and moreover, in the clever Court-Doctor von Hoven, a friend of his youth, hoped to find 'counsel, help and enjoyment. Soon after his removal, Schiller 'had, in the birth of his eldest Son, Karl, the sweet happiness 'of first paternal joy; and with delight saw fulfilled what he 'had written to a friend shortly before his departure from Jena: "I shall taste the joys of a Son and of a Father, and it will, "between these two feelings of Nature, go right well with me."

'The Duke, ill of gout, and perhaps feeling that death was 'nigh, seemed to make a point of strictly ignoring Schiller; and 'laid not the least hindrance in his way. On the contrary, he 'granted Schiller Senior, on petition, the permission to make 'use of a certain Bath as long as he liked; and this Bath lay 'so near Ludwigsburg that he could not but think the mean-'ing merely was, that the Father wished to be nearer his Son. 'Absence was at once granted by the Duke, useful and neces-'sary as the elder Schiller always was to him at home. For 'the old man, now Major Schiller, still carried on his over-'seeing of the Ducal Gardens and Nurseries at Solitüde, and 'his punctual diligence, fidelity, intelligence and other excel-'lences in that function had long been recognised.

'In a few weeks after, 24th October 1793, Duke Karl died; 'and was, by his illustrious Pupil, regarded as in some sort a 'paternal friend. Schiller thought only of the great qualities 'of the deceased, and of the good he had done him; not 'of the great faults which as Sovereign, and as man, he had 'manifested. Only to his most familiar friend did he write: "The death of old Herod has had no influence either on me

" or my Family,—except indeed that all men who had immedi-
" ately to do with that Sovereign Herr, as my Father had, are
" glad now to have the prospect of a man before them. That
" the new Duke is, in every good, and also in every bad mean-
" ing of the word." Withal, however, his Father, to whom
' naturally the favour of the new Duke, Ludwig Eugen, was of
' importance, could not persuade Schiller to welcome him to
' the Sovereignty with a poem. To Schiller's feelings it was
' unendurable to awaken, for the sake of an external advantage
' from the new Lord, any suspicions as if he welcomed the death
' of the old.'[12]

Christophine, Schiller's eldest Sister, whom he always loved the most, was not here in Swabia ;—long hundred miles away, poor Christophine, with her sickly and gloomy Husband at Meiningen, these ten years past !—but the younger two, Luise and Nanette, were with him, the former daily at his hand. Luise was then twenty-seven, and is described as an excellent domestic creature, amiable, affectionate, even enthusiastic; yet who at an early period, though full of admiration about her Brother and his affairs, had turned all her faculties and tendencies upon domestic practicality, and the satisfaction of being useful to her loved ones in their daily life and wants.[13] ' Her
' element was altogether house-management ; the aim of her
' endeavour to attain the virtues by which she saw her pious
' Mother made happy herself, in making others happy in the
' narrow in-door kingdom. This quiet household vocation, with
' its manifold labours and its simple joys, was Luise's world;
' beyond which she needed nothing and demanded nothing.
' From her Father she had inherited this feeling for the prac-
' tical, and this restless activity ; from the Mother her piety,
' compassion and kindliness ; from both, the love of order,
' regularity and contentment. Luise, in the weak state of
' Schiller's Wife's health, was right glad to take charge of her
' Brother's housekeeping ; and, first at Heilbronn and then at
' Ludwigsburg, did it to the complete satisfaction both of Bro-
' ther and Sister-in-law. Schiller himself gives to Körner the
' grateful testimony, that she " very well understands house-
" hold management."

' In this daily relation with her delicate and loving Brother,
' to whom Luise looked up with a sort of timid adoration, he

[12] *Saupe*, p. 60. [13] Ib. p. 136 et seqq.

'became ever dearer to her; with a silent delight, she would 'often look into the soft eyes of the great and wonderful 'man; from whose powerful spirit she stood so distant, and 'to whose rich heart so near. All-too rapidly for her flew-by 'the bright days of his abode in his home-land, and long she 'looked after the vanished one with sad longing; and Schiller 'also felt himself drawn closer to his Sister than before; by 'whose silent faithful working his abode in Swabia had been 'made so smooth and agreeable.'

Nanette he had, as will by and by appear, seen at Jena, on her Mother's visit there, the year before;—with admiration and surprise he then saw the little creature whom he had left a pretty child of five years old, now become a blooming maiden, beautiful to eye and heart, and had often thought of her since. She too was often in his house, at present; a loved and interesting object always. She had been a great success in the foreign Jena circle, last year; and had left bright memories there. This is what Saupe says afterwards, of her appearance at Jena, and now in Schiller's temporary Swabian home:

'She evinced the finest faculties of mind, and an uncom- 'mon receptivity and docility, and soon became to all that 'got acquainted with her a dear and precious object. To de- 'claim passages from her Brother's Poems was her greatest 'joy; she did her recitation well; and her Swabian accent 'and naïvety of manner gave her an additional charm for her 'new relatives, and even exercised a beneficent influence on 'the Poet's own feelings. With hearty pleasure his beaming 'eyes rested often on the dear Swabian girl, who understood 'how to awaken in his heart the sweet tones of childhood and 'home. "She is good," writes he of her to his friend Körner, "and it seems as if something could be made of her. She "is yet much the child of nature, and that is still the best she "could be, never having been able to acquire any reasonable "culture." With Schiller's abode in Swabia, from August 1793 'till May 1794, Nanette grew still closer to his heart, and in 'his enlivening and inspiring neighbourhood her spirit and 'character shot out so many rich blossoms, that Schiller on 'quitting his Father's house felt justified in the fairest hopes 'for the future.' Just before her visit to Jena, Schiller Senior writes to his Son: "It is a great pity for Nanette that I can- "not give her a better education. She has sense and talent

" and the best of hearts ; much too of my dear Fritz's turn of " mind, as he will himself see, and be able to judge."[14]

' For the rest, on what childlike confidential terms Schiller ' lived with his Parents at this time, one may see by the fol- ' lowing Letter, of 8th November 1793, from Ludwigsburg :

" Right sorry am I, dearest Parents, that I shall not be able to cele- " brate my Birthday, 11th November, along with you. But I see well " that good Papa cannot rightly risk just now to leave Solitüde at all,— " a visit from the Duke being expected there every day. On the whole, " it does not altogether depend on the day on which one is to be merry " with loved souls ; and every day on which I can be where my dear " Parents are shall be festal and welcome to me like a Birthday.

" About the precious little one here Mamma is not to be uneasy." ' (Here follow some more precise details about the health of this little ' Gold Son ; omitted.) " Of watching and nursing he has no lack ; that " you may believe ; and he is indeed, a little leanness excepted, very " lively and has a good appetite.

" I have been, since I made an excursion to Stuttgart, tolerably " well ; and have employed this favourable time to get a little forward " in my various employments which have been lying waste so long. For " this whole week, I have been very diligent, and getting on briskly. " This is also the cause that I have not written to you. I am always " supremely happy when I am busy and my labour speeds.

" For your so precious Portrait I thank you a thousand times, dearest " Father : yet glad as I am to possess this memorial of you, much glad- " der still am I that Providence has granted me to have you yourself, " and to live in your neighbourhood. But we must profit better by this " good time, and no longer make such pauses before coming together " again. If you once had seen the Duke at Solitüde and known how " you stand with him, there would be, I think, no difficulty in a short " absence of a few days, especially at this season of the year. I will " send up the carriage" (hired at Jena for the visit thither and back) " at " the very first opportunity, and leave it with you, to be ready always " when you can come.

" My and all our hearty and childlike salutations to you both, and " to the good Nane" (Nanette) " my brotherly salutation.

" Hoping soon for a joyful meeting,—Your obedient Son,

" FRIEDRICH SCHILLER."

' In the new-year time 1794, Schiller spent several agree- ' able weeks in Stuttgart ; whither he had gone primarily on ' account of some family matter which had required settling ' there. At least he informs his friend Körner, on the 17th ' March. from Stuttgart, " I hope to be not quite useless to

[14] *Saupe*, pp. 149-50.

" my Father here, though, from the connections in which I " stand, I can expect nothing for myself."

' By degrees, however, the sickly, often-ailing Poet began ' to long again for a quiet, uniform way of life; and this feel- ' ing, daily strengthened by the want of intellectual conversa- ' tion, which had become a necessary for him, grew at length ' so strong, that he, with an alleviated heart, thought of depar- ' ture from his Birth-land, and of quitting his loved ones; glad ' that Providence had granted him again to possess his Parents ' and Sisters for months long, and to live in their neighbour- ' hood. He gathered himself into readiness for the journey ' back; and returned, first to his original quarters at Heilbronn, ' and, in May 1794, with Wife and Child, to Jena.

' Major Schiller, whom the joy to see his Son and Grand- ' son seemed to have made young again, lived with fresh plea- ' sure in his idyllic calling; and in free hours busied himself ' with writing down his twenty-years experiences in the do- ' main of garden- and tree-culture,—in a Work, the printing ' and publication of which were got managed for him by his ' renowned Son. In November 1794 he was informed that ' the young Publisher of the first *Musen-Almanach* had ac- ' cepted his MS. for an honorarium of twenty-four Karolins; ' and that the same was already gone to press. Along with ' this, the good old Major was valued by his Prince, and by ' all who knew him. His subordinates loved him as a just ' impartial man; feared him, too, however, in his stringent love ' of order. Wife and children showed him the most reverent ' regard and tender love; but the Son was the ornament of ' his old age. He lived to see the full renown of the Poet, ' and his close connection with Goethe, through which he was ' to attain complete mastership and lasting composure. With ' hands quivering for joy the old man grasped the MSS. of ' his dear Son; which from Jena, *viâ* Cotta's Stuttgart Ware- ' houses, were before all things transmitted to him. In a ' paper from his hand, which is still in existence, there is found ' a touching expression of thanks, That God had given him ' such a joy in his Son. " And Thou Being of all beings," says ' he in the same, " to Thee did I pray, at the birth of my one " Son, that Thou wouldst supply to him in strength of intellect " and faculty what I, from want of learning, could not furnish;

" and Thou hast heard me. Thanks to Thee, most merciful " Being, that Thou hast heard the prayer of a mortal !"

'Schiller had left his loved ones at Solitüde whole and ' well ; and with the firm hope that he would see them all again. ' And the next-following years did pass untroubled over the ' prosperous Family. But "ill-luck," as the proverb says, "comes with a long stride." In the Spring of 1796, when the ' French, under Jourdan and Moreau, had overrun South Ger- ' many, there reached Schiller, on a sudden, alarming tidings ' from Solitüde. In the Austrian chief Hospital, which had ' been established in the Castle there, an epidemic fever had ' broken out; and had visited the Schiller Family among others. ' The youngest Daughter Nanette had sunk under this pes- ' tilence, in the flower of her years ; and whilst the second ' Daughter Luise lay like to die of the same, the Father also ' was laid bedrid with gout. For fear of infection, nobody ex- ' cept the Doctors would risk himself at Solitüde ; and so the ' poor weakly Mother stood forsaken there, and had, for months ' long, to bear alone the whole burden of the household dis- ' tress. Schiller felt it painfully that he was unable to help ' his loved ones, in so terrible a posture of affairs ; and it cost ' him great effort to hide these feelings from his friends. In ' his pain and anxiety, he turned himself at last to his eldest ' Sister Christophine, Wife of Hofrath Reinwald in Meiningen ; ' and persuaded her to go to Solitüde to comfort and support ' her people there. Had not the true Sister-heart at once ac- ' ceded to her Brother's wishes, he had himself taken the firm ' determination to go in person to Swabia, in the middle of ' May, and bring his Family away from Solitüde, and make ar- ' rangements for their nursing and accommodation. The news ' of his Sister's setting out relieved him of a great and con- ' tinual anxiety. "Heaven bless thee," writes he to her on the ' 6th May, "for this proof of thy filial love." He earnestly en- ' treats her to prevent his dear Parents from delaying, out of ' thrift, any wholesome means of improvement to their health ; ' and declares himself ready, with joy, to bear all costs, those ' of travelling included: she is to draw on Cotta in Tübingen ' for whatever money she needs. Her Husband also he thanks, ' in a cordial Letter, for his consent to this journey of his Wife.

'July 11, 1796, was born to the Poet, who had been in ' much trouble about his own household for some time, his

'second Son, Ernst. Great fears had been entertained for the 'Mother; which proving groundless, the happy event lifted a 'heavy burden from his heart; and he again took courage and 'hope. But soon after, on the 15th August, he writes again to 'the faithful Körner about his kinsfolk in Swabia: "From the "War we have not suffered so much; but all the more from "the condition of my Father, who, broken-down under an ob- "stinate and painful disease, is slowly wending towards death. "How sad this fact is, thou mayest think."

'Within few weeks after, 7th September 1796, the Father 'died; in his seventy-third year, after a sick-bed of eight months. 'Though his departure could not be reckoned other than a 'blessing, yet the good Son was deeply shattered by the news 'of it. What his filially faithful soul suffered, in these painful 'days, is touchingly imaged in two Letters, which may here 'make a fitting close to this Life-sketch of Schiller's Father. 'It was twelve days after his Father's death when he wrote to 'his Brother-in-law, Reinwald in Meiningen:

"Thou hast here news, dear Brother, of the release of our good Fa- "ther; which, much as it had to be expected, nay wished, has deeply "affected us all. The conclusion of so long and withal so active a life "is, even for bystanders, a touching object: what must it be to those "whom it so nearly concerns? I have to tear myself away from think- "ing of this painful loss, since it is my part to help the dear remaining "ones. It is a great comfort to thy Wife that she has been able to con- "tinue and fulfil her daughterly duty till her Father's last release. She "would never have consoled herself, had he died a few days after her "departure home.

"Thou understandest how in the first days of this fatal breach among "us, while so many painful things storm-in upon our good Mother, thy "Christophine could not have left, even had the Post been in free course. "But this still remains stopped, and we must wait the War-events on "the Franconian, Swabian and Palatinate borders. How much this "absence of thy Wife must afflict, I feel along with thee; but who can "fight against such a chain of inevitable destinies? Alas, public and "universal disorder rolls up into itself our private events too, in the "fatalest way.

"Thy Wife longs from her heart for home; and she only the more "deserves our regard that she, against her inclination and her interest, "resolved to be led only by the thought of her filial duties. Now, how- "ever, she certainly will not delay an hour longer with her return, the "instant it can be entered upon without danger and impossibility. Com- "fort her too when thou writest to her; it grieves her to know thee for- "saken, and to have no power to help thee.

"Fare right well, dear Brother.—Thine, SCHILLER."

'Nearly at the same time he wrote to his Mother:

"Grieved to the heart, I take up the pen to lament with you and my "dear Sisters the loss we have just sustained. In truth, for a good while "past I have expected nothing else: but when the inevitable actually "comes, it is always a sad and overwhelming stroke. To think that "one who was so dear to us, whom we hung upon with the feelings of "early childhood, and also in later years were bound to by respect and "love, that such an object is gone from the world, that with all our "striving we cannot bring it back,—to think of this is always something "frightful. And when, like you, my dearest best Mother, one has shared "with the lost Friend and Husband joy and sorrow for so many long "years, the parting is all the painfuler. Even when I look away from "what the good Father that is gone was to myself and to us all, I can- "not without mournful emotion contemplate the close of so steadfast "and active a life, which God continued to him so long, in such sound- "ness of body and mind, and which he managed so honourably and "well. Yes truly, it is not a small thing to hold out so faithfully upon "so long and toilsome a course; and like him, in his seventy-third year, "to part from the world in so childlike and pure a mood. Might I but, "if it cost me all his sorrows, pass away from my life as innocently as "he from his! Life is so severe a trial; and the advantages which Pro- "vidence, in some respects, may have granted me compared with him, "are joined with so many dangers for the heart and for its true peace!

"I will not attempt to comfort you and my dear Sisters. You all "feel, like me, how much we have lost; but you feel also that Death "alone could end these long sorrows. With our dear Father it is now "well; and we shall all follow him ere long. Never shall the image of "him fade from our hearts; and our grief for him can only unite us still "closer together.

"Five or six years ago it did not seem likely that you, my dear ones, "should, after such a loss, find a Friend in your Brother,—that I should "survive our dear Father. God has ordered it otherwise; and He grants "me the joy to feel that I may still be something to you. How ready "I am thereto, I need not assure you. We all of us know one another "in this respect, and are our dear Father's not unworthy children.

This earnest and manful lamentation, which contains also a just recognition of the object lamented, may serve to prove, think Saupe and others, what is very evident, that Caspar Schiller, with his stiff, military regulations, spirit of discipline and rugged, angular ways, was, after all, the proper Father for a wide-flowing, sensitive, enthusiastic, somewhat lawless Friedrich Schiller; and did beneficently compress him into something of the shape necessary for his task in this world.

II. THE MOTHER.

Of Schiller's Mother, Elisabetha Dorothea Kodweis, born at Marbach 1733, the preliminary particulars have been given above: That she was the daughter of an Innkeeper, Woodmeasurer and Baker; prosperous in the place when Schiller Senior first arrived there. We should have added, what Saupe omits, that the young Surgeon boarded in their house; and that by the term Woodmeasurer (*Holzmesser*, Measurer of Wood), is signified an Official Person appointed not only to measure and divide into portions the wood supplied as fuel from the Ducal or Royal Forests, but to be responsible also for payment of the same. In which latter capacity, Kodweis, as Father Schiller insinuates, was rash, imprudent and unlucky, and at one time had like to have involved that prudent, parsimonious Son-in-law in his disastrous economics. We have also said what Elisabetha's comely looks were, and particular features; pleasing and hopeful, more and more, to the strict young Surgeon, daily observant of her and them.

'In her circle,' Saupe continues, 'she was thought by her 'early playmates a kind of enthusiast; because she, with average 'faculties of understanding, combined deep feeling, true piety 'and love of Nature, a talent for Music, nay even for Poetry. 'But perhaps it was the very reverse qualities in her, the fact 'namely that what she wanted in culture, and it may be also 'in clearness and sharpness of understanding, was so richly 'compensated by warmth and lovingness of character,—per-'haps it was this which most attracted to her the heart of her 'deeply-reasonable Husband. And never had he cause to re-'pent his choice. For she was, and remained, as is unanim-'ously testified of her by trustworthy witnesses, an unpretend-'ing, soft and dutiful Wife; and, as all her Letters testify, had 'the tenderest mother-heart. She read a good deal, even after 'her marriage, little as she had of time for reading. Favourite 'Books with her were those on Natural History; but she liked 'best of all to study the Biographies of famous men, or to 'dwell in the spiritual poetising of an Utz, a Gellert and Klop-'stock. She also liked, and in some measure had the power, 'to express her own feelings in verses; which, with all their

'simplicity, show a sense for rhythm and some expertness in 'diction. Here is one instance; her salutation to the Hus- 'band who was her First-love, on New-year's day 1757, the 'ninth year of their as yet childless marriage:

O could I but have found forget-me-not in the Valley,
And roses beside it! Then had I plaited thee
In fragrant blossoms the garland for this New Year,
Which is still brighter to me than that of our Marriage was.

I grumble, in truth, that the cold North now governs us,
And every flowret's bud is freezing in the cold earth!
Yet one thing does not freeze, I mean my loving heart;
Thine that is, and shares with thee its joys and sorrows.[1]

'The Seven-Years War threw the young Wife into mani- 'fold anxiety and agitation; especially since she had become 'a Mother, and in fear for the life of her tenderly-loved Hus- 'band, had to tremble for the Father of her children too. To 'this circumstance Christophine ascribes, certainly with some 'ground, the world-important fact that her Brother had a much 'weaker constitution than herself. He had in fact been almost 'born in a camp. In late Autumn 1759, the Infantry Regiment 'of Major-General Romann, in which Caspar Schiller was then 'a Lieutenant, had, for sake of the Autumn Manœuvres of the 'Würtemberg Soldiery, taken Camp in its native region. The 'Mother had thereupon set out from Marbach to visit her long- 'absent Husband in the Camp; and it was in his tent that 'she felt the first symptoms of her travail. She rapidly hast- 'ened back to Marbach; and by good luck still reached her 'Father's house in the Market-place there, near by the great 'Fountain; where she, on the 11th November, was delivered 'of a Boy. For almost four years the little Friedrich with 'Christophine and Mother continued in the house of the well- 'contented Grandparents (who had not yet fallen poor), under 'her exclusive care. With self-sacrificing love and careful 'fidelity, she nursed her little Boy; whose tender body had to 'suffer not only from the common ailments of children, but

[1] *'O hätt ich doch im Thal Vergissmeinnicht gefunden*
Und Rosen nebenbei! Dann hät' ich Dir gewunden
In Blüthenduft den Kranz zu diesem neuen Jahr,
Der schöner noch als der am Hochzeittage war.

Ich zürne, traun, dass itzt der kalte Nord regieret,
Und jedes Blümchens Keim in kalter Erde frieret!
Doch eines frieret nicht, es ist mein liebend Herz,
Dein *ist es, theilt mit Dir die Freuden und den Schmerz.*

'was heavily visited with fits of cramp. In a beautiful region,
'on the bosom of a tender Mother, and in these first years far
'from the oversight of a rigorous Father, the Child grew up,
'and unfolded himself under cheerful and harmonious impres-
'sions.

'On the return of his Father from the War, little Fritz,
'now four years old, was quite the image of his Mother; long-
'necked, freckled and reddish-haired like her. It was the
'pious Mother's work, too, that a feeling of religion, early and
'vivid, displayed itself in him. The easily-receptive Boy was
'indeed keenly attentive to all that his Father, in their Family-
'circle, read to them, and inexhaustible in questions till he
'had rightly caught the meaning of it: but he listened with
'most eagerness when his Father read passages from the Bible,
'or vocally uttered them in prayer. "It was a touching sight,"
'says his eldest Sister, "the expression of devotion on the
"dear little Child's countenance. With its blue eyes directed
"towards Heaven, its high-blond hair about the clear brow,
"and its fast-clasped little hands. It was like an angel's head
"to look upon."

'With Father's return, the happy Mother conscientiously
'shared with him the difficult and important business of bring-
'ing up their Son; and both in union worked highly benefici-
'ally for his spiritual development. The practical and rigorous
'Father directed his chief aim to developing the Boy's intellect
'and character; the mild, pious, poetic-minded Mother, on
'the other hand, strove for the ennobling nurture of his temper
'and his imagination. It was almost exclusively owing to her
'that his religious feeling, his tender sense of all that was
'good and beautiful, his love of mankind, tolerance, and capa-
'bility of self-sacrifice, in the circle of his Sisters and play-
'mates, distinguished the Boy.

'On Sunday afternoons, when she went to walk with both
'the Children, she was wont to explain to them the Church-
'Gospel of the day. "Once," so stands it in Christophine's
'Memorials, "when we two, as children, had set out walking
"with dear Mamma to see our Grandparents, she took the way
"from Ludwigsburg to Marbach, which leads straight over the
"Hill," a walk of some four miles. "It was a beautiful Easter
"Monday, and our Mother related to us the history of the two
"Disciples to whom, on their journey to Emmaus, Jesus had

" joined himself. Her speech and narrative grew ever more " inspired; and when we got upon the Hill, we were all so " much affected that we knelt down and prayed. This Hill " became a Tabor to us."

' At other times she entertained the children with fairy-tales ' and magic histories. Already while in Lorch she had likewise ' led the Boy, so far as his power of comprehension and her ' own knowledge permitted, into the domains of German Poetry. ' Klopstock's *Messias*, Opitz's Poems, Paul Gerhard's and Gel- ' lert's pious Songs, were made known to him in this tender age, ' through his Mother; and were, for that reason, doubly dear. ' At one time also the artless Mother made an attempt on him ' with Hofmannswaldau;[2] but the sugary and windy tone of him ' hurt the tender poet-feeling of the Boy. With smiling dislike ' he pushed the Book away; and afterwards was wont to remark, ' when, at the new year, rustic congratulants with their foolish ' rhymes would too liberally present themselves, "Mother, " there is a new Hofmannswaldau at the door!" Thus did the ' excellent Mother guide forward the soul of her docile Boy, ' with Bible-passages and Church-symbols, with tales, histories ' and poems, into gradual form and stature. Never forgetting, ' withal, to awaken and nourish his sense for the beauties of ' Nature. Before long, Nature had become his dearest abode; ' and only love of that could sometimes tempt him to little ' abridgments of school-hours. Often, in the pretty region of ' Lorch, he wished the Sun goodnight in open song; or with ' childish pathos summoned Stuttgart's Painters to represent ' the wondrous formation and glorious colouring of the sunset ' clouds. If, in such a humour, a poor man met him, his over- ' flowing little heart would impel him to the most active pity; ' and he liberally gave away whatever he had by him and ' thought he could dispense with. The Father, who, as above ' indicated, never could approve or even endure such unreason- ' able giving-up of one's feelings to effeminate impressions, was ' apt to intervene on these occasions, even with manual punish- ' ment,—unless the Mother were at hand to plead the little ' culprit off.

' But nothing did the Mother forward with more eagerness,

[2] A once-celebrated Silesian of the 17th century, distinguished for his blusterous exaggerations, numb-footed caprioles, and tearing of a passion to rags;—now extinct.

'by every opportunity, than the kindling inclination of her Son 'to become a Preacher; which even showed itself in his sports. 'Mother or Sister had to put a little cowl on his head, and 'pin round him by way of surplice a bit of black apron; then 'would he mount a chair and begin earnestly to preach; rang- 'ing together in his own way, not without some traces of co- 'herency, all that he had retained from teaching and church- 'visiting in this kind, and interweaving it with verses of songs. 'The Mother, who listened attentively and with silent joy, 'put a higher meaning into this childish play; and, in thought, 'saw her Son already stand in the Pulpit, and work, rich in 'blessings, in a spiritual office. The spiritual profession was 'at that time greatly esteemed, and gave promise of an hon- 'ourable existence. Add to this, that the course of studies 'settled for young Würtemberg Theologians not only offered 'important pecuniary furtherances and advantages, but also 'morally the fewest dangers. And thus the prudent and withal 'pious Father, too, saw no reason to object to this inclination 'of the Son and wish of the Mother.

'It had almost happened, however, that the Latin School 'in Ludwigsburg (where our Fritz received the immediately 'preparatory teaching for his calling) had quite disgusted him 'with his destination for theology. The Teacher of Religion 'in the Institute, a narrow-minded, angry-tempered Pietist,' as we have seen, 'used the sad method of tormenting his scholars 'with continual rigorous, altogether soulless, drillings and 'trainings in matters of mere creed; nay he threatened often 'to whip them thoroughly if, in the repetition of the catechism, 'a single word were wrong. And thus to the finely-sensitive 'Boy instruction was making hateful to him what domestic 'influences had made dear. Yet these latter did outweigh and 'overcome, in the end; and he remained faithful to his purpose 'of following a spiritual career.

'When young Schiller, after the completion of his course 'at the Latin School, 1777, was to be confirmed, his Mother 'and her Husband came across to Ludwigsburg the day before 'that solemn ceremony. Just on their arrival, she saw her 'Son wandering idle and unconcerned about the streets; and 'impressively represented to him how greatly his indifference 'to the highest and most solemn transaction of his young life 'troubled her. Struck and affected hereby, the Boy withdrew;

'and, after a few hours, handed to his Parents a German 'Poem, expressive of his feelings over the approaching re-'newal of his baptismal covenant. The Father, who either 'hadn't known the occasion of this, or had looked upon his 'Son's idling on the street with less severe eyes, was highly 'astonished, and received him mockingly with the question, '"Hast thou lost thy senses, Fritz?" The Mother, on the other 'hand, was visibly rejoiced at that poetic outpouring, and with 'good cause. For, apart from all other views of the matter, 'she recognised in it how firmly her Son's inclination was fixed 'on the study of Theology.'—(This anecdote, if it were of any moment whatever, appears to be a little doubtful.)

'The painfuler, therefore, was it to the Mother's heart 'when her Son, at the inevitable entrance into the Karl's 'School, had to give-up Theology; and renounce withal, for a 'long time, if not forever, her farther guidance and influence. 'But she was too pious not to recognise by degrees, in this 'change also, a Higher Hand; and could trustfully expect the 'workings of the same. Besides, her Son clung so tenderly to 'her, that at least there was no separation of him from the 'Mother's heart to be dreaded. The heart-warm attachment 'of childish years to the creed taught him by his Mother might, 'and did, vanish; but not the attachment to his Mother her-'self, whose dear image often enough charmed back the pious 'sounds and forms of early days, and for a time scared away 'doubts and unbelief.

'Years came and went; and Schiller, at last, about the 'end of 1780, stept out of the Academy, into the actual world, 'which he as yet knew only by hearsay. Delivered from that 'long unnatural constraint of body and spirit, he gave free 'course to his fettered inclinations; and sought, as in Poetry 'so also in Life, unlimited freedom! The tumults of passion 'and youthful buoyancy, after so long an imprisonment, had 'their sway; and embarrassments in money, their natural con-'sequence, often brought him into very sad moods.

'In this season of time, so dangerous for the moral purity 'of the young man, his Mother again was his good Genius: 'a warning and request, in her soft tone of love, sufficed to 'recall youthful levity within the barriers again, and restore 'the balance. She anxiously contrived, too, that the Son, of-'ten and willingly, visited his Father's house. Whenever

'Schiller had decided to give himself a good day, he wan-
'dered out with some friend as far as Solitüde.' (Only some four or five miles.) '"What a baking and a roasting then went
"on by that good soul," says one who witnessed it, "for the
"dear Prodigy of a Son and the comrade who had come with
"him; for whom the good Mother never could do enough!
"Never have I seen a better maternal heart, a more excellent,
"more domestic, more womanly woman."

'The admiring recognition which the Son had already found
'among his youthful friends, and in wider circles, was no less
'grateful to her heart than the gradual perception that his
'powerful soul, welling forth from the interior to the outward
'man, diffused itself into his very features, and by degrees even
'advantageously altered the curvatures and the form of his
'body. His face about this time got rid of its freckles and
'irregularities of skin; and strikingly improved, moreover, by
'the circumstance that the hitherto rather drooping nose gradu-
'ally acquired its later aquiline form. And withal, the youth-
'ful Poet, with the growing consciousness of his strength and
'of his worth, assumed an imposing outward attitude; so that
'a witty Stuttgart Lady, whose house Schiller often walked past,
'said of him: "Regiment's Dr. Schiller steps out as if the Duke
"were one of his inferior servants!"

'The indescribable impression which the *Robbers*, the gi-
'gantic first-born of a Karl's Scholar, made in Stuttgart, com-
'municated itself to the Mother too; innocently she gave her-
'self up to the delight of seeing her Son's name wondered at and
'celebrated; and was, in her Mother-love, inventive enough to
'overcome all doubts and risks which threatened to dash her
'joy. By Christophine's mediations, and from the Son him-
'self as well, she learned many a disquieting circumstance,
'which for the present had to be carefully concealed from her
'Husband; but nothing whatever could shake her belief in her
'Son and his talent. Without murmur, with faithful trust in
'God, she resigned herself even to the bitter necessity of losing
'for a long time her only Son; having once got to see, beyond
'disputing, that his purpose was firm to withdraw himself by
'flight from the Duke's despotic interference with his poetical
'activity as well as with his practical procedures; and that this
'purpose of his was rigorously demanded by the circumstances.
'Yet a sword went through her soul when Schiller, for the last

'time, appeared at Solitüde, secretly to take leave of her.' Her feelings on this tragic occasion have been described above; and may well be pictured as among the painfulest, tenderest and saddest that a Mother's heart could have to bear. Our Author continues:

'In reality, it was to the poor Mother a hard and lament-'able time. Remembrance of the lately bright and safe-look-'ing situation, now suddenly rent asunder and committed to 'the dubious unknown; anxiety about their own household and 'the fate of her Son; the Father's just anger, and perhaps 'some tacit self-reproach that she had favoured a dangerous 'game by keeping it concealed from her honest-hearted Hus-'band,—lay like crushing burdens on her heart. And if many 'a thing did smooth itself, and many a thing, which at first was 'to be feared, did not take place, one thing remained fixed con-'tinually,—painful anxiety about her Son. To the afflicted 'Mother, in this heavy time, Frau von Wolzogen devoted the 'most sincere and beneficent sympathy; a Lady of singular 'goodness of heart, who, during Schiller's eight hidden months 'at Bauerbach, frequently went out to see his Family at Soli-'tüde. By her oral reports about Schiller, whom she herself 'several times visited at Bauerbach, his Parents were more 'soothed than by his own somewhat excited Letters. With 'reference to this magnanimous service of friendship, Schiller 'wrote to her at Stuttgart in February 1783: "A Letter to "my Parents is getting on its way; yet, much as I had to "speak of you, I have said nothing whatever" (from prudent motives) "of your late appearance here, or of the joyful mo-"ments of our conversation together. You yourself still, there-"fore, have all that to tell, and you will presumably find a pair "of attentive hearers." Frau von Wolzogen ventured also to "apply to a high court lady, Countess von Hohenheim' (Duke's *finale* in the *illicit* way, whom he at length wedded), 'personally 'favourable to Schiller, and to direct her attention, before all, 'upon the heavy-laden Parents. Nor was this without effect. 'For the Countess's persuasion seems essentially to have contri-'buted to the result that Duke Karl, out of respect for the de-'serving Father, left the evasion of his own Pupil unpunished.

'It must, therefore, have appeared to the still-agitated Mo-ther, who reverenced the Frau von Wolzogen as her helpful 'guardian, a flagrant piece of ingratitude, when she learnt that

'her Son was allowing himself to be led into a passionate love 'for the blooming young Daughter of his Benefactress. She 'grieved and mourned in secret to see him exposed to new 'storms; foreseeing clearly, in this passion, a ready cause for 'his removal from Bauerbach. To such agitations her body 'was no longer equal; a creeping, eating misery undermined 'her health. She wrote to her Son at Mannheim, with a soft 'shadow of reproof, that in this year, since his absence, she 'had become ten years older in health and looks. Not long 'after, she had actually to take to bed, because of painful 'cramps, which, proceeding from the stomach, spread them-'selves over breast, head, back and loins. The medicines which 'the Son, upon express account of symptoms by the Father, 'prescribed for her, had no effect. By degrees, indeed, these 'cramps abated or left-off; but she tottered about in a state 'of sickness, years long: the suffering mind would not let 'the body come to strength. For though her true heart was 'filled with a pious love, which hopes all, believes and suffers 'all, yet she was neither blind to the faults of her Son, nor in-'different to the thought of seeing her Family's good repute 'and well-being threatened by his non-performances and finan-'cial confusions.

'With the repose and peace which the news of her Son's 'appointment to Jena, and intended marriage, had restored to 'his Family, there appeared also (beginning of 1790) an im-'provement to be taking place in the Mother's health. Learn-'ing this by a Letter from his Father, Schiller wrote back with 'lightened heart: "How welcome, dearest Father, was your "last Letter to me, and how necessary! I had, the very day "before, got from Christophine the sad news that my dearest "Mother's state had grown so much worse; and what a blessed "turn now has this weary sickness taken! If in the future *regi-*"*men vitæ* (diet arrangements) of my dearest Mother, there "is strict care taken, her long and many sufferings, with the "source of them, may be removed. Thanks to a merciful "Providence, which saves and preserves for us the dear Mother "of our youth. My soul is moved with tenderness and grati-"tude. I had to think of her as lost to us forever; and she "has now been given back." In reference to his approaching 'marriage with Lottchen von Lengefeld, he adds, "How did "it lacerate my heart to think that my dearest Mother might

" not live to see the happiness of her Son! Heaven bless you " with thousandfold blessings, best Father, and grant to my " dear Mother a cheerful and painless life!"

'Soon, however, his Mother again fell sick, and lay in great ' danger. Not till August following could the Father announce ' that she was saved, and from day to day growing stronger. ' The annexed history of the disorder seemed so remarkable to ' Schiller, that he thought of preparing it for the public; unless ' the Physician, Court-Doctor Consbruch, liked better to send ' it out in print himself. "On this point," says Schiller, "I " will write to him by the first post; and give him my warmest " thanks for the inestimable service he has done us all, by his " masterly cure of our dear Mamma; and for his generous and " friendly behaviour throughout." "How heartily, my dearest " Parents," writes he farther, "did it rejoice us both" (this Letter is of 29th December; on the 20th February of that year he had been wedded to his Lotte), "this good news of the " still-continuing improvement of our dearest Mother! With " full soul we both of us join in the thanks which you give to " gracious Heaven for this recovery; and our heart now gives " way to the fairest hopes that Providence, which herein over- " tops our expectations, will surely yet prepare a joyful meeting " for us all once more."

'Two years afterwards this hope passed into fulfilment. ' The Mother being now completely cured of her last disorder, ' there seized her so irresistible a longing for her Son, that even ' her hesitating Husband, anxious lest her very health should ' suffer, at last gave his consent to the far and difficult journey ' to Jena. On the 3d Sept. 1792, Schiller, in joyful humour, ' announces to his friend in Dresden, "Today I have received " from home the very welcome tidings that my good Mother, " with one of my Sisters, is to visit us here this month. Her " arrival falls at a good time, when I hope to be free and loose " from labour; and then we have ahead of us mere joyful under- " takings." The Mother came in company with her youngest ' Daughter, bright little Nane, or Nanette; and surprised ' him two days sooner than, by the Letters from Solitüde, he ' had expected her. Unspeakable joy and sweet sorrow seized ' Mother and Son to feel themselves, after ten years of separa- ' tion, once more in each other's arms. The long journey, bad ' weather and roads had done her no harm. "She has altered

" a little, in truth," writes he to Körner, "from what she was " ten years ago; but after so many sicknesses and sorrows, " she still has a healthy look. It rejoices me much that " things have so come about, that I have her with me again, " and can be a joy to her."

' The Mother likewise soon felt herself at home and happy ' in the trusted circle of her children; only too fast flew-by ' the beautiful and happy days, which seemed to her richly to ' make amends for so many years of sorrows and cares. Es- ' pecially it did her heart good to see for herself what a bene- ' ficent influence the real and beautiful womanhood of her ' Daughter-in-law exercised upon her Son. Daily she learnt to ' know the great advantages of mind and heart in her; daily ' she more deeply thanked God that for her Son, who, on ' account even of his weak health, was not an altogether con- ' venient Husband, there had been so tender-hearted and so ' finely-cultivated a Wife given him as life-companion. The ' conviction that the domestic happiness of her Son was secure ' contributed essentially also to alleviate the pain of departure.

' Still happier days fell to her when Schiller, stirred up by ' her visit, came the year after, with his Wife, to Swabia; and ' lived there from August 1793 till May 1794. It was a singu- ' lar and as if providential circumstance, which did not escape ' the pious Mother, that Schiller in the same month in which ' he had, eleven years ago, hurried and in danger, fled out of ' Stuttgart to Ludwigsburg, should now in peace and without ' obstruction come, from Heilbronn by the same Ludwigsburg, ' to the near neighbourhood of his Parents. With bitter tears ' of sorrow, her eye had then followed the fugitive, in his dark ' trouble and want of everything; with sweet tears of joy, she ' now received her fame-crowned Son, whom God, through ' sufferings and mistakes and wanderings, had led to happi- ' ness and wisdom. The birth of the Grandson gave to her life ' a new charm, as if of youth returned. She felt herself highly ' favoured that God had spared her life to see her dear Son's ' first-born with her own eyes. It was a touching spectacle to ' see the Grandmother as she sat by the cradle of the little "Gold Son," and listened to every breath-drawing of the child; ' or when, with swelling heart, she watched the approaching ' steps of her Son, and observed his true paternal pleasure over ' his first-born.

'Well did the excellent Grandmother deserve such refresh-
' ment of heart; for all-too soon there came again upon her
' troublous and dark days. Schiller had found her stronger
' and cheerfuler than on her prior visit to Jena; and had
' quitted his Home-land with the soothing hope that his good
' Mother would reach a long and happy age. Nor could he
' have the least presentiment of the events which, three years
' later, burst-in, desolating and destroying, upon his family, and
' brought the health and life of his dear Mother again into
' peril. It is above stated, in our sketch of the Husband, in
' what extraordinary form the universal public misery, under
' which, in 1796, all South Germany was groaning, struck the
' Schiller Family at Solitüde. Already on the 21st March of
' this year, Schiller had written to his Father, "How grieved
" I am for our good dear Mother, on whom all manner of sor-
" rows have stormed down in this manner! But what a mercy
" of God it is, too, that she still has strength left not to sink
" under these circumstances, but to be able still to afford you
" so much help! Who would have thought, six or seven years
" ago, that she, who was so infirm and exhausted, would now
" be serving you all as support and nurse? In such traits I
" recognise a good Providence which watches over us; and
" my heart is touched by it to the core."

' Meanwhile the poor Mother's situation grew ever fright-
' fuler from day to day; and it needed her extraordinary
' strength of religious faith to keep her from altogether sinking
' under the pains, sorrows and toils, which she had for so many
' weeks to bear all alone, with the help only of a hired maid.
' The news of such misery threw Schiller into the deepest grief.
' He saw only one way of sending comfort and help to his poor
' Mother, and immediately adopted it; writing to his eldest
' Sister in Meiningen, as follows:

"Thou too wilt have heard, dearest Sister, that Luise has fallen
" seriously ill; and that our poor dear Mother is thereby robbed of all
" consolation. If Luise's case were to grow worse, or our Father's even,
" our poor Mother would be left entirely forsaken. Such misery would
" be unspeakable. Canst thou make it possible, think'st thou, that thy
" strength could accomplish such a thing? If so, at once make the jourt
" ney thither. What it costs I will pay with joy. Reinwald migh,
" accompany thee; or, if he did not like that, come over to me here-
" where I would brother-like take care of him.

"Consider, my dear Sister, that Parents, in such extremity of need,

" have the justest claim upon their children for help. O God, why am
" not I myself in such health as in my journey thither three years ago!
" Nothing should have hindered me from hastening to them; but that
" I have scarcely gone over the threshold for a year past makes me so
" weak that I either could not stand the journey, or should fall down
" into sickness myself in that afflicted house. Alas, I can do nothing
" for them but help with money; and, God knows, I do that with joy.
" Consider that our dear Mother, who has held up hitherto with an ad-
" mirable courage, must at last break down under so many sorrows. I
" know thy childlike loving heart, I know the perfect fairness and equit-
" able probity of my Brother-in-law. Both these facts will teach you
" better than I under the circumstances. Salute him cordially.—Thy
" faithful Brother, SCHILLER."

Christophine failed not to go, as we saw above. 'From
' the time of her arrival there, no week passed without Schiller's
' writing home; and his Letters much contributed to strengthen
' and support the heavy-laden Mother. The assurance of being
' tenderly loved by such a Son was infinitely grateful to her;
' she considered him as a tried faithful friend, to whom one,
' without reluctance, yields his part in one's own sorrows.
' Schiller thus expressed himself on this matter in a Letter to
' Christophine of 9th May. "The last Letter of my dear good
" Mother has deeply affected me. Ah, how much has this good
" Mother already undergone; and with what patience and cour-
" age has she borne it! How touching is it that she opened
" her heart to me; and what woe was mine that I cannot im-
" mediately comfort and soothe her! Hadst thou not gone, I
" could not have stayed here. The situation of our dear ones
" was horrible; so solitary, without help from loving friends,
" and as if forsaken by their two children, living far away! I
" dare not think of it. What did not our good Mother do for
" *her* Parents; and how greatly has she deserved the like from
" us! Thou wilt comfort her, dear Sister; and me thou wilt
" find heartily ready for all that thou canst propose to me.
" Salute our dear Parents in the tenderest way, and tell them
" that their Son feels their sorrows."

'The excellent Christophine did her utmost in these days
' of sorrow. She comforted her Mother, and faithfully nursed
' her Father to his last breath; nay she saved him and the
' house, with great presence of mind, on a sudden inburst of
' French soldiers. Nor did she return to Meiningen till all
' tumult of affairs was past, and the Mother was again a little

'composed. And composure the Mother truly needed; for in 'a short space she had seen a hopeful Daughter and a faithful 'Husband laid in their graves; and by the death of her Hus- 'band a union severed which, originating in mutual affection, 'had for forty-seven years been blessed with the same mutual 'feeling. To all which in her position, was now added the 'doubly-pressing care about her future days. Here, however, 'the Son so dear to her interposed with loving readiness, and 'the tender manner natural to him:

"You, dear Mother," he writes, "must now choose wholly "for yourself what your way of life is to be; and let there "be, I charge you, no care about me or others in your "choice. Ask yourself where you would like best to live,— "here with me, or with Christophine, or in our native country "with Luise. Whithersoever your choice falls, there will "we provide the means. For the present, of course, in the 'circumstances given, you would remain in Würtemberg a "little while; and in that time all would be arranged. I think "you might pass the winter months most easily at Leon- "berg" (pleasant Village nearest to Solitüde); "and then "with the Spring you would come with Luise to Meiningen; "where, however, I would expressly advise that you had a "household of your own. But of all this, more next time. I "would insist upon your coming here to me, if I did not fear "things would be too foreign and too unquiet for you. But "were you once in Meiningen, we will find means enough to "see each other, and to bring your dear Grandchildren to you. "It were a great comfort, dearest Mother, at least to know "you, for the first three or four weeks after Christophine's de- "parture, among people of your acquaintance; as the sole com- "pany of our Luise would too much remind you of times that "are gone. But should there be no Pension granted by the "Duke, and the Sale of Furniture, &c. did not detain you too "long, you might perhaps travel with both the Sisters to Mein- "ingen; and there compose yourself in the new world so much "the sooner. All that you need for a convenient life must and "shall be yours, dear Mother. It shall be henceforth my care "that no anxiety on that head be left you. After so many "sorrows, the evening of your life must be rendered cheerful, "or at least peaceful; and I hope you will still, in the bosom "of your Children and Grandchildren, enjoy many a good

" day." In conclusion, he bids her send him everything of ' Letters and MSS. which his dear Father left; hereby to fulfil ' his last wish; which also shall have its uses to his dear ' Mother.

' The Widow had a Pension granted by the Duke, of 200 ' gulden' (near 20*l.*); ' and therein a comfortable proof that ' official people recognised the worth of her late Husband, and ' held him in honour. She remained in her native country; ' and lived the next three years, according to her Son's counsel, ' with Luise in the little village of Leonberg, near to Solitüde, ' where an arrangement had been made for her. Here a cer- ' tain Herr Roos, a native of Würtemberg, had made some ' acquaintance with her, in the winter 1797-8; to whom we ' owe the following sketch of portraiture. " She was a still " agreeable old person of sixty-five or six, whose lean wrinkly " face still bespoke cheerfulness and kindliness. Her thin hair " was all gray; she was of short" (middle) " stature, and her " attitude slightly stooping; she had a pleasant tone of voice; " and her speech flowed light and cheerful. Her bearing gener- " ally showed native grace, and practical acquaintance with " social life."

' Towards the end of 1799, there opened to the Mother a ' new friendly outlook in the marriage of her Luise to the young ' Parson, M. Frankh, in Clever-Sulzbach, a little town near ' Heilbronn. The rather as the worthy Son-in-law would on ' no account have the Daughter separated from the Mother.' Error on Saupe's part. The Mother Schiller continued to occupy her own house at Leonberg till near the end of her life; she naturally made frequent little visits to Clever-Sulzbach; and her death took place there.[3] ' Shortly before the marriage, ' Schiller wrote, heartily wishing Mother and Sister happiness ' in this event. It would be no small satisfaction to his Sis- ' ter, he said, that she could lodge and wait upon her good dear ' Mother in a well-appointed house of her own; to his Mother ' also it must be a great comfort to see her children all settled, ' and to live up again in a new generation.

' Almost contemporary with the removal of the Son from ' Jena to Weimar, was the Mother's with her Daughter to ' Clever-Sulzbach. The peaceful silence which now environed ' them in their rural abode had the most salutary influence both

[3] *Beziehungen*, 197 n.

'on her temper of mind and on her health; all the more as 'Daughter and Son-in-law vied with each other in respectful 'attention to her. The considerable distance from her Son, 'when at times it fell heavy on her, she forgot in reading his 'Letters; which were ever the unaltered expression of the 'purest and truest child-love. She forgot it too, as often, over 'the immortal works out of which his powerful spirit spoke to 'her. She lived to hear the name of Friedrich Schiller cele-'brated over all Germany with reverent enthusiasm; and en-'nobled by the German People sooner and more gloriously 'than an Imperial Patent could do it. Truly a Mother that 'has had such joys in her Son is a happy one; and can and 'may say, "Lord, now let me depart in peace; I have lived "enough!"

'In the beginning of the year 1802, Schiller's Mother 'again fell ill. Her Daughter Luise hastened at once to Stutt-'gart, where she then chanced to be, and carried her home to 'Clever-Sulzbach, to be under her own nursing. So soon as 'Schiller heard of this, he wrote, in well-meant consideration 'of his Sister's frugal economies, to Dr. Hoven, a friend of 'his youth at Ludwigsburg; and empowered him to take his 'Mother over thither, under his own medical care: he, Schil-'ler, would with pleasure pay all that was necessary for lodging 'and attendance. But the Mother stayed with her Daughter; 'wrote, however, in her last Letter to Schiller: "Thy un-"wearied love and care for me God reward with thousandfold "love and blessings! Ah me! another such Son there is not "in the world!" Schiller in his continual anxiety about the dear 'Patient, had his chief solace in knowing her to be in such 'tender hands; and he wrote at once, withal, to his Sister: "Thou wilt permit me also that on my side I try to do some-"thing to lighten these burdens for thee. I therefore make this "agreement with my Bookseller Cotta that he shall furnish my "dear Mother with the necessary money to make good, in a "convenient way, the extra outlays which her illness requires."

'Schiller's hope, supported by earlier experiences, that kind 'Nature would again help his Mother, did not find fulfilment. 'On the contrary, her case grew worse; she suffered for months 'the most violent pains; and was visibly travelling towards 'Death. Two days before her departure, she had the Medal-'lion of her Son handed down to her from the wall; and pressed

'it to her heart; and, with tears, thanked God, who had given 'her such good children. On the 29th April 1802, she passed 'away, in the 69th year of her age. Schiller, from the tenor 'of the last news received, had given up all hope; and wrote, 'in presentiment of the bitter loss, to his Sister Frankh at 'Clever-Sulzbach:

"Thy last letter, dearest Sister, leaves me without hope of our dear "Mother. For a fortnight past I have looked with terror for the tidings "of her departure; and the fact that thou hast not written in that time, "is a ground of fear, not of comfort. Alas! under her late circumstances, "life was no good to her more; a speedy and soft departure was the "one thing that could be wished and prayed for. But write me, dear "Sister, when thou hast recovered thyself a little from these mournful "days. Write me minutely of her condition and her utterances in the "last hours of her life. It comforts and composes me to busy myself "with her, and to keep the dear image of my Mother living before me.

"And so they are both gone from us, our dear Parents; and we Three "alone remain. Let us be all the nearer to each other, dear Sister; and "believe always that thy Brother, though so far away from thee and "thy Sister, carries you both warmly in his heart; and in all the acci- "dents of this life will eagerly meet you with his brotherly love.

"But I can write no more today. Write me a few words soon. I "embrace thee and thy dear Husband with my whole heart; and thank "him again for all the love he has shown our departed Mother.—Your "true Brother, SCHILLER."

'Soon after this Letter, he received from Frankh, his Bro- 'ther-in-law, the confirmation of his sad anticipations. From 'his answer to Frankh we extract the following passage: "May "Heaven repay with rich interest the dear Departed One all "that she has suffered in life, and done for her children! Of "a truth she deserved to have loving children; for she was a "good Daughter to her suffering necessitous Parents; and the "childlike solicitude she always had for them well deserved "the like from us. You, my dear Brother-in-law, have shared "the assiduous care of my Sister for Her that is gone; and "acquired thereby the justest claim upon my brotherly love. "Alas, you had already given your spiritual support and filial "service to my late Father, and taken on yourself the duties "of his absent Son. How cordially I thank you! Never shall "I think of my departed Mother without, at the same time, "blessing the memory of him who alleviated so kindly the last "days of her life." He then signifies the wish to have, from

'the effects of his dear Mother, something that, without other 'worth, will remain a continual memorial of her. And was in 'effect heartily obliged to his Brother, who sent him a ring 'which had been hers. "It is the most precious thing that he "could have chosen for me," writes he to Luise; "and I will "keep it as a sacred inheritance." Painfully had it touched 'him, withal, that the day of his entering his new house at 'Weimar had been the death-day of his Mother. He noticed 'this singular coincidence, as if in mournful presentiment of 'his own early decease, as a singular concatenation of events 'by the hand of Destiny.

'A Tree and a plain stone Cross, with the greatly compre-'hensive short inscription, "Here rests Schiller's Mother." 'now mark her grave in Clever-Sulzbach Churchyard.'

III. THE SISTERS.

SAUPE has a separate Chapter on each of the three Sisters of Schiller; but most of what concerns them, especially in relation to their Brother, has been introduced incidentally above. Besides which, Saupe's flowing pages are too long for our space; so that instead of translating, henceforth, we shall have mainly to compile from Saupe and others, and faithfully abridge.

Christophine (*born* 4 *Sept.* 1757; *married* '*June* 1786;' *died* 31 *August* 1847).[1]

Till Schiller's flight, in which what endless interest and industries Christophine had we have already seen, the young girls,—Christophine 25, Luise 16, Nanette a rosy little creature of 5,—had known no misfortune; nor, except Christophine's feelings on the death of the two little Sisters, years ago, no heavy sorrow. At Solitüde, but for the general cloud of anxiety and grief about their loved and gifted Brother and his exile, their lives were of the peaceablest description: diligence in household business, sewing, spinning, contented punctuality in all things; in leisure hours eager reading (or at times, on Christophine's part, drawing and painting, in which she attained considerable excellence), and, as choicest recreation, walks amid the flourishing Nurseries, Tree-avenues, and fine solid industries and forest achievements of Papa. Mention is made of a Cavalry Regiment stationed at Solitüde; the young officers of which, without society in that dull place, and with no employment except parade, were considerably awake

[1] Here, from Schiller Senior himself (*Autobiography*, called "*Curriculum Vitæ*," in *Beziehungen*, pp. 15-18), is a List of his six Children;—the two that died so young we have marked in italics:

1. 'ELISABETH CHRISTOPHINE FRIEDERICKE, born 4 September 1757, 'at Marbach.
2. 'JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH, born 10 November 1759, at Marbach.
3. 'LUISE DOROTHEA KATHARINA, born 24 January 1766, at Lorch.
4. '*Maria Charlotte, born 20 November 1768, at Ludwigsburg: died '29 March 1774;' age 5 gone.*
5. '*Beata Friederike, born 4 May 1773, at Ludwigsburg: died 22 De-'cember, same year.*
6. 'CAROLINE CHRISTIANE, born 8 September 1777, at Solitüde;'—(this is she they call, in fond diminutive, *Nane* or *Nanette*.)

to the comely Jungfers Schiller and their promenadings in those pleasant woods: one Lieutenant of them (afterwards a Colonel, 'Obrist von Miller of Stuttgart') is said to have manifested honourable aspirations and intentions towards Christophine, —which, however, and all connection with whom or his comrades, the rigorously prudent Father strictly forbade; his piously obedient Daughters, Christophine it is rather thought, with some regret, immediately conforming. A Portrait of this Von Miller, painted by Christophine, still exists, it would appear, among the papers of the Schillers.[2]

The great transaction of her life, her marriage with Reinwald, Court Librarian of Meiningen, had its origin in 1783; the fruit of that forced retreat of Schiller's to Bauerbach, and of the eight months he spent there, under covert, anonymously and in secret, as 'Dr. Ritter,' with Reinwald for his one friend and adviser. Reinwald, who commanded the resources of an excellent Library, and of a sound understanding, long seriously and painfully cultivated, was of essential use to Schiller; and is reckoned to be the first real guide or useful counsellor he ever had in regard to Literature. One of Christophine's Letters to her Brother, written at her Father's order, fell by accident on Reinwald's floor, and was read by him,—awakening in his over-clouded, heavy-laden mind a gleam of hope and aspiration. "This wise, prudent, loving-hearted and judicious young woman, of such clear and salutary principles of wisdom as to economics too, what a blessing she might be to me as Wife in this dark, lonely home of mine!" Upon which hint he spake; and Schiller, as we saw above, who loved him well, but knew him to be within a year or two of fifty, always ailing in health, taciturn, surly, melancholy, and miserably poor, was rebuked by Papa for thinking it questionable. We said, it came about all the same. Schiller had not yet left Mannheim for the second and last time, when, in 1784, Christophine paid him a visit, escorted thither by Reinwald; who had begged to have that honour allowed him; having been at Solitüde, and, either there or on his road to Mannheim, concluded his affair. Streicher, an eyewitness of this visit, says, "The healthy, cheerful and blooming Maiden had determined to share her future lot with a man, whose small income and uncertain health seemed to promise little joy. Nevertheless her reasons were of so noble

[2] *Beziehungen*, p. 217 n.

a sort, that she never repented, in times following, this sacrifice of her fancy to her understanding, and to a Husband of real worth."[8] They were married "June 1786;" and for the next thirty, or indeed in all, sixty years, Christophine lived in her dark new home at Meiningen; and never, except in that melancholy time of sickness, mortality and war, appears to have seen Native Land and Parents again.

What could have induced, in the calm and well-discerning Christophine, such a resolution, is by no means clear; Saupe, with hesitation, seems to assign a religious motive, "the desire of doing good." Had that abrupt and peremptory dismissal of Lieutenant Miller perhaps something to do with it? Probably her Father's humour on the matter, at all times so anxious and zealous to see his Daughters settled, had a chief effect. It is certain, Christophine consulted her Parish Clergyman on the affair; and got from him, as Saupe shows us, an affirmatory or at least permissive response. Certain also that she summoned her own best insight of all kinds to the subject, and settled it calmly and irrevocably with whatever faculty was in her.

To the candid observer Reinwald's gloomy ways were not without their excuse. Scarcely above once before this, in his now longish life, had any gleam of joy or success shone on him, to cheer the strenuous and never-abated struggle. His father had been Tutor to the Prince of Meiningen, who became Duke afterwards, and always continued to hold him in honour. Father's death had taken place in 1751, young Reinwald then in his fourteenth year. After passing with distinction his three-years curriculum at Jena, Reinwald returned to Meiningen, expecting employment and preferment;—the rather perhaps as his Mother's bit of property got much ruined in the Seven-Years War then raging. Employment Reinwald got, but of the meanest *Kanzlist* (Clerkship) kind; and year after year, in spite of his merits, patient faithfulness and undeniable talent, no preferment whatever. At length, however, in 1762, the Duke, perhaps enlightened by experience as to Reinwald, or by personal need of such a talent, did send him as *Geheimer Kanzlist* (kind of Private Secretary) to Vienna, with a view to have from him reports "about politics and literary objects" there. This was an extremely enjoyable position for the young man; but it lasted only till the Duke's death, which followed within two years.

[8] *Schwab*, p. 173, citing Streicher's words.

Reinwald was then immediately recalled by the new Duke (who, I think, had rather been in controversy with his Predecessor), and thrown back to nearly his old position; where, without any regard had to his real talents and merits, he continued thirteen years, under the title of *Consistorial Kanzlist;* and, with the miserablest fraction of yearly pay, 'carried on the slavish, spirit-killing labours required of him.' In 1776,—uncertain whether as promotion or as mere abridgment of labour,—he was placed in the Library as now; that is to say, had become *Sub*-Librarian, at a salary of about 15*l.*, with all the Library duties to do; an older and more favoured gentleman, perhaps in lieu of pension, enjoying the Upper Office, and doing none of the work.

Under these continual pressures and discouragements, poor Reinwald's heart had got hardened into mutinous indignation, and his health had broken down: so that, by this time, he was noted in his little world as a solitary, taciturn, morose and gloomy man; but greatly respected by the few who knew him better, as a clear-headed, true and faithful person, much distinguished by intellectual clearness and veracity, by solid scholarly acquirements and sterling worth of character. To bring a little help or cheerful alleviation to such a down-pressed man, if a wise and gentle Christophine could accomplish it, would surely be a bit of welldoing; but it was an extremely difficult one!

The marriage was childless; not, in the first, or in any times of it, to be called unhappy; but, as the weight of years was added, Christophine's problem grew ever more difficult. She was of a compassionate nature, and had a loving, patient and noble heart; prudent she was; the skilfulest and thriftiest of financiers; could well keep silence, too, and with a gentle stoicism endure much small unreason. Saupe says withal, 'Nobody 'liked a laugh better, or could laugh more heartily than she, 'even in her extreme old age.'—Christophine herself makes no complaint, on looking back upon her poor Reinwald, thirty years after all was over. Her final record of it is: "for twenty-nine years we lived contentedly together." But her rugged hypochondriac of a Husband, morbidly sensitive to the least interruption of his whims and habitudes, never absent from their one dim sitting-room, except on the days in which he had to attend at the Library, was in practice infinitely difficult to deal with; and seems to have kept her matchless qualities in continual

exercise. He belonged to the class called in Germany *Stubengelehrten* (Closet Literary-men), who publish little or nothing that brings them profit, but are continually poring and studying. Study was the one consolation he had in life; and formed his continual employment to the end of his days. He was deep in various departments, Antiquarian, Philological, Historical; deep especially in Gothic philology, in which last he did what is reckoned a real feat,—he, Reinwald, though again it was another who got the reward. He had procured somewhere, 'a Transcript of the famous Anglo-Saxon Poem *Heliand* (Saviour) from the Cotton Library in England,' this he, with unwearied labour and to great perfection, had at last got ready for the press; Translation, Glossary, Original all in readiness; —but could find no Publisher, nobody that would print without a premium. Not to earn *less* than nothing by his labour he sent the Work to the München Library; where, in after years, one Schmeller found it, and used it for an *editio princeps* of his own. *Sic vos non vobis;* heavy-laden Reinwald!—[4]

To Reinwald himself Christophine's presence and presidency in his dim household were an infinite benefit,—though not much recognised by him, but accepted rather as a natural tribute due to unfortunate down-pressed worth, till towards the very end, when the singular merit of it began to dawn upon him, like the brightness of the Sun when it is setting. Poor man, he anxiously spent the last two weeks of his life in purchasing and settling about a neat little cottage for Christophine; where accordingly she passed her long widowhood, on stiller terms, though not on less beneficent and humbly beautiful, than her marriage had offered.

Christophine, by pious prudence, faith in Heaven, and in the good fruits of real goodness even on Earth, had greatly comforted the gloomy, disappointed, pain-stricken man; enlightened his darkness, and made his poverty noble. *Simplex munditiis* might have been her motto in all things. Her beautiful Letters to her Brother are full of cheerful, though also, it is true, sad enough, allusions to her difficulties with Reinwald, and partial successes. Poor soul, her hopes, too, are gently turned sometimes on a blessed future, which might still lie ahead: of her at last coming, as a Widow, to live with her Brother, in serene

[4] *Schiller's Beziehungen* (where many of Christophine's *Letters*, beautiful all of them, are given).

affection, like that of their childhood together; in a calm blessedness such as the world held no other for her! But gloomy Reinwald survived bright Schiller for above ten years; and she had thirty more of lone widowhood, under limited conditions, to spend after him, still in a noble, humbly-admirable, and even happy and contented manner. She was the flower of the Schiller Sisterhood, though all three are beautiful to us; and in poor Nane, there is even something of poetic, and tragically pathetic. For one blessing, Christophine 'lived almost always in good health.' Through life, it may be said of her, she was helpful to all about her, never hindersome to any; and merited, and had, the universal esteem, from high and low, of those she had lived among. At Meiningen, 31st August 1847, within a few days of her ninety-first year, without almost one day's sickness, a gentle stroke of apoplexy took her suddenly away, and so ended what may be called a *Secular* Saint-like existence, mournfully beautiful, wise and noble to all that had beheld it.

Nanette (*born 8th September* 1777, *died 23d March* 1796; *age not yet* 19).

Of Nanette we were told how, in 1792, she charmed her Brother and his Jena circle, by her recitations and her amiable enthusiastic nature; and how, next year, on Schiller's Swabian visit, his love of her grew to something of admiration, and practical hope of helping such a rich talent and noble heart into some clear development,—when, two years afterwards, death put, to the dear Nanette and his hopes about her, a cruel end. We are now to give the first budding-out of those fine talents and tendencies of poor Nanette, and that is all the history the dear little Being has. Saupe proceeds:

'Some two years after Schiller's flight, Nanette as a child 'of six or seven had, with her elder Sister Luise, witnessed the 'first representation of Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* in the Stutt-'gart theatre. With great excitement, and breath held-in, she 'had watched the rolling-up of the curtain; and during the 'whole play no word escaped her lips; but the excited glance 'of her eyes, and her heightened colour, from act to act, tes-'tified her intense emotion. The stormy applause with which 'her Brother's Play was received by the audience made an 'indelible impression on her.

'The Players, in particular, had shone before her as in a 'magic light; the splendour of which, in the course of years, 'rather increased than diminished. The child's bright fancy 'loved to linger on those never-to-be-forgotten people, by whom 'her Brother's Poem had been led into her sight and under-'standing. The dawning thought, how glorious it might be to 'work such wonders herself, gradually settled, the more she 'read and heard of her dear Brother's poetic achievements, into 'the ardent but secret wish of being herself able to represent 'his Tragedies upon the stage. On her visit to Jena, and during 'her Brother's abode in Swabia, she was never more attentive 'than when Schiller occasionally spoke of the acting of his 'Pieces, or unfolded his opinion of the Player's Art.

'The wish of Nanette, secretly nourished in this manner, 'to be able, on the stage, which represents the world, to con-'tribute to the glory of her Brother, seized her now after his 'return with such force and constancy, that Schiller's Sister-in-'law, Caroline von Wolzogen, urged him to yield to the same; 'to try his Sister's talent; and if it was really distinguished, to 'let her enter this longed-for career. Schiller had no love for 'the Player Profession; but as, in his then influential connec-'tions in Weimar, he might steer clear of many a danger, he 'promised to think the thing over. And thus this kind and 'amiable protectress had the satisfaction of cheering Nanette's 'last months with the friendly prospect that her wishes might 'be fulfilled.—Schiller's hope, after a dialogue with Goethe on 'the subject, had risen to certainty, when with the liveliest sor-'row he learnt that Nanette was ill of that contagious Hospital 'Fever, and, in a few days more, that she was gone forever.'[5]

Beautiful Nanette; with such a softly-glowing soul, and such a brief tragically-beautiful little life! Like a Daughter of the rosy-fingered Morn; her existence all a sun-gilt soft auroral cloud, and no sultry Day, with its dusts and disfigurements, permitted to follow. Father Schiller seems, in his rugged way, to have loved Nanette best of them all; in an embarrassed manner, we find him more than once recommending her to Schiller's help, and intimating what a glorious thing for her, were it a possible one, education might be. He followed her in few months to her long home; and, by his own direction, 'was buried in the Churchyard at Gerlingen by her side.'

[5] *Saupe*, pp. 150-5.

Luise (*born 24th January* 1766; *married 20th October* 1799; *died 14th September* 1836).

Of Luise's life, too, except what was shown above, there need little be said. In the dismal pestilential days at Solitüde, while her Father lay dying, and poor Nanette caught the infection, Luise, with all her tender assiduities and household talent, was there; but, soon after Nanette's death, the fever seized her too; and she long lay dangerously ill in that forlorn household; still weak, but slowly recovering, when Christophine arrived.

The Father, a short while before his death, summoned to him that excellent young Clergyman, Frankh, who had been so unweariedly kind to them in this time of sickness when all neighbours feared to look in, To ask him what his intentions towards Luise were. It was in presence of the good old man that they made solemn promise to each other; and at Leonberg, where thenceforth the now-widowed Mother's dwelling was, they were formally betrothed; and some two years after that, were married.

Her Mother's death, so tenderly watched over, took place at their Parsonage at Clever-Sulzbach, as we saw above. Frankh, about two years after, was promoted to a better living, Möckmühl by name; and lived there, a well-doing and respected Parson, till his death, in 1834; which Luise's followed in September of the second year afterwards. Their marriage lasted thirty-five years. Luise had brought him three children; and seems to have been, in all respects, an excellent Wife. She was ingenious in intellectuals as well as economics; had a taste for poetry; a boundless enthusiasm for her Brother; seems to have been an anxious Mother, often ailing herself, but strenuously doing her best at all times.

A touching memorial of Luise is Schiller's last Letter to her, Letter of affectionate apology for long silence,—apology, and hope of doing better,—written only a few weeks before his own death. It is as follows:

"Weimar, 27th March 1805.

"Yes, it is a long time indeed, good dear Luise, since I have "written to thee; but it was not for amusements that I forgot thee; it "was because in this time I have had so many hard illnesses to suffer, "which put me altogether out of my regular way; for many months I "had lost all courage and cheerfulness, and given up all hope of my re-

"covery. In such a humour one does not like to speak; and since then, "on feeling myself again better, there was, after the long silence, a kind "of embarrassment; and so it was still put off. But now, when I have "been anew encouraged by thy sisterly love, I gladly join the thread "again; and it shall, if God will, not again be broken.

"Thy dear Husband's promotion to Möckmühl, which I learned "eight days ago from our Sister" (Christophine), "has given us great joy, "not only because it so much improves your position, but also because "it is so honourable a testimony for my dear Brother-in-law's deserts. "May you feel yourselves right happy in these new relations, and right "long enjoy them! We too are got thereby a few miles nearer you; and "on a future journey to Franconia, which we are every year projecting, "we may the more easily get over to you.

"How sorry am I, dear Sister, that thy health has suffered so much; "and that thou wert again so unfortunate with thy confinement! Per- "haps your new situation might permit you, this summer, to visit some "tonic watering-place, which might do thee a great deal of good."—

"Of our Family here my Wife will write thee more at large. Our "Children, this winter, have all had chicken-pox; and poor little Emilie" (a babe of four months) "had much to suffer in the affair. Thank God, "things are all come round with us again, and my own health too be- "gins to confirm itself.

"A thousand times I embrace thee, dear Sister, and my dear Brother- "in-law as well, whom I always wish from the heart to have more ac- "quaintance with. Kiss thy Children in my name; may all go right "happily with you, and much joy be in store! How would our dear "Parents have rejoiced in your good fortune; and especially our dear "Mother, had she been spared to see it! Adieu, dear Luise. With my "whole soul,—Thy faithful Brother, SCHILLER."

Schiller's tone and behaviour to his Sisters is always beautifully human and brotherlike, as here. Full of affection, sincerity and the warmest truest desire to help and cheer. The noble loving Schiller; so mindful always of the lowly, from his own wildly-dangerous and lofty path! He was never rich, poor rather always; but of a spirit royally munificent in these respects; never forgets the poor "birthdays" of his Sisters, whom one finds afterwards gratefully recognising their "beautiful dress" or the like!—

Of date some six weeks after this Letter to Luise, let us take from Eyewitnesses one glimpse of Schiller's own deathbed. It is the eighth day of his illness; his last day but one in this world:

'*Morning of 8th May* 1805.——Schiller, on awakening 'from sleep, asked to see his youngest Child. The Baby' Emilie, spoken of above, 'was brought. He turned his head 'round; took the little hand in his, and, with an inexpressible 'look of love and sorrow, gazed into the little face; then burst 'into bitter weeping, hid his face among the pillows; and 'made a sign to take the child away.'—This little Emilie is now the Baroness von Gleichen, Co-editress with her Cousin Wolzogen of the clear and useful Book, *Beziehungen*, often quoted above. It was to that same Cousin Wolzogen's Mother (Caroline von Wolzogen, Authoress of the Biography), and in the course of this same day, that Schiller made the memorable response, "Calmer, and calmer."—'Towards evening he asked 'to see the Sun once more. The curtain was opened; with 'bright eyes and face he gazed into the beautiful sunset. It 'was his last farewell to Nature.

'*Thursday 9th May*. All the morning, his mind was wan-'dering; he spoke incoherent words, mostly in Latin. About 'three in the afternoon, complete weakness came on; his 'breathing began to be interrupted. About four, he asked for 'naphtha, but the last syllable died on his tongue. He tried 'to write, but produced only three letters; in which, however, 'the character of his hand was still visible. Till towards six, 'no change. His Wife was kneeling at the bedside; he still 'pressed her offered hand. His Sister-in-law stood, with the 'Doctor, at the foot of the bed, and laid warm pillows on his 'feet, which were growing cold. There now darted, as it were, 'an electrical spasm over all his countenance; the head sank 'back; the profoundest repose transfigured his face. His 'features were as those of one softly sleeping,'—wrapt in hard-won Victory and Peace forever![6]—

[6] *Schwab*, p. 627, citing Voss, an eyewitness; and Caroline von Wolzogen herself.

APPENDIX AND SUMMARY.

APPENDIX.

No. 1. Page 23.

DANIEL SCHUBART.

THE enthusiastic discontent so manifest in the *Robbers* has by some been in part attributed to Schiller's intercourse with Schubart. This seems as wise as the hypothesis of Gray's Alderman, who, after half a century of turtle-soup, imputed the ruin of his health to eating two unripe grapes: 'he felt them cold upon his stomach, the moment they were over; he never got the better of them.' Schiller, it appears, saw Schubart only once, and their conversation was not of a confidential kind. For any influence this interview could have produced upon the former, the latter could have merited no mention here: it is on other grounds that we refer to him. Schubart's history, not devoid of interest in itself, unfolds in a striking light the circumstances under which Schiller stood at present; and may serve to justify the violence of his alarms, which to the happy natives of our Island might otherwise appear pusillanimous and excessive. For these reasons we subjoin a sketch of it.

Schubart's character is not a new one in literature; nor is it strange that his life should have been unfortunate. A warm genial spirit; a glowing fancy, and a friendly heart; every faculty but diligence, and every virtue but 'the understrapping virtue of discretion:' such is frequently the constitution of the poet; the natural result of it also has frequently been pointed out, and sufficiently bewailed. This man was one of the many who navigate the ocean of life with 'more sail than ballast;' his voyage contradicted every rule of seamanship, and necessarily ended in a wreck.

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart was born at Obersontheim in Swabia, on the 26th of April 1739. His father, a well-meaning soul, officiated there in the multiple capacity of schoolmaster, precentor, and curate; dignities which, with various mutations and improvements, he subsequently held in several successive villages of the same district. Daniel, from the first, was a thing of inconsistencies; his life proceeded as if by fits and starts. At school, for a while, he lay dormant: at the age of seven he could not read, and had acquired the reputation of a perfect dunce. But 'all at once,' says his biographer, 'the rind which enclosed

his spirit started asunder;' and Daniel became the prodigy of the school! His good father determined to make a learned man of him: he sent him at the age of fourteen to the Nördlingen Lyceum, and two years afterwards to a similar establishment at Nürnberg. Here Schubart began to flourish with all his natural luxuriance; read classical and domestic poets; spouted, speculated; wrote flowing songs; discovered 'a decided turn for music,' and even composed tunes for the harpsichord! In short, he became an acknowledged *genius;* and his parents consented that he should go to Jena, and perform his *cursus* of Theology.

Schubart's purposes were not at all like the decrees of Fate: he set out towards Jena; and on arriving at Erlangen, resolved to proceed no farther, but perform his *cursus* where he was. For a time he studied well; but afterwards 'tumultuously,' that is, in violent fits, alternating with fits as violent of idleness and debauchery. He became a *Bursche* of the first water; drank and declaimed, rioted and ran in debt; till his parents, unable any longer to support such expenses, were glad to seize the first opening in his *cursus*, and recal him. He returned to them with a mind fevered by intemperance, and a constitution permanently injured; his heart burning with regret, and vanity, and love of pleasure; his head without habits of activity or principles of judgment, a whirlpool where fantasies and hallucinations and 'fragments of science' were chaotically jumbled to and fro. But he could babble college-latin; and talk with a trenchant tone about the 'revolutions of Philosophy.' Such accomplishments procured him pardon from his parents: the precentorial spirit of his father was more than reconciled on discovering that Daniel could also preach and play upon the organ. The good old people still loved their prodigal, and would not cease to hope in him.

As a preacher Schubart was at first very popular; he imitated Cramer; but at the same time manifested first-rate pulpit talents of his own. These, however, he entirely neglected to improve: presuming on his gifts and their acceptance, he began to 'play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,' as made his audience sink to yawning, or explode in downright laughter. He often preached extempore; once he preached in verse! His love of company and ease diverted him from study: his musical propensities diverted him still farther. He had special gifts as an organist; but to handle the concordance and to make 'the heaving bellows learn to blow' were inconsistent things.

Yet withal it was impossible to hate poor Schubart, or even seriously to dislike him. A joyful, piping, guileless mortal, good nature, innocence of heart, and love of frolic beamed from every feature of his countenance; he wished no ill to any son of Adam. He was musical and poetical, a maker and a singer of sweet songs; humorous also, speculative, discursive; his speech, though aimless and redundant, glittered with the hues of fancy, and here and there with the keenest rays of intellect. He was vain, but had no touch of pride; and the excellencies which he loved in himself, he acknowledged and as warmly

loved in others. He was a man of few or no principles, but his nervous system was very good. Amid his chosen comrades, a jug of indifferent beer and a pipe of tobacco could change the earth into elysium for him, and make his brethren demigods. To look at his laughing eyes, and his effulgent honest face, you were tempted to forget that he was a perjured priest, that the world had duties for him which he was neglecting. Had life been all a may-game, Schubart was the best of men, and the wisest of philosophers.

Unluckily it was not: the voice of Duty had addressed him in vain; but that of Want was more impressive. He left his father's house, and engaged himself as tutor in a family at Königsbronn. To teach the young idea how to shoot had few delights for Schubart: he soon gave up this place in favour of a younger brother; and endeavoured to subsist, for some time, by affording miscellaneous assistance to the clergy of the neighbouring villages. Ere long, preferring even pedagogy to starvation, he again became a teacher. The bitter morsel was sweetened with a seasoning of music; he was appointed not only schoolmaster but also organist of Geisslingen. A fit of diligence now seized him: his late difficulties had impressed him; and the parson of the place, who subsequently married Schubart's sister, was friendly and skilful enough to turn the impression to account. Had poor Schubart always been in such hands, the epithet 'poor' could never have belonged to him. In this little village-school he introduced some important reforms and improvements, and in consequence attracted several valuable scholars. Also for his own behoof, he studied honestly. His conduct here, if not irreprehensible, was at least very much amended. His marriage, in his twenty-fifth year, might have improved it still farther; for his wife was a good, soft-hearted, amiable creature, who loved him with her whole heart, and would have died to serve him.

But new preferments awaited Schubart, and with them new temptations. His fame as a musician was deservedly extending: in time it reached Ludwigsburg, and the Grand Duke of Würtemberg himself heard Schubart spoken of! The schoolmaster of Geisslingen was, in 1768, promoted to be organist and band-director in this gay and pompous court. With a bounding heart, he tossed away his ferula, and hastened to the scene, where joys for evermore seemed calling on him. He plunged into the heart of business and amusement. Besides the music which he taught and played, publicly and privately, with great applause, he gave the military officers instruction in various branches of science; he talked and feasted; he indited songs and rhapsodies; he lectured on History and the Belles Lettres. All this was more than Schubart's head could stand. In a little time he fell in debt; took up with virtuosi; began to read Voltaire, and talk against religion in his drink. From the rank of genius, he was fast degenerating into that of profligate: his affairs grew more and more embarrassed; and he had no gift of putting any order in them. Prudence was not one of Schubart's virtues; the nearest approximation he could make to it was now and

then a litle touch of cunning. His wife still loved him; loved him with that perverseness of affection, which increases in the inverse ratio of its requital: she had long patiently endured his follies and neglect, happy if she could obtain a transient hour of kindness from him. But his endless course of riot, and the straits to which it had reduced their hapless family, at length overcame her spirits: she grew melancholy, almost broken-hearted; and her father took her home to him, with her children, from the spendthrift who had been her ruin. Schubart's course in Ludwigsburg was verging to its close; his extravagance increased, and debts pressed heavier and heavier on him: for some scandal with a young woman of the place, he was cast into prison; and let out of it, with an injunction forthwith to quit the dominions of the Grand Duke.

Forlorn and homeless, here then was Schubart footing the hard highway, with a staff in his hand, and one solitary *thaler* in his purse, not knowing whither he should go. At Heilbronn, the Bürgermeister Wachs permitted him to teach his Bürgermeisterinn the harpsichord; and Schubart did not die of hunger. For a space of time he wandered to and fro, with numerous impracticable plans; now talking for his victuals; now lecturing or teaching music; kind people now attracted to him by his genius and misfortunes, and anon repelled from him by the faults which had abased him. Once a gleam of court-preferment revisited his path: the Elector Palatine was made acquainted with his gifts, and sent for him to Schwetzingen to play before him. His playing gratified the Electoral ear; he would have been provided for, had he not in conversation with his Highness happened to express a rather free opinion of the Mannheim Academy, which at that time was his Highness's hobby. On the instant of this luckless oversight, the door of patronage was slammed in Schubart's face, and he stood solitary on the pavement as before.

One Count Schmettau took pity on him; offered him his purse and home; both of which the way-worn wanderer was happy to accept. At Schmettau's he fell in with Baron Leiden, the Bavarian envoy, who advised him to turn Catholic, and accompany the returning embassy to Munich. Schubart hesitated to become a renegade; but departed with his new patron, upon trial. In the way, he played before the Bishop of Würzburg; was rewarded by his Princely Reverence with gold as well as praise; and arrived under happy omens at Munich. Here for a while fortune seemed to smile on him again. The houses of the great were thrown open to him; he talked and played, and fared sumptuously every day. He took serious counsel with himself about the great Popish question; now inclining this way, now that: he was puzzling which to choose, when Chance entirely relieved him of the trouble. 'A person of respectability' in Munich wrote to Würtemberg to make inquiries who or what this general favourite was; and received for answer, that the general favourite was a villain, and had been banished from Ludwigsburg for denying that there was a Holy Ghost!—Schubart was happy to evacuate Munich without tap of drum.

Once more upon the road without an aim, the wanderer turned to Augsburg, simply as the nearest city, and—set up a Newspaper! The *Deutsche Chronik* flourished in his hands; in a little while it had acquired a decided character for sprightliness and talent; in time it became the most widely circulated journal of the country. Schubart was again a prosperous man: his writings, stamped with the vigorous impress of his own genius, travelled over Europe; artists and men of letters gathered round him; he had money, he had fame; the rich and noble threw their parlours open to him, and listened with delight to his overflowing, many-coloured conversation. He wrote paragraphs and poetry; he taught music and gave concerts; he set up a spouting establishment, recited newly-published poems, read Klopstock's *Messias* to crowded and enraptured audiences. Schubart's evil genius seemed asleep, but Schubart himself awoke it. He had borne a grudge against the clergy, ever since his banishment from Ludwigsburg; and he now employed the facilities of his journal for giving vent to it. He criticised the priesthood of Augsburg; speculated on their selfishness and cant, and took every opportunity of turning them and their proceedings into ridicule. The Jesuits especially, whom he regarded as a fallen body, he treated with extreme freedom; exposing their deceptions, and holding up to public contumely certain quacks whom they patronised. The Jesuitic Beast was prostrate, but not dead: it had still strength enough to lend a dangerous kick to any one who came too near it. One evening an official person waited upon Schubart, and mentioned an *arrest* by virtue of a warrant from the Catholic Bürgermeister! Schubart was obliged to go to prison. The heads of the Protestant party made an effort in his favour: they procured his liberty, but not without a stipulation that he should immediately depart from Augsburg. Schubart asked to know his crime; but the Council answered him: "We have our reasons; let that satisfy you:" and with this very moderate satisfaction he was forced to leave their city.

But Schubart was now grown an adept in banishment; so trifling an event could not unhinge his equanimity. Driven out of Augsburg, the philosophic editor sought refuge in Ulm, where the publication of his journal had, for other reasons, already been appointed to take place. The *Deutsche Chronik* was as brilliant here as ever: it extended more and more through Germany; 'copies of it even came to London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Petersburg.' Nor had its author's fortune altered much; he had still the same employments, and remunerations, and extravagances; the same sort of friends, the same sort of enemies. The latter were a little busier than formerly: they propagated scandals; engraved caricatures, indited lampoons against him; but this he thought a very small matter. A man that has been three or four times banished, and as often put in prison, and for many years on the point of starving, will not trouble himself much about a gross or two of pasquinades. Schubart had his wife and family again beside him, he had money also

to support them; so he sang and fiddled, talked and wrote, and 'built the lofty rhyme,' and cared no fig for any one.

But enemies, more fell than these, were lurking for the thoughtless Man of Paragraphs. The Jesuits had still their feline eyes upon him, and longed to have their talons in his flesh. They found a certain General Ried, who joined them on a quarrel of his own. This General Ried, the Austrian Agent at Ulm, had vowed inexpiable hatred against Schubart, it would seem, for a very slight cause indeed: once Schubart had engaged to play before him, and then finding that the harpsichord was out of order, had refused, flatly refused! The General's elevated spirit called for vengeance on this impudent plebeian; the Jesuits encouraged him; and thus all lay in eager watch. An opportunity ere long occurred. One week in 1778, there appeared in Schubart's newspaper an Extract of a Letter from Vienna, stating that 'the Empress Maria Theresa had been struck by apoplexy.' On reading which, the General made instant application to his Ducal Highness, requesting that the publisher of this 'atrocious libel' should be given up to him, and 'sent to expiate his crime in Hungary,' by imprisonment—for life. The Duke desired his gallant friend to be at ease, for that *he* had long had his own eye on this man, and would himself take charge of him. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, Herr von Scholl, Comptroller of the Convent of Blaubeuren, came to Schubart with a multitude of compliments, inviting him to dinner, "as there was a stranger wishing to be introduced to him." Schubart sprang into the *Schlitten* with this wolf in sheep's clothing, and away they drove to Blaubeuren. Arrived here, the honourable Herr von Scholl left him in a private room, and soon returned with a posse of official Majors and Amtmen, the chief of whom advanced to Schubart, and declared him —*an arrested man!* The hapless Schubart thought it was a jest; but alas here was no jesting! Schubart then said with a composure scarcely to be looked for, that "he hoped the Duke would not condemn him unheard." In this too he was deceived; the men of office made him mount a carriage with them, and set off without delay for Hohenasperg. The Duke himself was there with his Duchess, when these bloodhounds and their prey arrived: the princely couple gazed from a window as the group went past them, and a fellow-creature took his farewell look of sun and sky!

If hitherto the follies of this man have cast an air of farce upon his sufferings, even when in part unmerited, such sentiments must now give place to that of indignation at his cruel and cold-blooded persecutors. Schubart, who never had the heart to hurt a fly, and with all his indiscretions, had been no man's enemy but his own, was conducted to a narrow subterraneous dungeon, and left, without book or pen, or any sort of occupation or society, to chew the cud of bitter thought, and count the leaden months as they passed over him, and brought no mitigation of his misery. His Serene Transparency of Würtemberg, nay

the heroic General himself, might have been satisfied, could they have seen him: physical squalor, combined with moral agony, were at work on Schubart; at the end of a year, he was grown so weak, that he could not stand except by leaning on the walls of his cell. A little while, and he bade fair to get beyond the reach of all his tyrants. This, however, was not what they wanted. The prisoner was removed to a wholesome upper room; allowed the use of certain books, the sight of certain company, and had, at least, the privilege to think and breathe without obstruction. He was farther gratified by hearing that his wife and children had been treated kindly: the boys had been admitted to the Stuttgard school, where Schiller was now studying; to their mother there had been assigned a pension of two hundred gulden. Charles of Würtemberg was undoubtedly a weak and heartless man, but we know not that he was a savage one: in the punishment of Schubart, it is possible enough that he believed himself to be discharging an important duty to the world. The only subject of regret is, that any duty to the world, beyond the duty of existing inoffensively, should be committed to such hands; that men like Charles and Ried, endowed with so very small a fraction of the common faculties of manhood, should have the destiny of any living thing at their control.

Another mitigating circumstance in Schubart's lot was the character of his gaoler. This humane person had himself tasted the tender mercies of 'paternal' government; he knew the nature of a dungeon better even than his prisoner. 'For four years,' we are told, 'he had seen 'no human face; his scanty food had been lowered to him through a 'trap-door; neither chair nor table were allowed him, his cell was never 'swept, his beard and nails were left to grow, the humblest conveni-'ences of civilised humanity were denied him!'[1] On this man affliction had produced its softening, not its hardening influence: he had grown religious, and merciful in heart; he studied to alleviate Schubart's hard fate by every means within his power. He spoke comfortingly to him; ministered to his infirmities, and, in spite of orders, lent him all his books. These, it is true, were only treatises on theosophy and mystical devotion; but they were the best he had; and to Schubart, in his first lonely dungeon, they afforded occupation and solace.

Human nature will accommodate itself to anything. The King of Pontus taught himself to eat poison: Schubart, cut out from intemperance and jollity, did not pine away in confinement and abstemiousness; he had lost Voltaire and gay company, he found delight in solitude and Jacob Böhm. Nature had been too good to him to let his misery in any case be unalloyed. The vague unguided ebullience of spirit, which had so often set the table in a roar, and made him the most fascinating of debauchees, was now mellowed into a cloudy enthusiasm, the sable of which was still copiously blended with rainbow colours. His brain

[1] And yet Mr. Fox is reported to have said: *There was one* FREE *Government on the Continent, and that one was—Würtemberg.* They had a parliament and 'three estates' like the English.—So much for paper Constitutions!

had received a slight though incurable crack; there was a certain exasperation mixed with his unsettled fervour; but he was not wretched, often even not uncomfortable. His religion was not real; but it had reality enough for present purposes; he was at once a sceptic and a mystic, a true disciple of Böhm as well as of Voltaire. For afflicted, irresolute, imaginative men like Schubart, this is not a rare or altogether ineffectual resource: at the bottom of their minds they doubt or disbelieve, but their hearts exclaim against the slightest whisper of it; they dare not look into the fathomless abyss of Infidelity, so they cover it over with the dense and strangely-tinted smoke of Theosophy. Schubart henceforth now and then employed the phrases and figures of religion; but its principles had made no change in his theory of human duties: it was not food to strengthen the weakness of his spirit, but an opiate to stay its craving.

Schubart had still farther resources: like other great men in captivity, he set about composing the history of his life. It is true, he had no pens or paper; but this could not deter him. A fellow-prisoner, to whom, as he one day saw him pass by the grating of his window, he had communicated his desire, entered eagerly into the scheme: the two contrived to unfasten a stone in a wall that divided their apartments; when the prison-doors were bolted for the night, this volunteer amanuensis took his place, Schubart trailed his mattress to the friendly orifice, and there lay down, and dictated in whispers the record of his fitful story. These memoirs have been preserved; they were published and completed by a son of Schubart's: we have often wished to see them, but in vain.

By day, Schubart had liberty to speak with certain visitors. One of these, as we have said above, was Schiller. That Schubart, in their single interview, was pleased with the enthusiastic friendly boy, we could have conjectured, and he has himself informed us. 'Excepting 'Schiller,' said the veteran garreteer, in writing afterwards to Gleim, 'I scarcely know of any German youth in whom the sacred spark of 'genius has mounted up within the soul like flame upon the altar of a 'Deity. We are fallen into the shameful times, when women bear rule 'over men; and make the toilet a tribunal before which the most 'gigantic minds must plead. Hence the stunted spirit of our poets; 'hence the dwarf products of their imagination; hence the frivolous wit-'ticism, the heartless sentiment, crippled and ricketed by soups, ragouts 'and sweetmeats, which you find in fashionable balladmongers.'

Time and hours wear out the roughest day. The world began to feel an interest in Schubart, and to take some pity on him: his songs and poems were collected and published; their merit and their author's misery exhibited a shocking contrast. His Highness of Würtemberg at length condescended to remember that a mortal, of wants and feelings like his own, had been forced by him to spend, in sorrow and inaction, the third part of an ordinary lifetime; to waste, and worse than waste, ten years of precious time; time, of which not all the dukes and princes in the universe could give him back one instant. He commanded Schu-

bart to be liberated; and the rejoicing Editor (unacquitted, unjudged, unaccused!) once more beheld the blue zenith and the full ring of the horizon. He joined his wife at Stuttgard, and recommenced his newspaper. The *Deutsche Chronik* was again popular; the notoriety of its conductor made amends for the decay which critics did not fail to notice in his faculties. Schubart's sufferings had in fact permanently injured him; his mind was warped and weakened by theosophy and solitude; bleak northern vapours often flitted over it, and chilled its tropical luxuriance. Yet he wrote and rhymed; discoursed on the corruption of the times, and on the means of their improvement. He published the first portion of his Life, and often talked amazingly about the Wandering Jew, and a romance of which he was to form the subject. The idea of making old *Joannes a temporibus*, the 'Wandering,' or as Schubart's countrymen denominate him, the 'Eternal Jew,' into a novel hero, was a mighty favourite with him. In this antique cordwainer, as on a raft at anchor in the stream of time, he would survey the changes and wonders of two thousand years: the Roman and the Arab were to figure there; the Crusader and the Circumnavigator, the Eremite of the Thebaid and the Pope of Rome. Joannes himself, the Man existing out of Time and Space, Joannes the unresting and undying, was to be a deeply tragic personage. Schubart warmed himself with this idea; and talked about it in his cups, to the astonishment of simple souls. He even wrote a certain rhapsody connected with it, which is published in his poems. But here he rested; and the project of the Wandering Jew, which Goethe likewise meditated in his youth, is still unexecuted. Goethe turned to other objects: and poor Schubart was surprised by death, in the midst of his schemes, on the 10th of October 1791.

Of Schubart's character as a man, this record of his life leaves but a mean impression. Unstable in his goings, without principle or plan, he flickered through existence like an *ignis-fatuus;* now shooting into momentary gleams of happiness and generosity, now quenched in the mephitic marshes over which his zig-zag path conducted him. He had many amiable qualities, but scarcely any moral worth. From first to last his circumstances were against him; his education was unfortunate, its fluctuating aimless wanderings enhanced its ill effects. The thrall of the passing moment, he had no will; the fine endowments of his heart were left to riot in chaotic turbulence, and their forces cancelled one another. With better models and advisers, with more rigid habits, and a happier fortune, he might have been an admirable man: as it is, he is far from admirable.

The same defects have told with equal influence on his character as a writer. Schubart had a quick sense of the beautiful, the moving, and the true; his nature was susceptible and fervid; he had a keen intellect, a fiery imagination; and his 'iron memory' secured forever the various produce of so many gifts. But he had no diligence, no power of self-

denial. His knowledge lay around him like the plunder of a sacked city. Like this too, it was squandered in pursuit of casual objects. He wrote in gusts; the *labor limæ et mora* was a thing he did not know. Yet his writings have great merit. His newspaper essays abound in happy illustration and brilliant careless thought. His songs, excluding those of a devotional and theosophic cast, are often full of nature, heartiness and true simplicity. 'From his youth upwards,' we are told, 'he 'studied the true Old-German *Volkslied;* he watched the artisan on the 'street, the craftsman in his workshop, the soldier in his guardhouse, 'the maid by the spinning-wheel; and transferred the genuine spirit of 'primeval Germanism, which he found in them, to his own songs.' Hence their popularity, which many of them still retain. 'In his larger 'lyrical pieces,' observes the same not injudicious critic, 'we discover 'fearless singularity; wild imagination, dwelling rather on the grand 'and frightful than on the beautiful and soft; deep, but seldom long-'continued feeling; at times far-darting thoughts, original images, 'stormy vehemence; and generally a glowing, self-created, figurative 'diction. He never wrote to show his art; but poured forth, from the 'inward call of his nature, the thought or feeling which happened for 'the hour to have dominion in him.'[2]

Such were Schubart and his works and fortunes; the *disjecta membra* of a richly-gifted but ill-starred and infatuated poet! The image of his persecutions added speed to Schiller's flight from Stuttgard; may the image of his wasted talents and ineffectual life add strength to our resolves of living otherwise!

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LETTERS OF SCHILLER.

A FEW Extracts from Schiller's correspondence may be gratifying to some readers. The *Letters to Dalberg*, which constitute the chief part of it as yet before the public, are on the whole less interesting than might have been expected, if we did not recollect that the writer of them was still an inexperienced youth, overawed by his idea of Dalberg, to whom he could communicate with freedom only on a single topic; and besides oppressed with grievances, which of themselves would have weighed down his spirit, and prevented any frank or cordial exposition of its feelings.

Of the Reichsfreiherr von Dalberg himself, this correspondence gives us little information, and we have gleaned little elsewhere. He is mentioned incidentally in almost every literary history connected with his time; and generally as a mild gentlemanly person, a judicious critic,

[2] *Jördens Lexicon:* from which most part of the above details are taken.—There exists now a decidedly compact, intelligent and intelligible *Life of Schubart*, done, in three little volumes, by Strauss, some years ago. (*Note of* 1857.)

and a warm lover of the arts and their cultivators. The following notice of his death is extracted from the *Conversations-Lexicon*, Part III. p. 12: 'Died at Mannheim, on the 27th of December 1806, in his 85th 'year, Wolfgang Heribert, Reichsfreiherr von Dalberg; knighted by 'the Emperor Leopold on his coronation at Frankfort. A warm friend 'and patron of the arts and sciences; while the German Society flour-'ished at Mannheim, he was its first President; and the theatre of that 'town, the school of the best actors in Germany, of Iffland, Beck, Beil, 'and many others, owes to him its foundation, and its maintenance 'throughout his long Intendancy, which he held till 1803. As a writer 'and a poet, he is no less favourably known. We need only refer to 'his *Cora*, a musical drama, and to the *Mönch von Carmel*.'—These letters of Schiller were found among his papers at his death; rescued from destruction by two of his executors, and published at Carlsruhe, in a small duodecimo, in the year 1819. There is a verbose preface, but no note or comment, though some such aid is now and then a little wanted.

The letters most worthy of our notice are those relating to the exhibition of the *Robbers* on the Mannheim stage, and to Schiller's consequent embarrassments and flight. From these, accordingly, the most of our selections shall be taken. It is curious to see with what timidity the intercourse on Schiller's part commences; and how this awkward shyness gradually gives place to some degree of confidence, as he becomes acquainted with his patron, or is called to treat of subjects where he feels that he himself has a dignity, and rights of his own, forlorn and humble as he is. At first he never mentions Dalberg but with all his titles, some of which to our unceremonious ears seem ludicrous enough. Thus in the full style of German reverence, he avoids directly naming his correspondent, but uses the oblique designation of 'your Excellency,' or something equally exalted: and he begins his two earliest letters with an address, which, literally interpreted, runs thus: 'Empire-free, Highly-wellborn, Particularly-much-to-be-venerated, Lord Privy Counsellor!' Such sounding phrases make us smile: but they entirely depend on custom for their import, and the smile which they excite is not by any means a philosophic one. It is but fair that in our version we omit them, or render them by some more grave equivalent.

The first letter is as follows:

[No date.]

'The proud judgment, passed upon me in the flattering letter which 'I had the honour to receive from your Excellency, is enough to set 'the prudence of an Author on a very slippery eminence. The autho-'rity of the quarter it proceeds from, would almost communicate to that 'sentence the stamp of infallibility, if I could regard it as anything but 'a mere encouragement of my Muse. More than this a deep feeling of 'my weakness will not let me think it; but if my strength shall ever 'climb to the height of a masterpiece, I certainly shall have this warm

'approval of your Excellency alone to thank for it, and so will the 'world. For several years I have had the happiness to know you from 'the public papers: long ago the splendour of the Mannheim theatre 'attracted my attention. And, I confess, ever since I felt any touch 'of dramatic talent in myself, it has been among my darling projects 'some time or other to remove to Mannheim, the true temple of Thalia; 'a project, however, which my *closer* connection with Würtemberg might 'possibly impede.

'Your Excellency's very kind proposal on the subject of the *Rob-'bers*, and such other pieces as I may produce in future, is infinitely 'precious to me; the maturing of it well deserves a narrower investi-'gation of your Excellency's theatre, its special mode of management. 'its actors, the *non plus ultra* of its machinery; in a word, a full con-'ception of it, such as I shall never get while my only scale of estima-'tion is this Stuttgard theatre of ours, an establishment still in its mi-'nority. Unhappily my *economical* circumstances render it impossible 'for me to travel much; though I could travel now with the greater 'happiness and confidence, as I have still some *pregnant ideas* for the 'Mannheim theatre, which I could wish to have the honour of com-'municating to your Excellency. For the rest, I remain,' &c.

From the second letter we learn that Schiller had engaged to *thea trilise* his original edition of the *Robbers*, and still wished much to be connected in some shape with Mannheim. The third explains itself:

'Stuttgard, 6th October 1781.

'Here then at last returns the luckless prodigal, the remodelled '*Robbers!* I am sorry that I have not kept the time, appointed by 'myself; but a transitory glance at the number and extent of the changes 'I have made, will, I trust, be sufficient to excuse me. Add to this, 'that a contagious epidemic was at work in our military Hospital, 'which, of course, interfered very often with my *otia poetica*. After 'finishing my work, I may assure you I could engage with less effort 'of mind, and certainly with far more contentment, to compose a new 'piece, than to undergo the labour I have just concluded. The task 'was complicated and tedious. Here I had to correct an error, which 'naturally was rooted in the very groundwork of the play; there per-'haps to sacrifice a beauty to the limits of the stage, the humour of the 'pit, the stupidity of the gallery, or some such sorrowful convention; 'and I need not tell you, that as in nature, so on the stage, an idea, an 'emotion, can have only one suitable expression, one proper tone. A 'single alteration in a trait of character may give a new tendency to the 'whole personage, and, consequently, to his actions, and the mechan-'ism of the piece which depends on them.

'In the original, the Robbers are exhibited in strong contrast with 'each other; and I dare maintain that it is difficult to draw half a dozen 'robbers in strong contrast, without in some of them offending the de-

'licacy of the stage. In my first conception of the piece, I excluded 'the idea of its ever being represented in a theatre; hence came it that 'Franz was planned as a *reasoning* villain; a plan which, though it may 'content the thinking Reader, cannot fail to vex and weary the Spec-'tator, who does not come to think, and who wants not philosophy, but 'action.

'In the new edition, I could not overturn this arrangement without 'breaking-down the whole economy of the piece. Accordingly I can 'predict, with tolerable certainty, that Franz when he appears on the 'stage, will not play the part which he has played with the reader. 'And, at all events, the rushing stream of the action will hurry the 'spectator over all the finer shadings, and rob him of a third part of 'the whole character.

'Karl von Moor might chance to form an era on the stage; except 'a few speculations, which, however, work as indispensable colours in 'the general picture, he is all action, all visible life. Spiegelberg, 'Schweitzer, Hermann, are, in the strictest sense, personages for the 'stage; in a less degree, Amelia and the Father.

'Written and oral criticisms I have endeavoured to turn to advant-'age. The alterations are important; certain scenes are altogether new. 'Of this number, are Hermann's counter-plots to undermine the schemes 'of Franz; his interview with that personage, which, in the first com-'position of the work, was entirely and very unhappily forgotten. His 'interview with Amelia in the garden has been postponed to the suc-'ceeding act; and my friends tell me that I could have fixed upon no 'better act than this, no better time than a few moments prior to the 'meeting of Amelia with Moor. Franz is brought a little nearer human 'nature; but the mode of it is rather strange. A scene like his con-'demnation in the fifth act has never, to my knowledge, been exhibited 'on any stage; and the same may be said of the scene where Amelia 'is sacrificed by her lover.

'If the piece should be too long, it stands at the discretion of the 'manager to abbreviate the speculative parts of it, or here and there, 'without prejudice to the general impression, to omit them altogether. 'But in the *printing*, I use the freedom humbly to protest against the 'leaving out of anything. I had satisfactory reasons of my own for all 'that I allowed to pass; and my submission to the stage does not ex-'tend so far, that I can leave *holes* in my work, and mutilate the cha-'racters of men for the convenience of actors.

'In regard to the selection of costume, without wishing to prescribe 'any rules, I may be permitted to remark, that though in nature dress 'is unimportant, on the stage it is never so. In this particular, the 'taste of my Robber Moor will not be difficult to hit. He wears a 'plume; for this is mentioned expressly in the play, at the time when 'he abdicates his office. I have also given him a baton. His dress 'should always be noble without ornament, unstudied but not negli-'gent.

'A young but excellent composer is working at a symphony for my 'unhappy prodigal: I know it will be masterly. So soon as it is 'finished, I shall take the liberty of offering it to you.

'I must also beg you to excuse the irregular state of the manuscript, 'the incorrectness of the penmanship. I was in haste to get the piece 'ready for you; hence the double sort of handwriting in it; hence also 'my forbearing to correct it. My copyist, according to the custom of 'all *reforming* caligraphers, I find, has wofully abused the spelling. 'To conclude, I recommend myself and my endeavours to the kindness 'of an honoured judge. I am,' &c.

'Stuttgard, 12th December 1781.

'With the change projected by your Excellency, in regard to the 'publishing of my play, I feel entirely contented, especially as I per- 'ceive that by this means two interests that had become very alien, are 'again made one, without, as I hope, any prejudice to the results and 'the success of my work. Your Excellency, however, touches on some 'other *very* weighty changes, which the piece has undergone from your 'hands; and these, in respect of myself, I feel to be so important, that I 'shall beg to explain my mind at some length regarding them. At the 'outset, then, I must honestly confess to you, I hold the projected trans- 'ference of the action represented in my play to the epoch of the *Land-* '*friedi*, and the Suppression of Private Wars, with the whole accom- 'paniment which it gains by this new position, as infinitely better than 'mine; and must hold it so, although the whole piece should go to ruin 'thereby. Doubtless it is an objection, that in our enlightened cen- 'tury, with our watchful police and fixedness of statute, such a reckless 'gang should have arisen in the very bosom of the laws, and still more, 'have taken root and subsisted for years: doubtless the objection is 'well founded, and I have nothing to allege against it, but the license 'of Poetry to raise the probabilities of the real world to the rank of 'true, and its possibilities to the rank of probable.

'This excuse, it must be owned, is little adequate to the objection 'it opposes. But when I grant your Excellency so much (and I grant 'it honestly, and with complete conviction), what will follow? Simply 'that my play has got an ugly fault at its birth, which fault, if I may 'say so, it must carry with it to its grave, the fault being interwoven 'with its very nature, and not to be removed without destruction of the 'whole.

'In the first place, all my personages speak in a style too modern, 'too enlightened for that ancient time. The dialect is not the right one. 'That simplicity so vividly presented to us by the author of *Götz von* '*Berlichingen*, is altogether wanting. Many long tirades, touches great 'and small, nay entire characters, are taken from the aspect of the pre- 'sent world, and would not answer for the age of Maximilian. In a 'word, this change would reduce the piece into something like a cer- 'tain woodcut which I remember meeting with in an edition of Virgil.

'The Trojans wore hussar boots, and King Agamemnon had a pair 'of pistols in his belt. I should commit a *crime* against the age of 'Maximilian, to avoid an *error* against the age of Frederick the Second.

'Again, my whole episode of Amelia's love would make a frightful 'contrast with the simple chivalry attachment of that period. Amelia 'would, at all hazards, need to be re-moulded into a chivalry maiden; 'and I need not tell you that this character, and the sort of love which 'reigns in my work, are so deeply and broadly tinted into the whole 'picture of the Robber Moor, nay, into the whole piece, that every 'part of the delineation would require to be re-painted, before those 'tints could be removed. So likewise is it with the character of Franz, 'that speculative, metaphysico-refining knave.

'In a word, I think I may affirm, that this projected transposition 'of my work, which, prior to the commencement, would have lent it 'the highest splendour and completeness, could not fail now, when the 'piece is planned and finished, to change it into a defective *quodlibet*, 'a crow with peacock's feathers.

'Your Excellency will forgive a father this earnest pleading in be-'half of his son. These are but words, and in the long-run every thea-'tre can make of any piece what they think proper; the author must 'content himself. In the present case, he looks upon it as a happi-'ness that he has fallen into such hands. With Herr Schwann, how-'ever, I will make it a condition that, at least, he *print* the piece ac-'cording to the first plan. In the theatre I pretend to no vote what-'ever.

'That other change relating to Amelia's death was perhaps even 'more interesting to me. Believe me, your Excellency, this was the 'portion of my play which cost me the greatest effort and deliberation, 'of all which the result was nothing else than this, that Moor *must* kill 'his Amelia, and that the action is even a *positive beauty*, in his charac-'ter; on the one hand painting the ardent lover, on the other the Ban-'dit Captain, with the liveliest colours. But the vindication of this 'part is not to be exhausted in a single letter. For the rest, the few 'words which you propose to substitute in place of this scene, are truly 'exquisite, and altogether worthy of the situation. I should be proud 'of having written them.

'As Herr Schwann informs me that the piece, with the music and 'indispensably necessary pauses, will last about five hours (too long for 'any piece!), a second curtailment of it will be called for. I should 'not wish that any but myself undertook this task, and I myself, *with-'out the sight of a rehearsal, or of the first representation*, cannot under-'take it.

'If it were possible that your Excellency could fix the general re-'hearsal of the piece some time between the twentieth and the thirtieth 'of this month, and make good to me the main expenses of a journey 'to you, I should hope, in some few days, I might unite the interest 'of the stage with my own, and give the piece that proper rounding-

'off, which, without an actual view of the representation, cannot well 'be given it. On this point, may I request the favour of your Excel- 'lency's decision soon, that I may be prepared for the event?

'Herr Schwann writes me that a Baron von Gemmingen has given 'himself the trouble and done me the honour to read my piece. This 'Herr von Gemmingen, I also hear, is author of the *Deutsche Hausvater*. 'I long to have the honour of assuring him that I liked his *Haus-* 'vater uncommonly, and admired in it the traces of a most accomplished 'man and writer. But what does the author of the *Deutsche Hausvater* 'care about the babble of a young apprentice? If I should ever have 'the honour of meeting Dalberg at Mannheim, and testifying the affec- 'tion and reverence I bear him, I will then also press into the arms of 'that other, and tell him how dear to me such souls are as Dalberg and 'Gemmingen.

'Your thought about the small Advertisement, before our produc- 'tion of the piece, I exceedingly approve of; along with this I have 'enclosed a sketch of one. For the rest, I have the honour, with per- 'fect respect, to be always,' &c.

This is the enclosed scheme of an Advertisement; which was afterwards adopted:

'THE ROBBERS,

'A PLAY.

'The picture of a great, misguided soul, furnished with every gift 'for excellence, and lost in spite of all its gifts: unchecked ardour and 'bad companionship contaminate his heart; hurry him from vice to 'vice, till at last he stands at the head of a gang of murderers, heaps 'horror upon horror, plunges from abyss to abyss into all the depths 'of desperation. Great and majestic in misfortune; and by misfortune 'improved, led back to virtue. Such a man in the Robber Moor you 'shall bewail and hate, abhor and love. A hypocritical, malicious de- 'ceiver, you shall likewise see unmasked, and blown to pieces in his 'own mines. A feeble, fond, and too indulgent father. The sorrows 'of enthusiastic love, and the torture of ungoverned passion. Here 'also, not without abhorrence, you shall cast a look into the interior 'economy of vice, and from the stage be taught how all the gilding of 'fortune cannot kill the inward worm; how terror, anguish, remorse, 'and despair follow close upon the heels of the wicked. Let the spec- 'tator weep today before our scene, and shudder, and learn to bend his 'passions under the laws of reason and religion. Let the youth behold 'with affright the end of unbridled extravagance; nor let the man de- 'part from our theatre without a feeling that Providence makes even 'villains instruments of His purposes and judgments, and can marvel- 'lously unravel the most intricate perplexities of fate.'

Whatever reverence Schiller entertained for Dalberg as a critic and a patron, and however ready to adopt his alterations when they seemed judicious, it is plain, from various passages of these extracts, that in regard to writing, he had also firm persuasions of his own, and conscientiousness enough to adhere to them while they continued such. In regard to the conducting of his life, his views as yet were far less clear. The following fragments serve to trace him from the first exhibition of his play at Mannheim to his flight from Stuttgard:

'Stuttgard, 17th January 1782.

'I here in writing repeat my warmest thanks for the courtesies re-
'ceived from your Excellency, for your attention to my slender efforts,
'for the dignity and splendour you bestowed upon my piece, for all
'your Excellency did to exalt its little merits and hide its weaknesses
'by the greatest outlay of theatric art. The shortness of my stay at
'Mannheim would not allow me to go into details respecting the play
'or its representation; and as I could not say all, my time being meted
'out to me so sparingly, I thought it better to say absolutely nothing.
'I observed much, I learned much; and I believe, if Germany shall
'ever find in me a true dramatic poet, I must reckon the date of my
'commencement from the past week.' * * *

'Stuttgard, 24th May 1782.

* * * 'My impatient wish to see the piece played a second time,
'and the absence of my Sovereign favouring that purpose, have induced
'me, with some ladies and male friends as full of curiosity respecting
'Dalberg's theatre and *Robbers* as myself, to undertake a little journey
'to Mannheim, which we are to set about tomorrow. As this is the
'principal aim of our journey, and to me a more perfect enjoyment of
'my play is an exceedingly important object, especially since this would
'put it in my power to set about *Fiesco* under better auspices, I make
'it my earnest request of your Excellency, if possible, to procure me
'this enjoyment on Tuesday the 28th current.' * * *

'Stuttgard, 4th June 1782.

'The satisfaction I enjoyed at Mannheim in such copious fulness, I
'have paid, since my return, by this epidemical disorder, which has
'made me till today entirely unfit to thank your Excellency for so much
'regard and kindness. And yet I am forced almost to repent the hap-
'piest journey of my life; for by a truly mortifying contrast of Mann-
'heim with my native country, it has pained me so much, that Stutt-
'gard and all Swabian scenes are become intolerable to me. Unhappier
'than I am can no one be. I have feeling enough of my bad condi-
'tion, perhaps also feeling enough of my meriting a better; and in both
'points of view but *one* prospect of relief.

'May I dare to cast myself into your arms, my generous benefactor?

'I know how soon your noble heart inflames when sympathy and hu-
'manity appeal to it; I know how strong your courage is to undertake
'a noble action, and how warm your zeal to finish it. My new friends
'in Mannheim, whose respect for you is boundless, told me this: but
'their assurance was not necessary; I myself in that hour of your time,
'which I had the happiness exclusively to enjoy, read in your counten-
'ance far more than they had told me. It is this which makes me
'bold to *give* myself without reserve to you, to put my whole fate into
'your hands, and look to you for the happiness of my life. As yet
'I am little or nothing. In this Arctic Zone of taste, I shall never
'grow to anything, unless happier stars and a *Grecian climate* warm me
'into genuine poetry. Need I say more, to expect from Dalberg all
'support?

'Your Excellency gave me every hope to this effect; the squeeze
'of the hand that sealed your promise, I shall forever feel. If your
'Excellency will adopt the two or three hints I have subjoined, and
'use them in a letter to the Duke, I have no very great misgivings as
'to the result.

'And now with a burning heart, I repeat the request, the soul of
'all this letter. Could you look into the interior of my soul, could you
'see what feelings agitate it, could I paint to you in proper colours how
'my spirit strains against the grievances of my condition, you would
'not, I know you would not, delay one hour the aid which an appli-
'cation from you to the Duke might procure me.

'Again I throw myself into your arms, and wish nothing more than
'soon, very soon, to have it in my power to show by personal exertions
'in your service, the reverence with which I could devote to you my-
'self and all that I am.'

The 'hints' above alluded to, are given in a separate enclosure, the main part of which is this:

'I earnestly desire that you could secure my union with the Mann-
'heim Theatre for a specified period (which at your request might be
'lengthened), at the end of which I might again belong to the Duke.
'It will thus have the air rather of an excursion than a final abdication
'of my country, and will not strike them so ungraciously. In this
'case, however, it would be useful to suggest that means of practising
'and studying medicine might be afforded me at Mannheim. This will
'be peculiarly necessary, lest they sham, and higgle about letting me
'away.'

'Stuttgard, 15th July 1782.

'My long silence must have almost drawn upon me the reproach of
'folly from your Excellency, especially as I have not only delayed ans-
'wering your last kind letter, but also retained the two books by me.
'All this was occasioned by a harassing affair which I have had to do
'with here. Your Excellency will doubtless be surprised when you

'learn that, for my last journey to you, I have been confined a fort-'night under arrest. Everything was punctually communicated to the 'Duke. On this matter I have had an interview with him.

'If your Excellency think my prospects of coming to you anywise 'attainable, my only prayer is to *accelerate the fulfilment of them.* The 'reason why I now wish this with double earnestness, is one which I 'dare trust no whisper of to paper. This alone I can declare for cer-'tain, that within a month or two, if I have not the happiness of being 'with you, there will remain no further hope of my ever being there. 'Ere that time, I shall be forced to take a *step*, which will render it 'impossible for me to stay at Mannheim.' * * *

The next two extracts are from letters to another correspondent. Doering quotes them without name or date: their purport sufficiently points out their place.

'I must haste to get away from this: in the end they might find me 'an apartment in the Hohenasperg, as they have found the honest and 'ill-fated Schubart. They talk of better culture that I need. It is 'possible enough, they might cultivate me differently in Hohenasperg: 'but I had rather try to make shift with what culture I have got, or 'may still get, by my unassisted efforts. This at least I owe to no one 'but my own free choice, and volition that disdains constraint.'

'In regard to those affairs, concerning which they wish to put my 'spirit under wardship, I have long reckoned my minority to be con-'cluded. The best of it is, that one can cast away such clumsy man-'acles: me at least they shall not fetter.'

[No date.]

'Your Excellency will have learned from my friends at Mannheim, 'what the history of my affairs was up to your arrival, which unhappily 'I could not wait for. When I tell you *that I am flying my country*, 'I have painted my whole fortune. But the worst is yet behind. I 'have not the necessary *means* of setting my mishap at defiance. For 'the sake of safety, I had to withdraw from Stuttgard with the utmost 'speed, at the time of the Prince's arrival. Thus were my economical 'arrangements suddenly snapped asunder: I could not even pay my debts. 'My hopes had been set on a removal to Mannheim; there I trusted, 'by your Excellency's assistance, that my new play might not only have 'cleared me of debt, but have permanently put me into better circum-'stances. All this was frustrated by the necessity for hastening my re-'moval. I went empty away; empty in purse and hope. I blush at 'being forced to make such disclosures to you; though I know they do 'not disgrace me. Sad enough for me to see realised in myself the

'hateful saying, that mental growth and full stature are things denied 'to every Swabian!

'If my former conduct, if all that your Excellency knows of my 'character, inspires you with confidence in my love of honour, permit 'me frankly to ask your assistance. Pressingly as I now need the pro- 'fit I expect from my *Fiesco*, it will be impossible for me to have the 'piece in readiness before three weeks: my heart was oppressed; the 'feeling of my own situation drove me back from my poetic dreams. 'But if at the specified period, I could make the play not only *ready*, 'but, as I also hope, *worthy*, I take courage from that persuasion, re- 'spectfully to ask that your Excellency would be so obliging as *advance* 'for me the price that will then become due. I need it now, perhaps 'more than I shall ever do again throughout my life. I had near 200 'florins of debt in Stuttgard, which I could not pay. I may confess 'to you, that this gives me more uneasiness than anything about my 'future destiny. I shall have no rest till I am free on *that* side.

'In eight days, too, my travelling purse will be exhausted. It is 'yet utterly impossible for me to labour with my mind. In my hand, 'therefore, are at present no resources.

* * * * * *

'My actual situation being clear enough from what I have already 'said, I hold it needless to afflict your Excellency with any *importuning* '*picture* of my want. Speedy aid is all that I can now think of or 'wish. Herr Meyer has been requested to communicate your Excel- 'lency's resolution to me, and to save you from the task of writing to 'me in person at all. With peculiar respect, I call myself,' &c.

It is pleasing to record that the humble aid so earnestly and modestly solicited by Schiller, was afforded him; and that he never forgot to love the man who had afforded it; who had assisted him, when assistance was of such essential value. In the first fervour of his gratitude, for this and other favours, the poet warmly declared that 'he owed all, all to Dalberg;' and in a state of society where Patronage, as Miss Edgeworth has observed, directly the antipodes of Mercy, is in general 'twice cursed,' cursing him that gives and him that takes, it says not a little for the character both of the obliged and the obliger in the present instance, that neither of them ever ceased to remember their connexion with pleasure. Schiller's first play had been introduced to the Stage by Dalberg, and his last was dedicated to him.[1] The vener-

[1] It clearly appears I am wrong here; I have confounded the Freiherr Wolfgang Heribert von Dalberg, Director of the Mannheim Theatre, with Archduke and *Fürst Primas* Karl Theodor Dalberg, his younger Brother,—a man justly eminent in the Politico-Ecclesiastical world of his time, and still more distinguished for his patronage of letters, and other benefactions to his country, than the Freiherr was. Neither is the play of *Tell* 'dedicated' to him, as stated in the text; there is merely a copy presented, with some verses by the Author inscribed in it; at which time Karl Theodor was in his *sixtieth* year. A man of conspicuous station, of wide activity, and high influence and esteem in Germany. He was the personal friend of Herder,

able critic, in his eighty-third year, must have received with a calm joy the tragedy of *Tell*, accompanied by an address so full of kindness and respect: it must have gratified him to think that the youth who was once his, and had now become the world's, could, after long experience, still say of him,

> And fearlessly to thee may *Tell* be shown,
> For every noble feeling is thy own.

Except this early correspondence, very few of Schiller's letters have been given to the world.[2] In Doering's Appendix, we have found one written six years after the poet's voluntary exile, and agreeably contrasted in its purport with the agitation and despondency of that unhappy period. We translate it for the sake of those who, along with us, regret that while the world is deluged with insipid correspondences, and 'pictures of mind' that were not worth drawing, the correspondence of a man who never wrote unwisely should lie mouldering in private repositories, ere long to be irretrievably destroyed; that the 'picture of a mind' who was among the conscript fathers of the human race should still be left so vague and dim. This letter is addressed to Schwann, during Schiller's first residence in Weimar: it has already been referred to in the Text.

'Weimar, 2d May 1788.

'You apologise for your long silence to spare *me* the pain of an 'apology. I feel this kindness, and thank you for it. You do not im-'pute my silence to decay of friendship; a proof that you have read my 'heart more justly than my evil conscience allowed me to hope. Con-'tinue to believe that the memory of you lives ineffaceably in my mind, 'and needs not to be brightened up by the routine of visits, or letters 'of assurance. So no more of this.

'The peace and calmness of existence which breathes throughout 'your letter, gives me joy; I who am yet drifting to and fro between 'wind and waves, am forced to envy you that uniformity, that health 'of soul and body. To me also in time it will be granted, as a recom-'pense for labours I have yet to undergo.

'I have now been in Weimar nearly three quarters of a year: after 'finishing my *Carlos*, I at last accomplished this long-projected journey.

Goethe, Schiller, Wieland; by Napoleon he was made *Fürst Primas*, Prince Primate of the Confederation of the Rhine, being already Archbishop, Elector of Mentz, &c. The good and brave deeds he did in his time appear to have been many, public and private. Pensions to deserving men of letters were among the number: Zacharias Werner, I remember, had a pension from him,—and still more to the purpose, Jean Paul. He died in 1817. There was a third Brother also memorable for his encouragement of Letters and Arts. "*Ist kein Dalberg da*, Is there no Dalberg here?" the Herald cries on a certain occasion. (See *Conv. Lexicon*, b. iii.)

To Sir Edward Bulwer, in his *Sketch of the Life of Schiller* (p. c.), I am indebted for very kindly pointing out this error; as well as for much other satisfaction derived from that work. (*Note of* 1845.)

[2] There have since been copious contributions: *Correspondence with Goethe*, *Correspondence with Madam von Wolfzogen*, and perhaps others which I have not seen (*Note of* 1845.)

'To speak honestly, I cannot say but that I am exceedingly contented 'with the place; and my reasons are not difficult to see.

'The utmost political tranquillity and freedom, a very tolerable dis- 'position in the people, little constraint in social intercourse, a select 'circle of interesting persons and thinking heads, the respect paid to 'literary diligence: add to this the unexpensiveness to me of such a 'town as Weimar. Why should I not be satisfied?

'With Wieland I am pretty intimate, and to him I must attribute 'no small influence on my present happiness; for I like him, and have 'reason to believe that he likes me in return. My intercourse with 'Herder is more limited, though I esteem him highly as a writer and 'a man. It is the caprice of chance alone which causes this; for we 'opened our acquaintance under happy enough omens. Besides, I have 'not always time to act according to my likings. With Bode no one 'can be very friendly. I know not whether you think here as I do. 'Goethe is still but *expected* out of Italy. The Duchess Dowager is a lady 'of sense and talent, in whose society one does not feel constrained.

'I thank you for your tidings of the fate of *Carlos* on your stage. 'To speak candidly, my hopes of its success on any stage were not 'high; and I know my reasons. It is but fair that the Goddess of the 'Theatre avenge herself on me, for the little gallantry with which I was 'inspired in writing. In the mean time, though *Carlos* prove a never 'so decided failure on the stage, I engage for it, our public shall see it 'ten times acted, before they understand and fully estimate the merit 'that should counterbalance its defects. When one has seen the beauty 'of a work, and not till then, I think one is entitled to pronounce on 'its deformity. I hear, however, that the second representation suc- 'ceeded better than the first. This arises either from the changes 'made upon the piece by Dalberg, or from the fact, that on a second 'view, the public comprehended certain things, which on a first, they '—did not comprehend.

'For the rest, no one can be more satisfied than I am that *Carlos*, 'from causes honourable as well as causes dishonourable to it, is no 'speculation for the stage. Its very length were enough to banish it. 'Nor was it out of confidence or self-love that I forced the piece on 'such a trial; perhaps out of self-interest rather. If in the affair my 'vanity played any part, it was in this, that I thought the work had 'solid stuff in it sufficient to outweigh its sorry fortune on the boards.

'The present of your portrait gives me true pleasure. I think it a 'striking likeness; that of Schubart a little less so, though this opinion 'may proceed from my faulty memory as much as from the faultiness of 'Lobauer's drawing. The engraver merits all attention and encourage- 'ment; what I can do for the extension of his good repute shall not 'be wanting.

'To your dear children present my warmest love. At Wieland's I 'hear much and often of *your eldest daughter;* there in a few days she 'has won no little estimation and affection. Do I still hold any place

'in her remembrance? Indeed, I ought to blush, that by my long 'silence I so ill deserve it.

'That you are going to my dear native country, and will not pass 'my Father without seeing him, was most welcome news to me. The 'Swabians are a good people; this I more and more discover, the more 'I grow acquainted with the other provinces of Germany. To my 'family you will be cordially welcome. Will you take a pack of com- 'pliments from me to them? Salute my Father in my name; to my 'Mother and my Sisters *your daughter* will take my kiss.'

'And with these hearty words,' as Doering says, 'we shall con 'clude this paper.'

No. 3. Page 85.

FRIENDSHIP WITH GOETHE.

THE history of Schiller's first intercourse with Goethe has been recorded by the latter in a paper published a few years ago in the *Morphologie*, a periodical work, which we believe he still occasionally continues, or purposes to continue. The paper is entitled *Happy Incident;* and may be found in Part I. Volume 1 (pp. 90-96) of the work referred to. The introductory portion of it we have inserted in the text at page 81; the remainder, relating to certain scientific matters, and anticipating some facts of our narrative, we judged it better to reserve for the Appendix. After mentioning the publication of *Don Carlos*, and adding that 'each continued to go on his way apart,' he proceeds:

'His Essay on *Grace and Dignity* was yet less of a kind to recon- 'cile me. The Philosophy of Kant, which exalts the dignity of mind 'so highly, while appearing to restrict it, Schiller had joyfully embraced: 'it unfolded the extraordinary qualities which Nature had implanted 'in him; and in the lively feeling of freedom and self-direction, he 'showed himself unthankful to the Great Mother, who surely had not 'acted like a step-dame towards him. Instead of viewing her as self- 'subsisting, as producing with a living force, and according to ap- 'pointed laws, alike the highest and the lowest of her works, he took 'her up under the aspect of some empirical native qualities of the hu- 'man mind. Certain harsh passages I could even directly apply to 'myself: they exhibited my confession of faith in a false light; and I 'felt that if written without particular attention to me, they were still 'worse; for in that case, the vast chasm which lay between us gaped 'but so much the more distinctly.

'There was no union to be dreamed of. Even the mild persuasion 'of Dalberg, who valued Schiller as he ought, was fruitless: indeed 'the reasons I set forth against any project of a union were difficult to 'contradict. No one could deny that between two spiritual antipodes 'there was more intervening than a simple diameter of the sphere: 'antipodes of that sort act as a sort of poles, and so can never coalesce.

'But that some relation may exist between them will appear from what 'follows.

'Schiller went to live at Jena, where I still continued unacquainted 'with him. About this time Batsch had set in motion a Society for 'Natural History, aided by some handsome collections, and an exten- 'sive apparatus. I used to attend their periodical meetings: one day 'I found Schiller there; we happened to go out together; some dis- 'course arose between us. He appeared to take an interest in what 'had been exhibited; but observed, with great acuteness and good 'sense, and much to my satisfaction, that such a disconnected way of 'treating Nature was by no means grateful to the exoteric, who desired 'to penetrate her mysteries.

'I answered, that perhaps the initiated themselves were never rightly 'at their ease in it, and that there surely was another way of represent- 'ing Nature, not separated and disunited, but active and alive, and ex- 'panding from the whole into the parts. On this point he requested 'explanations, but did not hide his doubts; he would not allow that 'such a mode, as I was recommending, had been already pointed out 'by experiment.

'We reached his house; the talk induced me to go in. I then ex- 'pounded to him with as much vivacity as possible, the *Metamorphosis 'of Plants*,[1] drawing out on paper, with many characteristic strokes, a 'symbolic Plant for him, as I proceeded. He heard and saw all this 'with much interest and distinct comprehension; but when I had done, 'he shook his head and said: "This is no experiment, this is an idea." 'I stopped with some degree of irritation; for the point which sepa- 'rated us was most luminously marked by this expression. The opinions 'in *Dignity and Grace* again occurred to me; the old grudge was just 'awakening; but I smothered it, and merely said: "I was happy to 'find that I had got ideas without knowing it, nay that I saw them 'before my eyes."

'Schiller had much more prudence and dexterity of management 'than I: he was also thinking of his periodical the *Horen*, about this 'time, and of course rather wished to attract than repel me. Accord- 'ingly he answered me like an accomplished Kantite; and as my stiff- 'necked Realism gave occasion to many contradictions, much battling 'took place between us, and at last a truce, in which neither party 'would consent to yield the victory, but each held himself invincible. 'Positions like the following grieved me to the very soul: *How can 'there ever be an experiment that shall correspond with an idea? The 'specific quality of an idea is, that no experiment can reach it or agree 'with it.* Yet if he held as an idea the same thing which I looked upon 'as an experiment, there must certainly, I thought, be some community 'between us, some ground whereon both of us might meet! The first

[1] A curious physiologico-botanical theory by Goethe, which appears to be entirely unknown in this country; though several eminent continental botanists have noticed it with commendation. It is explained at considerable length in this same *Morphologie*.

'step was now taken; Schiller's attractive power was great, he held 'all firmly to him that came within his reach: I expressed an interest 'in his purposes, and promised to give out in the *Horen* many notions 'that were lying in my head; his wife, whom I had loved and valued 'since her childhood, did her part to strengthen our reciprocal intelli-'gence; all friends on both sides rejoiced in it; and thus by means of 'that mighty and interminable controversy between *object* and *subject*, 'we two concluded an alliance, which remained unbroken, and pro-'duced much benefit to ourselves and others.'

The friendship of Schiller and Goethe forms so delightful a chapter in their history, that we long for more and more details respecting it. Sincerity, true estimation of each other's merit, true sympathy in each other's character and purposes appear to have formed the basis of it, and maintained it unimpaired to the end. Goethe, we are told, was minute and sedulous in his attention to Schiller, whom he venerated as a good man and sympathised with as an afflicted one: when in mixed companies together, he constantly endeavoured to draw out the stores of his modest and retiring friend; or to guard his sick and sensitive mind from annoyances that might have irritated him; now softening, now exciting conversation, guiding it with the address of a gifted and polished man, or lashing out of it with the scorpion-whip of his satire much that would have vexed the more soft and simple spirit of the valetudinarian. These are things which it is good to think of: it is good to know that there *are* literary men, who have other principles besides vanity; who can divide the approbation of their fellow mortals, without quarrelling over the lots; who in their solicitude about their 'fame' do not forget the common charities of nature, in exchange for which the 'fame' of most authors were but a poor bargain.

No. 4. Page 91.

DEATH OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

As a specimen of Schiller's historical style, we have extracted a few scenes from his masterly description of the Battle of Lützen. The whole forms a picture, executed in the spirit of Salvator; and though this is but a fragment, the importance of the figure represented in it will perhaps counterbalance that deficiency.

'At last the dreaded morning dawned; but a thick fog, which lay 'brooding over all the field, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling 'in front of his lines, the King offered up his devotions; the whole 'army at the same moment, dropping on their right knees, uplifted a 'moving hymn, and the field-music accompanied their singing. The 'King then mounted his horse; dressed in a jerkin of buff, with a sur-'tout (for a late wound hindered him from wearing armour), he rode

'through the ranks, rousing the courage of his troops to a cheerful 'confidence, which his own forecasting bosom contradicted. *God with 'us* was the battle-word of the Swedes; that of the Imperialists was '*Jesus Maria.* About eleven o'clock, the fog began to break, and 'Wallenstein's lines became visible. At the same time, too, were seen 'the flames of Lützen, which the Duke had ordered to be set on fire, 'that he might not be outflanked on this side. At length the signal 'pealed; the horse dashed forward on the enemy; the infantry ad-'vanced against his trenches.

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'Meanwhile the right wing, led on by the King in person, had fallen 'on the left wing of the Friedlanders. The first strong onset of the 'heavy Finland Cuirassiers scattered the light-mounted Poles and Croats, 'who were stationed here, and their tumultuous flight spread fear and 'disorder over the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice reached 'the King that his infantry were losing ground, and likely to be driven 'back from the trenches they had stormed; and also that his left, ex-'posed to a tremendous fire from the Windmills behind Lützen, could 'no longer keep their place. With quick decision, he committed to 'Von Horn the task of pursuing the already beaten left wing of the 'enemy; and himself hastened, at the head of Steinbock's regiment, 'to restore the confusion of his own. His gallant horse bore him over 'the trenches with the speed of lightning; but the squadrons that came 'after him could not pass so rapidly; and none but a few horsemen, 'among whom Franz Albert, Duke of Sachsen-Lauenburg, is mentioned, 'were alert enough to keep beside him. He galloped right to the place 'where his infantry was most oppressed; and while looking round to 'spy out some weak point, on which his attack might be directed, his 'short-sightedness led him too near the enemy's lines. An Imperial 'sergeant (*gefreiter*), observing that every one respectfully made room 'for the advancing horseman, ordered a musketeer to fire on him. '"Aim at *him* there," cried he; "that must be a man of consequence." 'The soldier drew his trigger; and the King's left arm was shattered 'by the ball. At this instant, his cavalry came galloping up, and a 'confused cry of "*The King bleeds! The King is shot!*" spread horror 'and dismay through their ranks. "It is nothing: follow me!" ex-'claimed the King, collecting all his strength; but overcome with pain, 'and on the point of fainting, he desired the Duke of Lauenburg, in 'French, to take him without notice from the tumult. The Duke then 'turned with him to the right wing, making a wide circuit to conceal 'this accident from the desponding infantry; but as they rode along, 'the King received a second bullet through the back, which took from 'him the last remainder of his strength. "I have got enough, brother," 'said he with a dying voice: "haste, save thyself." With these words 'he sank from his horse; and here, struck by several other bullets, far 'from his attendants, he breathed out his life beneath the plundering 'hands of a troop of Croats. His horse flying on without its rider, and

'bathed in blood, soon announced to the Swedish cavalry the fall 'of their King; with wild yells they rush to the spot, to snatch that 'sacred spoil from the enemy. A deadly fight ensues around the corpse, 'and the mangled remains are buried under a hill of slain men.

'The dreadful tidings hasten in a few minutes over all the Swedish 'army: but instead of deadening the courage of these hardy troops, 'they rouse it to a fierce consuming fire. Life falls in value, since the 'holiest of all lives is gone; and death has now no terror for the lowly, 'since it has not spared the anointed head. With the grim fury of 'lions, the Upland, Smäland, Finnish, East and West Gothland regi- 'ments dash a second time upon the left wing of the enemy, which, 'already making but a feeble opposition to Von Horn, is now utterly 'driven from the field.

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'But how dear a victory, how sad a triumph! Now first when the 'rage of battle has grown cold, do they feel the whole greatness of their 'loss, and the shout of the conqueror dies in a mute and gloomy de- 'spair. He who led them on to battle has not returned with them. 'Apart he lies, in his victorious field, confounded with the common 'heaps of humble dead. After long fruitless searching, they found the 'royal corpse, not far from the great stone, which had already stood for 'centuries between Lützen and the Merseburg Canal, but which, ever 'since this memorable incident, has borne the name of *Schwedenstein*, 'the Stone of the Swede. Defaced with wounds and blood, so as 'scarcely to be recognised, trodden under the hoofs of horses, stripped 'of his ornaments, even of his clothes, he is drawn from beneath a heap 'of dead bodies, brought to Weissenfels, and there delivered to the 'lamentations of his troops and the last embraces of his Queen. Ven- 'geance had first required its tribute, and blood must flow as an offer- 'ing to the Monarch; now Love assumes its rights, and mild tears are 'shed for the Man. Individual grief is lost in the universal sorrow. 'Astounded by this overwhelming stroke, the generals in blank de- 'spondency stand round his bier, and none yet ventures to conceive 'the full extent of his loss.'

The descriptive powers of the Historian, though the most popular, are among the lowest of his endowments. That Schiller was not wanting in the nobler requisites of his art, might be proved from his reflections on this very incident, 'striking like a hand from the clouds into 'the calculated horologe of men's affairs, and directing the considerate 'mind to a higher plan of things.' But the limits of our Work are already reached. Of Schiller's histories and dramas we can give no farther specimens: of his lyrical, didactic, moral poems we must take our leave without giving any. Perhaps the time may come, when all his writings, transplanted to our own soil, may be offered in their entire dimensions to the thinkers of these Islands; a conquest by which our literature, rich as it is, might be enriched still farther.

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SUPPLEMENT.

Small Book by Herr Saupe, entitled *Schiller and his Father's Household.* Really interesting and instructive. Translation, with slight corrections and additions. (p. 181.)

SCHILLER'S FATHER.

Johann Caspar Schiller, born in Würtemberg, 27th October 1723. At ten years a fatherless Boy poorly educated, he is apprenticed to a barber-

surgeon. Becomes 'Army Doctor' to a Bavarian regiment. Settles in Marbach, and marries the daughter of a respectable townsman, afterwards reduced to extreme poverty. The marriage, childless for the first eight years. Six children in all: The Poet Schiller the only Boy. (p. 182.)—Very meagre circumstances. At breaking-out of the Seven-Years War returns to the Army. At the Ball of Fulda; at the Battle of Leuthen. Cheerfully undertakes anything useful. Earnestly diligent and studious. Greatly improves in general culture, and even saves money. (183.)—Boards his poor Wife with her Father. His first Daughter and his only Son born there. At the close of the War he carries his Wife and Children to his own quarters. A just man; simple, strong, expert; if also somewhat quick and rough. (184.) Solicitude for his Son's education. Appointed Recruiting Officer, with permission to live with his Family at Lorch. The children soon feel themselves at home and happy. Little Fritz receives his first regular school instruction, much to the comfort of his Father. Holiday rambles among the neighbouring hills: Brotherly and Sisterly affection. Touches of boyish fearlessness: Where does the lightning come from? (186.)—The Family run over to Ludwigsburg. Fritz to prepare for the clerical profession. At the Latin School, cannot satisfy his Father's anxious wishes. One of his first poems. (189.)—The Duke of Würtemberg notices his Father's worth, and appoints him Overseer of all his Forest operations: With residence at his beautiful Forest-Castle, Die Solitüde. Fritz remains at the Ludwigsburg Latin School: Continual exhortations and corrections from Father and Teacher. Youthful heresy. First acquaintance with a Theatre. (191.)—The Duke proposes to take Fritz into his Military Training-School. Consternation of the Schiller Family. Ineffectual expostulations: Go he must. Studies Medicine. Altogether withdrawn from his Father's care. Rigorous seclusion and constraint. The Duke means well to him. (193.)—Leaves the School, and becomes Regimental-Doctor at Stuttgard. His Father's pride in him. Extravagance and debt. His personal appearance. (195.)—Publication of the *Robbers*. His Father's mingled feelings of anxiety and admiration. Peremptory command from the Duke to write no more poetry, on pain of Military Imprisonment. Prepares for flight with his friend Streicher. Parting visit to his Family at Solitüde: His poor Mother's bitter grief. Escapes to Mannheim. Consternation of his Father. Happily the Duke takes no hostile step. (197.)—Disappointments and straits at Mannheim. Help from his good friend Streicher. He sells *Fiesco*, and prepares to leave Mannheim. Through the kindness of Frau von Wolzogen he finds refuge in Bauerbach. Affectionate Letter to his Parents. His Father's stern solicitude for his welfare. (201.)—Eight months in Bauerbach, under the name of Doctor Ritter. Unreturned attachment to Charlotte Wolzogen. Returns to Mannheim. Forms a settled engagement with Dalberg, to whom his Father writes his thanks and anxieties. Thrown on a sick-bed: His Father's admonitions. He vainly urges his Son to petition the Duke for permission to return to Würtemberg; the poor Father earnestly wishes to have him near him again. Increasing financial difficulties. More earnest fatherly admonition and advice. Enthusiastic reception of *Kabale und Leibe*. *Don Carlos* well in hand. A friend in trouble through mutual debts. Applies to his Father for unreasonable help. Annoyance at the inevitable refusal. His Father's loving and faithful expostulation. His Sister's proposed marriage with Reinwald. (204.)—Beginning of his friendly intimacy with the excellent Körner. The Duke of Weimar bestows on him the title of Rath. No farther risk for him from Würtemberg. At Leipzig, Dresden, Weimar. Settles at last as Professor in Jena. Marriage, and comfortable home: His Father well satisfied, and joyful of heart. Affectionate Letter to his good Father. (212.)—Seized with a dangerous affection of the chest. Generous

assistance from Denmark. Joyful visit to his Family, after an absence of eleven years. Writes a conciliatory Letter to the Duke. Birth of a Son. The Duke's considerateness for Schiller's Father. The Duke's death. (214.)—Schiller's delight in his Sisters, Luise and Nanette. Letter to his Father. Visits Stuttgard. Returns with Wife and Child to Jena. Assists his Father in publishing the results of his long experiences of gardens and trees. Beautiful and venerable old age. (217.)—Thick-coming troubles for the Schiller Family. Death of the beautiful Nanette in the flower of her years: Dangerous illness of Luise: The Father bedrid with gout. The poor weakly Mother bears the whole burden of the household distress. Sister Christophine, now Reinwald's Wife, hastens to their help. Schiller's anxious sympathy. His Father's death. Grateful letters to Reinwald and to his poor Mother. (221.)

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JOHN STERLING

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LIFE OF JOHN STERLING.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

NEAR seven years ago, a short while before his death in 1844, John Sterling committed the care of his literary Character and printed Writings to two friends, Archdeacon Hare and myself. His estimate of the bequest was far from overweening; to few men could the small sum-total of his activities in this world seem more inconsiderable than, in those last solemn days, it did to him. He had burnt much; found much unworthy; looking steadfastly into the silent continents of Death and Eternity, a brave man's judgments about his own sorry work in the field of Time are not apt to be too lenient. But, in fine, here was some portion of his work which the world had already got hold of, and which he could not burn. This too, since it was not to be abolished and annihilated, but must still for some time live and act, he wished to be wisely settled, as the rest had been. And so it was left in charge to us, the survivors, to do for it what we judged fittest, if indeed doing nothing did not seem the fittest to us. This message, communicated after his decease, was naturally a sacred one to Mr. Hare and me.

After some consultation on it, and survey of the difficulties

and delicate considerations involved in it, Archdeacon Hare and I agreed that the whole task, of selecting what Writings were to be reprinted, and of drawing-up a Biography to introduce them, should be left to him alone; and done without interference of mine:—as accordingly it was,[1] in a manner surely far superior to the common, in every good quality of editing; and visibly everywhere bearing testimony to the friendliness, the piety, perspicacity and other gifts and virtues of that eminent and amiable man.

In one respect, however, if in one only, the arrangement had been unfortunate. Archdeacon Hare, both by natural tendency and by his position as a Churchman, had been led, in editing a Work not free from ecclesiastical heresies, and especially in writing a Life very full of such, to dwell with preponderating emphasis on that part of his subject; by no means extenuating the fact, nor yet passing lightly over it (which a layman could have done) as needing no extenuation; but carefully searching into it, with the view of excusing and explaining it; dwelling on it, presenting all the documents of it, and as it were spreading it over the whole field of his delineation; as if religious heterodoxy had been the grand fact of Sterling's life, which even to the Archdeacon's mind it could by no means seem to be. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* For the Religious Newspapers, and Periodical Heresy-hunters, getting very lively in those years, were prompt to seize the cue; and have prosecuted and perhaps still prosecute it, in their sad way, to all lengths and breadths. John Sterling's character and writings, which had little business to be spoken of in any Church-court, have hereby been carried thither as if for an exclusive trial; and the mournfulest set of pleadings, out of which nothing but a misjudgment *can* be formed, prevail there ever since. The noble Sterling, a radiant child of the empyrean, clad in bright auroral hues in the memory of all that knew him,—what is he doing here in inquisitorial *sanbenito*, with nothing but ghastly spectralities prowling round him, and inarticulately screeching and gibbering what they call their judgment on him!

'The sin of Hare's Book,' says one of my Correspondents in those years, 'is easily defined, and not very condemnable.

[1] *John Sterling's Essays and Tales, with Life* by Archdeacon Hare. Parker; London, 1848.

'but it is nevertheless ruinous to his task as Biographer. He 'takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, 'was a curate for exactly eight months; during eight months 'and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But 'he was a man, and had relation to the Universe, for eight-'and-thirty years: and it is in this latter character, to which 'all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we 'wish to know him. His battle with hereditary Church-for-'mulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle 'with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, 'according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully 'delineated or summed-up in this Book. The truth is, nobody 'that had known Sterling would recognise a feature of him 'here; you would never dream that this Book treated of *him* 'at all. A pale sickly shadow in torn surplice is presented to 'us here; weltering bewildered amid heaps of what you call '"Hebrew Old-clothes;" wrestling, with impotent impetuosity, 'to free itself from the baleful imbroglio, as if that had been 'its one function in life: who in this miserable figure would 'recognise the brilliant, beautiful and cheerful John Sterling, 'with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; 'with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, ac-'tivities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, 'which made the presence of him an illumination and inspira-'tion wherever he went? It is too bad. Let a man be honestly 'forgotten when his life ends; but let him not be misremem-'bered in this way. To be hung-up as an ecclesiastical scare-'crow, as a target for heterodox and orthodox to practise 'archery upon, is no fate that can be due to the memory of 'Sterling. It was not as a ghastly phantasm, choked in Thirty-'nine-article controversies, or miserable Semitic, Anti-Semitic 'street-riots,—in scepticisms, agonised self-seekings, that this 'man appeared in life; nor as such, if the world still wishes 'to look at him, should you suffer the world's memory of him 'now to be. Once for all, it is unjust; emphatically untrue as 'an image of John Sterling: perhaps to few men that lived 'along with him could such an interpretation of their existence 'be more inapplicable.'

Whatever truth there might be in these rather passionate

representations, and to myself there wanted not a painful feeling of their truth, it by no means appeared what help or remedy any friend of Sterling's, and especially one so related to the matter as myself, could attempt in the interim. Perhaps endure in patience till the dust laid itself again, as all dust does if you leave it well alone? Much obscuration would thus of its own accord fall away; and, in Mr. Hare's narrative itself, apart from his commentary, many features of Sterling's true character would become decipherable to such as sought them. Censure, blame of this Work of Mr. Hare's was naturally far from my thoughts. A work which distinguishes itself by human piety and candid intelligence; which, in all details, is careful, lucid, exact; and which offers, as we say, to the observant reader that will interpret facts, many traits of Sterling besides his heterodoxy. Censure of it, from me especially, is not the thing due; from me a far other thing is due!—

On the whole, my private thought was: First, How happy it comparatively is, for a man of any earnestness of life, to have no Biography written of him; but to return silently, with his small, sorely foiled bit of work, to the Supreme Silences, who alone can judge of it or him; and not to trouble the reviewers, and greater or lesser public, with attempting to judge it! The idea of 'fame,' as they call it, posthumous or other, does not inspire one with much ecstasy in these points of view.—Secondly, That Sterling's performance and real or seeming importance in this world was actually not of a kind to demand an express Biography, even according to the world's usages. His character was not supremely original; neither was his fate in the world wonderful. What he did was inconsiderable enough; and as to what it lay in him to have done, this was but a problem, now beyond possibility of settlement. Why had a Biography been inflicted on this man; why had not No-biography, and the privilege of all the weary, been his lot?—Thirdly, That such lot, however, could now no longer be my good Sterling's; a tumult having risen around his name, enough to impress some pretended likeness of him (about as like as the Guy-Fauxes are, on Gunpowder-Day) upon the minds of many men: so that he could not be forgotten, and could only be misremembered, as matters now stood.

Whereupon, as practical conclusion to the whole, arose by

degrees this final thought, That, at some calmer season, when the theological dust had well fallen, and both the matter itself, and my feelings on it, were in a suitabler condition, I ought to give my testimony about this friend whom I had known so well, and record clearly what my knowledge of him was. This has ever since seemed a kind of duty I had to do in the world before leaving it.

And so, having on my hands some leisure at this time, and being bound to it by evident considerations, one of which ought to be especially sacred to me, I decide to fling down on paper some outline of what my recollections and reflections contain in reference to this most friendly, bright and beautiful human soul; who walked with me for a season in this world, and remains to me very memorable while I continue in it. Gradually, if facts simple enough in themselves can be narrated as they came to pass, it will be seen what kind of man this was; to what extent condemnable for imaginary heresy and other crimes, to what extent laudable and lovable for noble manful *orthodoxy* and other virtues;—and whether the lesson his life had to teach us is not much the reverse of what the Religious Newspapers hitherto educe from it.

Certainly it was not as a 'sceptic' that you could define him, whatever his definition might be. Belief, not doubt, attended him at all points of his progress; rather a tendency to too hasty and headlong belief. Of all men he was the least prone to what you could call scepticism: diseased self-listenings, self-questionings, impotently painful dubitations, all this fatal nosology of spiritual maladies, so rife in our day, was eminently foreign to him. Quite on the other side lay Sterling's faults, such as they were. In fact, you could observe, in spite of his sleepless intellectual vivacity, he was not properly a thinker at all; his faculties were of the active, not of the passive or contemplative sort. A brilliant *improvisatore;* rapid in thought, in word and in act; everywhere the promptest and least hesitating of men. I likened him often, in my banterings, to sheet-lightning; and reproachfully prayed that he would concentrate himself into a bolt, and rive the mountain-barriers for us, instead of merely playing on them and irradiating them.

True, he had his 'religion' to seek, and painfully shape to-

gether for himself, out of the abysses of conflicting disbelief and sham-belief and bedlam delusion, now filling the world, as all men of reflection have; and in this respect too,—more especially as his lot in the battle appointed for us all was, if you can understand it, victory and not defeat,—he is an expressive emblem of his time, and an instruction and possession to his contemporaries. For, I say, it is by no means as a vanquished *doubter* that he figures in the memory of those who knew him; but rather as a victorious *believer*, and under great difficulties a victorious doer. An example to us all, not of lamed misery, helpless spiritual bewilderment and sprawling despair, or any kind of *drownage* in the foul welter of our so-called religious or other controversies and confusions; but of a swift and valiant vanquisher of all these; a noble asserter of himself, as worker and speaker, in spite of all these. Continually, so far as he went, he was a teacher, by act and word, of hope, clearness, activity, veracity, and human courage and nobleness: the preacher of a good gospel to all men, not of a bad to any man. The man, whether in priest's cassock or other costume of men, who is the enemy or hater of John Sterling, may assure himself that he does not yet know him,—that miserable differences of mere costume and dialect still divide him, whatsoever is worthy, catholic and perennial in him, from a brother soul who, more than most in his day, was his brother and not his adversary in regard to all that.

Nor shall the irremediable drawback that Sterling was not current in the Newspapers, that he achieved neither what the world calls greatness nor what intrinsically is such, altogether discourage me. What his natural size, and natural and accidental limits were, will gradually appear, if my sketching be successful. And I have remarked that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls. Monitions and moralities enough may lie in this small Work, if honestly written and honestly read;—and, in particular, if any image of John Sterling and his Pilgrimage through our poor Nineteenth Century be one day wanted by the world, and they can find

some shadow of a true image here, my swift scribbling (which shall be very swift and immediate) may prove useful by and by.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

JOHN STERLING was born at Kaimes Castle, a kind of dilapidated baronial residence to which a small farm was then attached, rented by his Father, in the Isle of Bute,—on the 20th July 1806. Both his parents were Irish by birth, Scotch by extraction; and became, as he himself did, essentially English by long residence and habit. Of John himself Scotland has little or nothing to claim except the birth and genealogy, for he left it almost before the years of memory; and in his mature days regarded it, if with a little more recognition and intelligence, yet without more participation in any of its accents outward or inward, than others natives of Middlesex or Surrey, where the scene of his chief education lay.

The climate of Bute is rainy, soft of temperature; with skies of unusual depth and brilliancy, while the weather is fair. In that soft rainy climate, on that wild-wooded rocky coast, with its gnarled mountains and green silent valleys, with its seething rain-storms and many-sounding seas, was young Sterling ushered into his first schooling in this world. I remember one little anecdote his Father told me of those first years: One of the cows had calved; young John, still in petticoats, was permitted to go, holding by his father's hand, and look at the newly-arrived calf; a mystery which he surveyed with open intent eyes, and the silent exercise of all the scientific faculties he had;—very strange mystery indeed, this new arrival, and fresh denizen of our Universe: "Wull't eat a-body?" said John in his first practical Scotch, inquiring into the tendencies this mystery might have to fall upon a little fellow and consume him as provision: "Will it eat one, Father?"—Poor little open-eyed John: the family long bantered him with this anecdote; and we, in far other years, laughed heartily on hearing it.—Simple peasant labourers, ploughers, house-servants, occasional fisher-people too; and the sight of ships, and crops, and Nature's doings where Art has little meddled with her: this was

the kind of schooling our young friend had, first of all; on this bench of the grand world-school did he sit, for the first four years of his life.

Edward Sterling his Father, a man who subsequently came to considerable notice in the world, was originally of Waterford in Munster; son of the Episcopalian Clergyman there; and chief representative of a family of some standing in those parts. Family founded, it appears, by a Colonel Robert Sterling, called also Sir Robert Sterling; a Scottish Gustavus-Adolphus soldier, whom the breaking-out of the Civil War had recalled from his German campaignings, and had before long, though not till after some waverings on his part, attached firmly to the Duke of Ormond and to the King's Party in that quarrel. A little bit of genealogy, since it lies ready to my hand, gathered long ago out of wider studies, and pleasantly connects things individual and present with the dim universal crowd of things past,—may as well be inserted here as thrown away.

This Colonel Robert designates himself Sterling 'of Glorat;' I believe, a younger branch of the well-known Stirlings of Keir in Stirlingshire. It appears he prospered in his soldiering and other business, in those bad Ormond times; being a man of energy, ardour and intelligence,—probably prompt enough both with his word and with his stroke. There survives yet, in the Commons Journals,[1] dim notice of his controversies and adventures; especially of one controversy he had got into with certain victorious Parliamentary official parties, while his own party lay vanquished, during what was called the Ormond Cessation, or Temporary Peace made by Ormond with the Parliament in 1646:—in which controversy Colonel Robert, after repeated applications, journeyings to London, attendances upon committees, and suchlike, finds himself worsted, declared to be in the wrong; and so vanishes from the Commons Journals.

What became of him when Cromwell got to Ireland, and to Munster, I have not heard: his knighthood, dating from the very year of Cromwell's Invasion (1649), indicates a man expected to do his best on the occasion:—as in all probability he did; had not Tredah Storm proved ruinous, and the neck of this Irish War been broken at once. Doubtless the Colonel Sir

[1] *Commons Journals*, iv. 15 (10th January 1644-5); and again, v. 307 &c., 498 (18th September 1647—15th March 1647-8).

Robert followed or attended his Duke of Ormond into foreign parts, and gave-up his management of Munster, while it was yet time: for after the Restoration we find him again, safe, and as was natural, flourishing with new splendour; gifted, recompensed with lands;—settled, in short, on fair revenues in those Munster regions. He appears to have had no children; but to have left his property to William, a younger brother who had followed him into Ireland. From this William descends the family which, in the years we treat of, had Edward Sterling, Father of our John, for its representative. And now enough of genealogy.

Of Edward Sterling, Captain Edward Sterling as his title was, who in the latter period of his life became well known in London political society, whom indeed all England, with a curious mixture of mockery and respect and even fear, knew well as "the Thunderer of the *Times* Newspaper," there were much to be said, did the present task and its limits permit. As perhaps it might, on certain terms? What is indispensable let us not omit to say. The history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment: this is his *in*articulate but highly important history, in those first times, while of articulate he has yet none.

Edward Sterling had now just entered on his thirty-fourth year; and was already a man experienced in fortunes and changes. A native of Waterford in Munster, as already mentioned; born in the 'Deanery House of Waterford, 27th February 1773,' say the registers. For his Father, as we learn, resided in the Deanery House, though he was not himself Dean, but only 'Curate of the Cathedral' (whatever that may mean); he was withal rector of two other livings, and the Dean's friend, —friend indeed of the Dean's kinsmen the Beresfords generally; whose grand house of Curraghmore, near by Waterford, was a familiar haunt of his and his children's. This reverend gentleman, along with his three livings and high acquaintanceships, had inherited political connexions;—inherited especially a Government Pension, with survivorship for still one life beyond his own; his father having been Clerk of the Irish House of Commons at the time of the Union, of which office the lost salary was compensated in this way. The Pension was of two hundred

pounds; and only expired with the life of Edward, John's Father, in 1847. There were, and still are, daughters of the family; but Edward was the only son;—descended, too, from the Scottish hero Wallace, as the old gentleman would sometimes admonish him; his own wife, Edward's mother, being of that name, and boasting herself, as most Scotch Wallaces do, to have that blood in her veins.

This Edward had picked up, at Waterford, and among the young Beresfords of Curraghmore and elsewhere, a thoroughly Irish form of character: fire and fervour, vitality of all kinds, in genial abundance; but in a much more loquacious, ostentatious, much *louder* style than is freely patronised on this side of the Channel. Of Irish accent in speech he had entirely divested himself, so as not to be traced by any vestige in that respect; but his Irish accent of character, in all manner of other more important respects, was very recognisable. An impetuous man, full of real energy, and immensely conscious of the same; who transacted everything not with the minimum of fuss and noise, but with the maximum: a very Captain Whirlwind, as one was tempted to call him.

In youth, he had studied at Trinity College, Dublin; visited the Inns of Court here, and trained himself for the Irish Bar. To the Bar he had been duly called, and was waiting for the results, — when, in his twenty-fifth year, the Irish Rebellion broke-out; whereupon the Irish Barristers decided to raise a corps of loyal Volunteers, and a complete change introduced itself into Edward Sterling's way of life. For, naturally, he had joined the array of Volunteers;—fought, I have heard, 'in three actions with the rebels' (Vinegar Hill, for one); and doubtless fought well: but in the mess-rooms, among the young military and civil officials, with all of whom he was a favourite, he had acquired a taste for soldier life, and perhaps high hopes of succeeding in it: at all events, having a commission in the Lancashire Militia offered him, he accepted that; altogether quitted the Bar, and became Captain Sterling thenceforth. From the Militia, it appears, he had volunteered with his Company into the Line; and, under some disappointments, and official delays of expected promotion, was continuing to serve as Captain there, 'Captain of the Eighth Battalion of Reserve,' say the Military Almanacks of 1803,—in which year the quarters happened to

be Derry, where new events awaited him. At a ball in Derry he met with Miss Hester Coningham, the queen of the scene, and of the fair world in Derry at that time. The acquaintance, in spite of some opposition, grew with vigour, and rapidly ripened: and 'at Fehan Church, Diocese of Derry,' where the Bride's father had a country-house, 'on Thursday 5th April '1804, Hester Coningham, only daughter of John Coningham, 'Esq., Merchant in Derry, and of Elizabeth Campbell his wife,' was wedded to Captain Sterling; she happiest to him happiest, —as by Nature's kind law it is arranged.

Mrs. Sterling, even in her later days, had still traces of the old beauty: then and always she was a woman of delicate, pious, affectionate character; exemplary as a wife, a mother and a friend. A refined female nature; something tremulous in it, timid, and with a certain rural freshness still unweakened by long converse with the world. The tall slim figure, always of a kind of quaker neatness; the innocent anxious face, anxious bright hazel eyes; the timid, yet gracefully cordial ways, the natural intelligence, instinctive sense and worth, were very characteristic. Her voice too; with its something of soft querulousness, easily adapting itself to a light thin-flowing style of mirth on occasion, was characteristic: she had retained her Ulster intonations, and was withal somewhat copious in speech. A fine tremulously sensitive nature, strong chiefly on the side of the affections, and the graceful insights and activities that depend on these:—truly a beautiful, much-suffering, much-loving house-mother. From her chiefly, as one could discern, John Sterling had derived the delicate *aroma* of his nature, its piety, clearness, sincerity; as from his Father, the ready practical gifts, the impetuosities and the audacities, were also (though in strange new form) visibly inherited. A man was lucky to have such a Mother; to have such Parents as both his were.

Meanwhile the new Wife appears to have had, for the present, no marriage-portion; neither was Edward Sterling rich,—according to his own ideas and aims, far from it. Of course he soon found that the fluctuating barrack-life, especially with no outlooks of speedy promotion, was little suited to his new circumstances: but how change it? His father was now dead; from whom he had inherited the Speaker Pension of two hundred pounds; but of available probably little or nothing more.

The rents of the small family estate, I suppose, and other property, had gone to portion sisters. Two hundred pounds, and the pay of a marching captain : within the limits of that revenue all plans of his had to restrict themselves at present.

He continued for some time longer in the Army ; his wife undivided from him by the hardships of that way of life. Their first son Anthony (Captain Anthony Sterling, the only child who now survives) was born to them in this position, while lying at Dundalk, in January 1805. Two months later, some eleven months after their marriage, the regiment was broken ; and Captain Sterling, declining to serve elsewhere on the terms offered, and willingly accepting such decision of his doubts, was reduced to half-pay. This was the end of his soldiering : some five or six years in all ; from which he had derived for life, among other things, a decided military bearing, whereof he was rather proud ; an incapacity for practising law ;—and considerable uncertainty as to what his next course of life was now to be.

For the present, his views lay towards farming : to establish himself, if not as country gentleman, which was an unattainable ambition, then at least as some kind of gentleman-farmer which had a flattering resemblance to that. Kaimes Castle with a reasonable extent of land, which, in his inquiries after farms, had turned up, was his first place of settlement in this new capacity ; and here, for some few months, he had established himself when John his second child was born. This was Captain Sterling's first attempt towards a fixed course of life ; not a very wise one, I have understood :—yet on the whole, who, then and there, could have pointed out to him a wiser ?

A fixed course of life and activity he could never attain, or not till very late ; and this doubtless was among the important points of his destiny, and acted both on his own character and that of those who had to attend him on his wayfarings.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOLS : LLANBLETHIAN ; PARIS ; LONDON.

Edward Sterling never shone in farming ; indeed I believe he never took heartily to it, or tried it except in fits. His Bute farm was, at best, a kind of apology for some far different

ideal of a country establishment which could not be realised: practically a temporary landing-place from which he could make sallies and excursions in search of some more generous field of enterprise. Stormy brief efforts at energetic husbandry, at agricultural improvement and rapid field-labour, alternated with sudden flights to Dublin, to London, whithersoever any flush of bright outlook which he could denominate practical, or any gleam of hope which his impatient ennui could represent as such, allured him. This latter was often enough the case. In wet hay-times and harvest-times, the dripping out-door world, and lounging in-door one, in the absence of the master, offered far from a satisfactory appearance! Here was, in fact, a man much imprisoned; haunted, I doubt not, by demons enough; though ever brisk and brave withal,—iracund, but cheerfully vigorous, opulent in wise or unwise hope. A fiery energetic soul consciously and unconsciously storming for deliverance into better arenas; and this in a restless, rapid, impetuous, rather than in a strong, silent and deliberate way.

In rainy Bute and the dilapidated Kaimes Castle, it was evident, there lay no Goshen for such a man. The lease, originally but for some three years and a half, drawing now to a close, he resolved to quit Bute; had heard, I know not where, of an eligible cottage without farm attached, in the pleasant little village of Llanblethian close by Cowbridge in Glamorganshire; of this he took a lease, and thither with his family he moved in search of new fortunes. Glamorganshire was at least a better climate than Bute; no groups of idle or of busy reapers could here stand waiting on the guidance of a master, for there was no farm here;—and among its other and probably its chief though secret advantages, Llanblethian was much more convenient both for Dublin and London than Kaimes Castle had been.

The removal thither took place in the autumn of 1809. Chief part of the journey (perhaps from Greenock to Swansea or Bristol) was by sea: John, just turned of three years, could in aftertimes remember nothing of this voyage; Anthony, some eighteen months older, has still a vivid recollection of the gray splashing tumult, and dim sorrow, uncertainty, regret and distress he underwent: to him a 'dissolving-view' which not only left its effect on the *plate* (as all views and dissolving-views doubtless do on that kind of 'plate'), but remained consciously

present there. John, in the close of his twenty-first year, professes not to remember anything whatever of Bute ; his whole existence, in that earliest scene of it, had faded away from him : Bute also, with its shaggy mountains, moaning woods, and summer and winter seas, had been wholly a dissolving-view for him, and had left no conscious impression, but only, like this voyage, an effect.

Llanblethian hangs pleasantly, with its white cottages, and orchard and other trees, on the western slope of a green hill ; looking far and wide over green meadows and little or bigger hills, in the pleasant plain of Glamorgan ; a short mile to the south of Cowbridge, to which smart little town it is properly a kind of suburb. Plain of Glamorgan, some ten miles wide and thirty or forty long, which they call the Vale of Glamorgan ;—though properly it is not quite a Vale, there being only one range of mountains to it, if even one : certainly the central Mountains of Wales do gradually rise, in a miscellaneous manner, on the north side of it ; but on the south are no mountains, not even land, only the Bristol Channel, and far off, the Hills of Devonshire, for boundary,—the "English Hills," as the natives call them, visible from every eminence in those parts. On such wide terms is it called Vale of Glamorgan. But called by whatever name, it is a most pleasant fruitful region : kind to the native, interesting to the visitor. A waving grassy region ; cut with innumerable ragged lanes ; dotted with sleepy unswept human hamlets, old ruinous castles with their ivy and their daws, gray sleepy churches with their ditto ditto : for ivy everywhere abounds ; and generally a rank fragrant vegetation clothes all things ; hanging, in rude many-coloured festoons and fringed odoriferous tapestries, on your right and on your left, in every lane. A country kinder to the sluggard husbandman than any I have ever seen. For it lies all on limestone, needs no draining ; the soil, everywhere of handsome depth and finest quality, will grow good crops for you with the most imperfect tilling. At a safe distance of a day's riding lie the tartarean copperforges of Swansea, the tartarean ironforges of Merthyr ; their sooty battle far away, and not, at such safe distance, a defilement to the face of the earth and sky, but rather an encouragement to the earth at least ; encouraging the husbandman to plough better, if he only would.

The peasantry seem indolent and stagnant, but peaceable and well-provided; much given to Methodism when they have any character;—for the rest, an innocent good-humoured people, who all drink home-brewed beer, and have brown loaves of the most excellent homebaked bread. The native peasant village is not generally beautiful, though it might be, were it swept and trimmed; it gives one rather the idea of sluttish stagnancy,—an interesting peep into the Welsh Paradise of Sleepy Hollow. Stones, old kettles, naves of wheels, all kinds of broken litter, with live pigs and etceteras, lie about the street: for, as a rule, no rubbish is removed, but waits patiently the action of mere natural chemistry and accident; if even a house is burnt or falls, you will find it there after half a century, only cloaked by the every-ready ivy. Sluggish man seems never to have struck a pick into it; his new hut is built close by on ground not encumbered, and the old stones are still left lying.

This is the ordinary Welsh village; but there are exceptions, where people of more cultivated tastes have been led to settle, and Llanblethian is one of the more signal of these. A decidedly cheerful group of human homes, the greater part of them indeed belonging to persons of refined habits; trimness, shady shelter, whitewash, neither conveniency nor decoration has been neglected here. Its effect from the distance on the eastward is very pretty: you see it like a little sleeping cataract of white houses, with trees overshadowing and fringing it; and there the cataract hangs, and does not rush away from you.

John Sterling spent his next five years in this locality. He did not again see it for a quarter of a century; but retained, all his life, a lively remembrance of it; and, just in the end of his twenty-first year, among his earliest printed pieces, we find an elaborate and diffuse description of it and its relations to him, —part of which piece, in spite of its otherwise insignificant quality, may find place here:

'The fields on which I first looked, and the sands which 'were marked by my earliest footsteps, are completely lost to 'my memory; and of those ancient walls among which I began 'to breathe, I retain no recollection more clear than the outlines 'of a cloud in a moonless sky. But of L——, the village where 'I afterwards lived, I persuade myself that every line and hue

'is more deeply and accurately fixed than those of any spot I 'have since beheld, even though borne-in upon the heart by the 'association of the strongest feelings.

'My home was built upon the slope of a hill, with a little 'orchard stretching down before it, and a garden rising behind. 'At a considerable distance beyond and beneath the orchard, 'a rivulet flowed through meadows and turned a mill; while, 'above the garden, the summit of the hill was crowned by a 'few gray rocks, from which a yew-tree grew, solitary and bare. 'Extending at each side of the orchard, toward the brook, two 'scattered patches of cottages lay nestled among their gardens; 'and beyond this streamlet and the little mill and bridge, an- 'other slight eminence arose, divided into green fields, tufted 'and bordered with copsewood, and crested by a ruined castle, 'contemporary, as was said, with the Conquest. I know not 'whether these things in truth made-up a prospect of much 'beauty. Since I was eight years old, I have never seen them; 'but I well know that no landscape I have since beheld, no 'picture of Claude or Salvator, gave me half the impression of 'living, heartfelt, perfect beauty which fills my mind when I 'think of that green valley, that sparkling rivulet, that broken 'fortress of dark antiquity, and that hill with its aged yew and 'breezy summit, from which I have so often looked over the 'broad stretch of verdure beneath it, and the country-town, 'and church-tower, silent and white beyond.

'In that little town there was, and I believe is, a school 'where the elements of human knowledge were communicated 'to me, for some hours of every day, during a considerable time. 'The path to it lay across the rivulet and past the mill; from 'which point we could either journey through the fields below 'the old castle, and the wood which surrounded it, or along a 'road at the other side of the ruin, close to the gateway of which 'it passed. The former track led through two or three beau- 'tiful fields, the sylvan domain of the keep on one hand, and 'the brook on the other; while an oak or two, like giant war- 'ders advanced from the wood, broke the sunshine of the green 'with a soft and graceful shadow. How often, on my way to 'school, have I stopped beneath the tree to collect the fallen 'acorns; how often run down to the stream to pluck a branch 'of the hawthorn which hung over the water! The road which

'passed the castle joined, beyond these fields, the path which 'traversed them. It took, I well remember, a certain solemn 'and mysterious interest from the ruin. The shadow of the 'archway, the discolorisations of time on all the walls, the dim-'ness of the little thicket which encircled it, the traditions of its 'immeasurable age, made St. Quentin's Castle a wonderful and 'awful fabric in the imagination of a child; and long after I 'last saw its mouldering roughness, I never read of fortresses, 'or heights, or spectres, or banditti, without connecting them 'with the one ruin of my childhood.

'It was close to this spot that one of the few adventures 'occurred which marked, in my mind, my boyish days with 'importance. When loitering beyond the castle, on the way 'to school, with a brother somewhat older than myself, who 'was uniformly my champion and protector, we espied a round 'sloe high up in the hedge-row. We determined to obtain it; 'and I do not remember whether both of us, or only my 'brother, climbed the tree. However, when the prize was all-'but reached,—and no alchymist ever looked more eagerly for 'the moment of projection which was to give him immortality 'and omnipotence,—a gruff voice startled us with an oath, and 'an order to desist; and I well recollect looking back, for long 'after, with terror to the vision of an old and ill-tempered far-'mer, armed with a bill-hook, and vowing our decapitation; 'nor did I subsequently remember without triumph the elo-'quence whereby alone, in my firm belief, my brother and my-'self had been rescued from instant death.

'At the entrance of the little town stood an old gateway, 'with a pointed arch and decaying battlements. It gave ad-'mittance to the street which contained the church, and which 'terminated in another street, the principal one in the town of 'C——. In this was situated the school to which I daily 'wended. I cannot now recall to mind the face of its good 'conductor, nor of any of his scholars; but I have before me 'a strong general image of the interior of his establishment. 'I remember the reverence with which I was wont to carry to 'his seat a well-thumbed duodecimo, the *History of Greece* by 'Oliver Goldsmith. I remember the mental agonies I endured 'in attempting to master the art and mystery of penmanship; 'a craft in which, alas, I remained too short a time under Mr.

'R—— to become as great a proficient as he made his other 'scholars, and which my awkwardness has prevented me from 'attaining in any considerable perfection under my various sub- 'sequent pedagogues. But that which has left behind it a 'brilliant trait of light was the exhibition of what are called '"Christmas pieces;" things unknown in aristocratic semi- 'naries, but constantly used at the comparatively humble 'academy which supplied the best knowledge of reading, writ- 'ing, and arithmetic to be attained in that remote neighbour- 'hood.

'The long desks covered from end to end with those painted 'masterpieces, the Life of Robinson Crusoe, the Hunting of 'Chevy-Chase, the History of Jack the Giant-Killer, and all the 'little eager faces and trembling hands bent over these, and 'filling them up with some choice quotation, sacred or profane; '—no, the galleries of art, the theatrical exhibitions, the re- 'views and processions,—which are only not childish because 'they are practised and admired by men instead of children,— 'all the pomps and vanities of great cities, have shown me no 'revelation of glory such as did that crowded school-room the 'week before the Christmas holidays. But these were the 'splendours of life. The truest and the strongest feelings do 'not connect themselves with any scenes of gorgeous and 'gaudy magnificence; they are bound-up in the remembrances 'of home.

'The narrow orchard, with its grove of old apple-trees, 'against one of which I used to lean, and while I brandished a 'beanstalk, roar out with Fitzjames,

> "Come one, come all; this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!"—

'while I was ready to squall at the sight of a cur, and run 'valorously away from a casually approaching cow; the field 'close beside it, where I rolled about in summer among the 'hay; the brook in which, despite of maid and mother, I waded 'by the hour; the garden where I sowed flower-seeds, and 'then turned up the ground again and planted potatoes, and 'then rooted-out the potatoes to insert acorns and apple-pips, 'and at last, as may be supposed, reaped neither roses, nor 'potatoes, nor oak-trees, nor apples; the grass-plots on which

'I played among those with whom I never can play nor work 'again: all these are places and employments,—and, alas, 'playmates,—such as, if it were worth while to weep at all, it 'would be worth weeping that I enjoy no longer.

'I remember the house where I first grew familiar with pea-'cocks; and the mill-stream into which I once fell; and the 'religious awe wherewith I heard, in the warm twilight, the 'psalm-singing around the house of the Methodist miller; and 'the door-post against which I discharged my brazen artillery; 'I remember the window by which I sat while my mother 'taught me French; and the patch of garden which I dug 'for —— But her name is best left blank; it was indeed writ 'in water. These recollections are to me like the wealth of a 'departed friend, a mournful treasure. But the public has 'heard enough of them; to it they are worthless: they are a 'coin which only circulates at its true value between the differ-'ent periods of an individual's existence, and good for nothing 'but to keep-up a commerce between boyhood and manhood. 'I have for years looked forward to the possibility of visiting 'L——; but I am told that it is a changed village; and not only 'has man been at work, but the old yew on the hill has fallen, 'and scarcely a low stump remains of the tree which I de-'lighted in childhood to think might have furnished bows for 'the Norman archers.'[1]

In Cowbridge is some kind of free school, or grammar-school, of a certain distinction; and this to Captain Sterling was probably a motive for settling in the neighbourhood of it with his children. Of this however, as it turned out, there was no use made: the Sterling family, during its continuance in those parts, did not need more than a primary school. The worthy master who presided over these Christmas gałas; and had the honour to teach John Sterling his reading and writing, was an elderly Mr. Reece of Cowbridge, who still (in 1851) survives, or lately did; and is still remembered by his old pupils as a worthy, ingenious and kindly man, "who wore drab breeches and white stockings." Beyond the Reece sphere of tuition John Sterling did not go in this locality.

In fact the Sterling household was still fluctuating; the pro-

[1] *Literary Chronicle*, New Series; London, Saturday 21st June 1828, Art. 11.

blem of a task for Edward Sterling's powers, and of anchorage for his affairs in any sense, was restlessly struggling to solve itself, but was still a good way from being solved. Anthony, in revisiting these scenes with John in 1839, mentions going to the spot "where we used to stand with our Father, looking out for the arrival of the London mail:" a little chink through which is disclosed to us a big restless section of a human life. The Hill of Welsh Llanblethian, then, is like the mythic Caucasus in its degree (as indeed all hills and habitations where men sojourn are); and here too, on a small scale, is a Prometheus Chained? Edward Sterling, I can well understand, was a man to tug at the chains that held him idle in those the prime of his years; and to ask restlessly, yet not in anger and remorse, so much as in hope, locomotive speculation, and ever-new adventure and attempt, Is there no task nearer my own natural size, then? So he looks out from the Hill-side 'for the arrival of the London mail;' thence hurries into Cowbridge to the Post-office; and has a wide web, of threads and gossamers, upon his loom, and many shuttles flying, in this world.

By the Marquis of Bute's appointment he had, very shortly after his arrival in that region, become Adjutant of the Glamorganshire Militia, 'Local Militia,' I suppose; and was, in this way, turning his military capabilities to some use. The office involved pretty frequent absences, in Cardiff and elsewhere. This doubtless was a welcome outlet, though a small one. He had also begun to try writing, especially on public subjects; a much more copious outlet,—which indeed, gradually widening itself, became the final solution for him. Of the year 1811 we have a Pamphlet of his, entitled *Military Reform;* this is the second edition, 'dedicated to the Duke of Kent;' the first appears to have come-out the year before, and had thus attained a certain notice, which of course was encouraging. He now furthermore opened a correspondence with the *Times* Newspaper; wrote to it, in 1812, a series of Letters under the signature *Vetus:* voluntary Letters I suppose, without payment or preëngagement, one successful Letter calling out another; till *Vetus* and his doctrines came to be a distinguishable entity, and the business amounted to something. Out of my own earliest Newspaper reading, I can remember the name *Vetus,*

as a kind of editorial hacklog on which able-editors were wont to chop straw now and then. Nay the Letters were collected and reprinted; both this first series, of 1812, and then a second of next year: two very thin, very dim-coloured cheap octavos; stray copies of which still exist, and may one day become distillable into a drop of History (should such be wanted of our poor 'Scavenger Age' in time coming), though the reading of them has long ceased in this generation.[2] The first series, we perceive, had even gone to a second edition. The tone, wherever one timidly glances into this extinct cockpit, is trenchant and emphatic: the name of *Vetus*, strenuously fighting there, had become considerable in the talking political world; and, no doubt, was especially of mark, as that of a writer who might otherwise be important, with the proprietors of the *Times*. The connexion continued: widened and deepened itself,—in a slow tentative manner; passing naturally from voluntary into remunerated: and indeed proving more and more to be the true ultimate arena, and battlefield and seedfield, for the exuberant impetuosities and faculties of this man.

What the *Letters of Vetus* treated of I do not know; doubtless they ran upon Napoleon, Catholic Emancipation, true methods of national defence, of effective foreign Antigallicism, and of domestic ditto; which formed the staple of editorial speculation at that time. I have heard in general that Captain Sterling, then and afterwards, advocated 'the Marquis of Wellesley's policy;' but that also, what it was, I have forgotten, and the world has been willing to forget. Enough, the heads of the *Times* establishment, perhaps already the Marquis of Wellesley and other important persons, had their eye on this writer; and it began to be surmised by him that here at last was the career he had been seeking.

Accordingly, in 1814, when victorious Peace unexpectedly arrived, and the gates of the Continent after five-and-twenty years of fierce closure were suddenly thrown open; and the hearts of all English and European men awoke staggering as if from a nightmare suddenly removed, and ran hither and thither,—Edward Sterling also determined on a new adventure,

[2] 'The Letters of Vetus from March 10th to May 10th, 1812' (second edition, Lon. 1812): Ditto, 'Part III., with a Preface and Notes' (ibid. 1814).

that of crossing to Paris, and trying what might lie in store for him. For curiosity, in its idler sense, there was evidently pabulum enough. But he had hopes moreover of learning much that might perhaps avail him afterwards ;—hopes withal, I have understood, of getting to be Foreign Correspondent of the *Times* Newspaper, and so adding to his income in the meanwhile. He left Llanblethian in May ; dates from Dieppe the 27th of that month. He lived in occasional contact with Parisian notabilities (all of them except Madame de Staël forgotten now), all summer, diligently surveying his ground ;—returned for his family, who were still in Wales but ready to move, in the beginning of August ; took them immediately across with him; a house in the neighbourhood of Paris, in the pleasant village of Passy at once town and country, being now ready ; and so, under foreign skies, again set-up his household there.

Here was a strange new 'school' for our friend John, now in his eighth year ! Out of which the little Anthony and he drank doubtless at all pores, vigorously as they had done in no school before. A change total and immediate. Somniferous green Llanblethian has suddenly been blotted out ; presto, here are wakeful Passy and the noises of paved Paris instead. Innocent ingenious Mr. Reece in drab breeches and white stockings, he with his mild Christmas galas and peaceable rules of Dilworth and Butterworth, has given place to such a saturnalia of panoramic, symbolic and other teachers and monitors, addressing all the five senses at once. Who John's express tutors were, at Passy, I never heard ; nor indeed, especially in his case, was it much worth inquiring. To him and to all of us, the expressly appointed schoolmasters and schoolings we get are as nothing, compared with the unappointed incidental and continual ones, whose school-hours are all the days and nights of our existence, and whose lessons, noticed or unnoticed, stream-in upon us with every breath we draw. Anthony says they attended a French school, though only for about three months ; and he well remembers the last scene of it, 'the boys shouting *Vive l'Empereur* when Napoleon came back.'

Of John Sterling's express schooling, perhaps the most important feature, and by no means a favourable one to him, was the excessive fluctuation that prevailed in it. Change of scene, change of teacher, *both* express and implied, was incessant with

him ; and gave his young life a nomadic character, —which surely, of all the adventitious tendencies that could have been impressed upon him, so volatile, swift and airy a being as him, was the one he needed least. His gentle pious-hearted Mother, ever watching over him in all outward changes, and assiduously keeping human pieties and good affections alive in him, was probably the best counteracting element in his lot. And on the whole, have we not all to run our chance in that respect ; and take, the most victoriously we can, such schooling as pleases to be attainable in our year and place ? Not very victoriously, the most of us ! A wise well-calculated breeding of a young genial soul in this world, or, alas, of any young soul in it, lies fatally over the horizon in these epochs !—This French scene of things, a grand school of its sort, and also a perpetual banquet for the young soul, naturally captivated John Sterling ; he said afterwards, 'New things and experiences here were 'poured upon his mind and sense, not in streams, but in a 'Niagara cataract.' This too, however, was but a scene ; lasted only some six or seven months ; and in the spring of the next year terminated as abruptly as any of the rest could do.

For, in the spring of the next year, Napoleon abruptly emerged from Elba ; and set all the populations of the world in motion, in a strange manner ;—set the Sterling household afloat, in particular ; the big European tide rushing into all smallest creeks, at Passy and elsewhere. In brief, on the 20th of March 1815, the family had to shift, almost to fly, towards home and the seacoast ; and for a day or two were under apprehension of being detained and not reaching home. Mrs. Sterling, with her children and effects, all in one big carriage with two horses, made the journey to Dieppe ; in perfect safety, though in continual tremor : here they were joined by Captain Sterling, who had stayed behind at Paris to see the actual advent of Napoleon, and to report what the aspect of affairs was, "Downcast looks of citizens, with fierce saturnalian acclaim of soldiery :" after which they proceeded together to London without farther apprehension ;—there to witness, in due time, the tarbarrels of Waterloo, and other phenomena that followed.

Captain Sterling never quitted London as a residence any more ; and indeed was never absent from it, except on autumnal

or other excursions of a few weeks, till the end of his life. Nevertheless his course there was as yet by no means clear; nor had his relations with the heads of the *Times*, or with other high heads, assumed a form which could be called definite, but were hanging as a cloudy maze of possibilities, firm substance not yet divided from shadow. It continued so for some years. The Sterling household shifted twice or thrice to new streets or localities,—Russell Square or Queen Square, Blackfriars Road, and longest at the Grove, Blackheath,—before the vapours of Wellesley promotions and suchlike slowly sank as useless precipitate, and the firm rock, which was definite employment, ending in lucrative co-proprietorship and more and more important connexion with the *Times* Newspaper, slowly disclosed itself.

These changes of place naturally brought changes in John Sterling's schoolmasters: nor were domestic tragedies wanting, still more important to him. New brothers and sisters had been born; two little brothers more, three little sisters he had in all; some of whom came to their eleventh year beside him, some passed away in their second or fourth: but from his ninth to his sixteenth year they all died; and in 1821 only Anthony and John were left.[3] How many tears, and passionate pangs, and soft infinite regrets; such as are appointed to all mortals! In one year, I find, indeed in one half-year, he lost three little playmates, two of them within one month. His own age was not yet quite twelve. For one of these three, for little Edward, his next younger, who died now at the age of nine, Mr. Hare records that John copied out, in large school-hand, a *History of Valentine and Orson*, to beguile the poor child's sickness, which ended in death soon, leaving a sad cloud on John.

[3] Here, in a Note, is the tragic little Register, with what indications for us may lie in it:

1. Robert Sterling died, 4th June 1815, at Queen Square, in his fourth year (John being now nine).
2. Elizabeth died, 12th March 1818, at Blackfriars Road, in her second year.
3. Edward, 30th March 1818 (same place, same month and year), in his ninth.
4. Hester, 21st July 1818 (three months later), at Blackheath, in her eleventh.
5. Catherine Hester Elizabeth, 16th January 1821, in Seymour Street.

Of his grammar and other schools, which, as I said, are hardly worth enumerating in comparison, the most important seems to have been a Dr. Burney's at Greenwich; a large day-school and boarding-school, where Anthony and John gave their attendance for a year or two (1818—'19) from Blackheath. 'John frequently did themes for the boys,' says Anthony, 'and for myself when I was aground.' His progress in all school-learning was certain to be rapid, if he even moderately took to it. A lean, tallish, loose-made boy of twelve; strange alacrity, rapidity and joyous eagerness looking out of his eyes, and of all his ways and movements. I have a Picture of him at this stage; a little portrait, which carries its verification with it. In manhood too, the chief expression of his eyes and physiognomy was what I might call alacrity, cheerful rapidity. You could see, here looked forth a soul which was winged; which dwelt in hope and action, not in hesitation or fear. Anthony says, he was 'an affectionate and gallant kind of boy, adventurous and generous, daring to a singular degree.' Apt enough withal to be 'petulant now and then;' on the whole, 'very self-willed;' doubtless not a little discursive in his thoughts and ways, and 'difficult to manage.'

I rather think Anthony, as the steadier, more substantial boy, was the Mother's favourite; and that John, though the quicker and cleverer, perhaps cost her many anxieties. Among the Papers given me, is an old browned half-sheet in stiff school hand, unpunctuated, occasionally ill spelt, — John Sterling's earliest remaining Letter, — which gives record of a crowning escapade of his, the first and the last of its kind; and so may be inserted here. A very headlong adventure on the boy's part; so hasty and so futile, at once audacious and impracticable; emblematic of much that befell in the history of the man!

'*To Mrs. Sterling, Blackheath.*

'21st September 1818.

'DEAR MAMMA,—I am now at Dover, where I arrived this 'morning about seven o'clock. When you thought I was going 'to church, I went down the Kent Road, and walked on till I 'came to Gravesend, which is upwards of twenty miles from 'Blackheath; at about seven o'clock in the evening, without 'having eat anything the whole time. I applied to an inkeeper

'(*sic*) there, pretending that I had served a haberdasher in 'London, who left of (*sic*) business, and turned me away. He 'believed me; and got me a passage in the coach here, for I 'said that I had an Uncle here, and that my Father and Mother 'were dead;—when I wandered about the quays for some time, 'till I met Captain Keys, whom I asked to give me a passage 'to Boulogne; which he promised to do, and took me home 'to breakfast with him: but Mrs. Keys questioned me a good 'deal; when I not being able to make my story good, I was 'obliged to confess to her that I had run away from you. 'Captain Keys says that he will keep me at his house till you 'answer my letter. J. STERLING.'

Anthony remembers the business well; but can assign no origin to it,—some penalty, indignity or cross put suddenly on John, which the hasty John considered unbearable. His Mother's inconsolable weeping, and then his own astonishment at such a culprit's being forgiven, are all that remain with Anthony. The steady historical style of the young runaway of twelve, narrating merely, not in the least apologising, is also noticeable.

This was some six months after his little brother Edward's death; three months after that of Hester, his little sister next in the family series to him: troubled days for the poor Mother in that small household on Blackheath, as there are for mothers in so many households in this world! I have heard that Mrs. Sterling passed much of her time alone, at this period. Her husband's pursuits, with his Wellesleys and the like, often carrying him into Town and detaining him late there, she would sit among her sleeping children, such of them as death had still spared, perhaps thriftily plying her needle, full of mournful affectionate night-thoughts,—apprehensive too, in her tremulous heart, that the head of the house might have fallen among robbers in his way homeward.

CHAPTER IV.

UNIVERSITIES: GLASGOW; CAMBRIDGE.

AT a later stage, John had some instruction from a Dr. Waite at Blackheath; and lastly, the family having now removed into Town, to Seymour Street in the fashionable region

there, he 'read for a while with Dr. Trollope, Master of Christ's Hospital;' which ended his school history.

In this his ever-changing course, from Reece at Cowbridge to Trollope in Christ's, which was passed so nomadically, under ferulas of various colour, the boy had, on the whole, snatched successfully a fair share of what was going. Competent skill in construing Latin, I think also an elementary knowledge of Greek; add ciphering to a small extent, Euclid perhaps in a rather imaginary condition; a swift but not very legible or handsome penmanship, and the copious prompt habit of employing it in all manner of unconscious English prose composition, or even occasionally in verse itself: this, or something like this, he had gained from his grammar-schools: this is the most of what they offer to the poor young soul in general, in these indigent times. The express schoolmaster is not equal to much at present,—while the *un*express, for good or for evil, is so busy with a poor little fellow! Other departments of schooling had been infinitely more productive, for our young friend, than the gerundgrinding one. A voracious reader I believe he all along was,—had 'read the whole Edinburgh Review' in these boyish years, and out of the circulating libraries one knows not what cartloads; wading like Ulysses towards his palace 'through infinite dung.' A voracious observer and participator in all things he likewise all along was; and had had his sights, and reflections, and sorrows and adventures, from Kaimes Castle onward,—and had gone at least to Dover on his own score. *Puer bonæ spei*, as the school-albums say; a boy of whom much may be hoped? Surely, in many senses, yes. A frank veracity is in him, truth and courage, as the basis of all; and of wild gifts and graces there is abundance. I figure him a brilliant, swift, voluble, affectionate and pleasant creature; out of whom, if it were not that symptoms of delicate health already show themselves, great things might be made. Promotions at least, especially in this country and epoch of parliaments and eloquent palavers, are surely very possible for such a one!

Being now turned of sixteen, and the family economics getting yearly more propitious and flourishing, he, as his brother had already been, was sent to Glasgow University, in which

city their Mother had connexions. His brother and he were now all that remained of the young family; much attached to one another in their College years as afterwards. Glasgow, however, was not properly their College scene: here, except that they had some tuition from Mr. Jacobson, then a senior fellow student, now (1851) the learned editor of St. Basil, and Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford, who continued ever afterwards a valued intimate of John's, I find nothing special recorded of them. The Glasgow curriculum, for John especially, lasted but one year; who, after some farther tutorage from Mr. Jacobson or Dr. Trollope, was appointed for a more ambitious sphere of education.

In the beginning of his nineteenth year, 'in the autumn of 1824,' he went to Trinity College, Cambridge. His brother Anthony, who had already been there a year, had just quitted this Establishment, and entered on a military life under good omens; I think, at Dublin under the Lord Lieutenant's patronage, to whose service he was, in some capacity, attached. The two brothers, ever in company hitherto, parted roads at this point; and, except on holiday visits and by frequent correspondence, did not again live together; but they continued in a true fraternal attachment while life lasted, and I believe never had any even temporary estrangement, or on either side a cause for such. The family, as I said, was now, for the last three years, reduced to these two; the rest of the young ones, with their laughter and their sorrows, all gone. The parents otherwise were prosperous in outward circumstances; the Father's position more and more developing itself into affluent security, an agreeable circle of acquaintance, and a certain real influence, though of a peculiar sort, according to his gifts for work in this world.

Sterling's Tutor at Trinity College was Julius Hare, now the distinguished Archdeacon of Lewes:—who soon conceived a great esteem for him, and continued ever afterwards, in looser or closer connexion, his loved and loving friend. As the Biographical and Editorial work above alluded to abundantly evinces. Mr. Hare celebrates the wonderful and beautiful gifts, the sparkling ingenuity, ready logic, eloquent utterance, and noble generosities and pieties of his pupil;—records in particular how once, on a sudden alarm of fire in some neighbour-

ing College edifice while his lecture was proceeding, all hands rushed out to help; how the undergraduates instantly formed themselves in lines from the fire to the river, and in swift continuance kept passing buckets as was needful, till the enemy was visibly fast yielding,—when Mr. Hare, going along the line, was astonished to find Sterling at the river-end of it, standing up to his waist in water, deftly dealing with the buckets as they came and went. You in the river, Sterling; you with your coughs, and dangerous tendencies of health!—"Somebody "must be in it," answered Sterling; "why not I, as well as "another?" Sterling's friends may remember many traits of that kind. The swiftest in all things, he was apt to be found at the head of the column, whithersoever the march might be; if towards any brunt of danger, there was he surest to be at the head; and of himself and his peculiar risks or impediments he was negligent at all times, even to an excessive and plainly unreasonable degree.

Mr. Hare justly refuses him the character of an exact scholar, or technical proficient at any time in either of the ancient literatures. But he freely read in Greek and Latin, as in various modern languages; and in all fields, in the classical as well, his lively faculty of recognition and assimilation had given him large booty in proportion to his labour. One cannot under any circumstances conceive of Sterling as a steady dictionary philologue, historian, or archæologist; nor did he here, nor could he well, attempt that course. At the same time, Greek and the Greeks being here before him, he could not fail to gather somewhat from it, to take some hue and shape from it. Accordingly there is, to a singular extent, especially in his early writings, a certain tinge of Grecism and Heathen Classicality traceable in him;—Classicality, indeed, which does not satisfy one's sense as real or truly living, but which glitters with a certain genial, if perhaps almost meretricious half-*japannish* splendour,—greatly distinguishable from mere gerundgrinding, and death in longs and shorts. If Classicality mean the practical conception, or attempt to conceive, what human life was in the epoch called classical,—perhaps few or none of Sterling's contemporaries in that Cambridge establishment carried away more of available Classicality than even he.

But here, as in his former schools, his studies and inquiries, diligently prosecuted I believe, were of the most discursive wide-flowing character; not steadily advancing along beaten roads towards College honours, but pulsing out with impetuous irregularity now on this tract, now on that towards whatever spiritual Delphi might promise to unfold the mystery of this world, and announce to him what was, in our new day, the authentic message of the gods. His speculations, readings, inferences, glances and conclusions were doubtless sufficiently encyclopedic; his grand tutors the multifarious set of Books he devoured. And perhaps,—as is the singular case in most schools and educational establishments of this unexampled epoch,—it was not the express set of arrangements in this or any extant University that could essentially forward him, but only the implied and silent ones; less in the prescribed 'course of study,' which seems to tend nowhither, than,—if you will consider it,—in the generous (not ungenerous) rebellion against said prescribed course, and the voluntary spirit of endeavour and adventure excited thereby, does help lie for a brave youth in such places. Curious to consider. The fagging, the illicit boating, and the things *forbidden* by the schoolmaster,—these, I often notice in my Eton acquaintances, are the things that have done them good; these, and not their inconsiderable or considerable knowledge of the Greek accidence almost at all! What is Greek accidence, compared to Spartan discipline, if it can be had? That latter is a real and grand attainment. Certainly, if rebellion is unfortunately needful, and you can rebel in a generous manner, several things may be acquired in that operation,—rigorous mutual fidelity, reticence, steadfastness, mild stoicism, and other virtues far transcending your Greek accidence. Nor can the unwisest 'prescribed course of study' be considered quite useless, if it have incited you to try nobly on all sides for a course of your own. A singular condition of Schools and High-schools, which have come down, in their strange old clothes and 'courses of study,' from the monkish ages into this highly unmonkish one;—tragical condition, at which the intelligent observer makes deep pause!

One benefit, not to be dissevered from the most obsolete University still frequented by young ingenuous living souls, is that of manifold collision and communication with the said

young souls; which, to every one of these coevals, is undoubtedly the most important branch of breeding for him. In this point, as the learned Huber has insisted,[1] the two English Universities,—their studies otherwise being granted to be nearly useless, and even ill done of their kind,—far excel all other Universities: so valuable are the rules of human behaviour which from of old have tacitly established themselves there; so manful, with all its sad drawbacks, is the style of English character, 'frank, simple, rugged and yet courteous,' which has tacitly but imperatively got itself sanctioned and prescribed there. Such, in full sight of Continental and other Universities, is Huber's opinion. Alas, the question of University Reform goes deep at present; deep as the world;—and the real University of these new epochs is yet a great way from us! Another judge in whom I have confidence declares further, That, of these two Universities, Cambridge is decidedly the more catholic (not Roman catholic, but Human catholic) in its tendencies and habitudes; and that in fact, of all the miserable Schools and High-schools in the England of these years, he, if reduced to choose from them, would choose Cambridge as a place of culture for the young idea. So that, in these bad circumstances, Sterling had perhaps rather made a hit than otherwise?

Sterling at Cambridge had undoubtedly a wide and rather genial circle of comrades; and could not fail to be regarded and beloved by many of them. Their life seems to have been an ardently speculating and talking one; by no means excessively restrained within limits; and, in the more adventurous heads like Sterling's, decidedly tending towards the latitudinarian in most things. They had among them a Debating Society called The Union; where on stated evenings was much logic, and other spiritual fencing and ingenuous collision,—probably of a really superior quality in that kind; for not a few of the then disputants have since proved themselves men of parts, and attained distinction in the intellectual walks of life. Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes and others:—I have heard that in speaking and arguing, Sterling was the acknowledged chief in this Union Club; and that 'none even came near him.

[1] *History of the English Universities.* (Translated from the German.)

except the late Charles Buller,' whose distinction in this and higher respects was also already notable.

The questions agitated seem occasionally to have touched on the political department, and even on the ecclesiastical. I have heard one trait of Sterling's eloquence, which survived on the wings of grinning rumour, and had evidently borne upon Church Conservatism in some form: "Have they not,"—or perhaps it was, Has she (the Church) not,—"a black dragoon "in every parish, on good pay and rations, horse-meat and "man's-meat, to patrol and battle for these things?" The 'black dragoon,' which naturally at the moment ruffled the general young imagination into stormy laughter, points towards important conclusions in respect to Sterling at this time. I conclude he had, with his usual alacrity and impetuous daring, frankly adopted the anti-superstitious side of things; and stood scornfully prepared to repel all aggressions or pretensions from the opposite quarter. In short, that he was already, what afterwards there is no doubt about his being, at all points a Radical, as the name or nickname then went. In other words, a young ardent soul looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning-up without delay, and sweeping into their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos as this. Which process, it did not then seem to him could be very difficult; or attended with much other than heroic joy, and enthusiasm of victory or of battle, to the gallant operator, in his part of it. This was, with modifications such as might be, the humour and creed of College Radicalism five-and-twenty years ago. Rather horrible at that time; seen to be not so horrible now, at least to have grown very universal, and to need no concealment now. The natural humour and attitude, we may well regret to say,—and honourable not dishonourable, for a brave young soul such as Sterling's, in those years in those localities!

I do not find that Sterling had, at that stage, adopted the then prevalent Utilitarian theory of human things. But neither,

apparently, had he rejected it; still less did he yet at all denounce it with the damnatory vehemence we were used to in him at a later period. Probably he, so much occupied with the negative side of things, had not yet thought seriously of any positive basis for his world; or asked himself, too earnestly, What, then, *is* the noble rule of living for a man? In this world so eclipsed and scandalously overhung with fable and hypocrisy, what *is* the eternal fact, on which a man may front the Destinies and the Immensities? The day for such questions, sure enough to come in his case, was still but coming. Sufficient for this day be the work thereof; that of blasting into merited annihilation the innumerable and immeasurable recognised deliriums, and extirpating or coercing to the due pitch those legions of 'black dragoons,' of all varieties and purposes, who patrol, with horse-meat and man's-meat, this afflicted earth, so hugely to the detriment of it.

Sterling, it appears, after above a year of Trinity College, followed his friend Maurice into Trinity Hall, with the intention of taking a degree in Law; which intention, like many others with him, came to nothing; and in 1827 he left Trinity Hall and Cambridge altogether; here ending, after two years, his brief University life.

CHAPTER V.

A PROFESSION.

HERE, then, is a young soul, brought to the years of legal majority, furnished from his training-schools with such and such shining capabilities, and ushered on the scene of things, to inquire practically, What he will do there? Piety is in the man, noble human valour, bright intelligence, ardent proud veracity; light and fire, in none of their many senses, wanting for him, but abundantly bestowed: a kingly kind of man;—whose 'kingdom,' however, in this bewildered place and epoch of the world will probably be difficult to find and conquer!

For, alas, the world, as we said, already stands convicted to this young soul of being an untrue, unblessed world; its high dignitaries many of them phantasms and players'-masks; its

worthships and worships unworshipful: from Dan to Beersheba, a mad world, my masters. And surely we may say, and none will now gainsay, this his idea of the world at that epoch was nearer to the fact than at most other epochs it has been. Truly, in all times and places, the young ardent soul that enters on this world with heroic purpose, with veracious insight, and the yet unclouded 'inspiration of the Almighty' which has given us our intelligence, will find this world a very mad one: why else is *he*, with his little outfit of heroisms and inspirations, come hither into it, except to make it diligently a little saner? Of him there would have been no need, had it been quite sane. This is true; this will, in all centuries and countries, be true.

And yet perhaps of no time or country, for the last two thousand years, was it *so* true as here in this waste-weltering epoch of Sterling's and ours. A world all rocking and plunging, like that old Roman one when the measure of its iniquities was full; the abysses, and subterranean and supernal deluges, plainly broken loose; in the wild dim-lighted chaos all stars of Heaven gone out. No star of Heaven visible, hardly now to any man; the pestiferous fogs, and foul exhalations grown continual, have, except on the highest mountain-tops, blotted-out all stars: will-o'-wisps, of various course and colour, take the place of stars. Over the wild-surging chaos, in the leaden air, are only sudden glares of revolutionary lightning; then mere darkness, with philanthropistic phosphorescences, empty meteoric lights; here and there an ecclesiastical luminary still hovering, hanging on to its old quaking fixtures, pretending still to be a Moon or Sun,—though visibly it is but a Chinese Lantern made of *paper* mainly, with candle-end foully dying in the heart of it. Surely as mad a world as you could wish!

If you want to make sudden fortunes in it, and achieve the temporary hallelujah of flunkies for yourself, renouncing the perennial esteem of wise men; if you can believe that the chief end of man is to collect about him a bigger heap of gold than ever before, in a shorter time than ever before, you will find it a most handy and everyway furthersome, blessed and felicitous world. But for any other human aim, I think you will find it not furthersome. If you in any way ask practically, How a noble life is to be led in it? you will be luckier than Sterling or I if you get any credible answer, or find any made road

whatever. Alas, it is even so. Your heart's question, if it be of that sort, most things and persons will answer with a "Nonsense! Noble life is in Drury Lane, and wears yellow boots. You fool, compose yourself to your pudding!"—Surely, in these times, if ever in any, the young heroic soul entering on life, so opulent, full of sunny hope, of noble valour and divine intention, is tragical as well as beautiful to us.

Of the three learned Professions none offered any likelihood for Sterling. From the Church his notions of the 'black dragoon,' had there been no other obstacle, were sufficient to exclude him. Law he had just renounced, his own Radical philosophies disheartening him, in face of the ponderous impediments, continual uphill struggles and formidable toils inherent in such a pursuit: with Medicine he had never been in any contiguity, that he should dream of it as a course for him. Clearly enough the professions were unsuitable; they to him, he to them. Professions, built so largely on speciosity instead of performance; clogged, in this bad epoch, and defaced under such suspicions of fatal imposture, were hateful not lovable to the young radical soul, scornful of gross profit, and intent on ideals and human noblenesses. Again, the professions, were they never so perfect and veracious, will require slow steady pulling, to which this individual young radical, with his swift, far-darting brilliances, and nomadic desultory ways, is of all men the most averse and unfitted. No profession could, in any case, have well gained the early love of Sterling. And perhaps withal the most tragic element of his life is even this, That there now was none to which he could fitly, by those wiser than himself, have been bound and constrained, that he might learn to love it. So swift, light-limbed and fiery an Arab courser ought, for all manner of reasons, to have been trained to saddle and harness. Roaming at full gallop over the heaths,—especially when your heath was London, and English and European life, in the nineteenth century,—he suffered much, and did comparatively little. I have known few creatures whom it was more wasteful to send forth with the bridle thrown up, and to set to steeple-hunting instead of running on highways! But it is the lot of many such, in this dislocated time,—Heaven mend it! In a better time there will be other 'professions' than those three

extremely cramp, confused and indeed almost obsolete ones: professions, if possible, that are true, and do *not* require you at the threshold to constitute yourself an impostor. Human association,—which will mean discipline, vigorous wise subordination and coördination,—is so unspeakably important. Professions, 'regimented human pursuits,' how many of honourable and manful might be possible for men; and which should *not*, in their results to society, need to stumble along, in such an unwieldy futile manner, with legs swollen into such enormous elephantiasis and no *go* at all in them! Men will one day think of the force they squander in every generation, and the fatal damage they encounter, by this neglect.

The career likeliest for Sterling, in his and the world's circumstances, would have been what is called public life: some secretarial, diplomatic or other official training, to issue if possible in Parliament as the true field for him. And here, beyond question, had the gross material conditions been allowed, his spiritual capabilities were first-rate. In any arena where eloquence and argument was the point, this man was calculated to have borne the bell from all competitors. In lucid ingenious talk and logic, in all manner of brilliant utterance and tongue-fence, I have hardly known his fellow. So ready lay his store of knowledge round him, so perfect was his ready utterance of the same,—in coruscating wit, in jocund drollery, in compact articulated clearness or high poignant emphasis, as the case required,—he was a match for any man in argument before a crowd of men. One of the most supple-wristed, dextrous, graceful and successful fencers in that kind. A man, as Mr. Hare has said, 'able to argue with four or five at once;' could do the parrying all round, in a succession swift as light, and plant his hits wherever a chance offered. In Parliament, such a soul put into a body of the due toughness might have carried it far. If ours is to be called, as I hear some call it, the Talking Era, Sterling of all men had the talent to excel in it.

Probably it was with some vague view towards chances in this direction that Sterling's first engagement was entered upon; a brief connexion as Secretary to some Club or Association into which certain public men, of the reforming sort, Mr. Crawford (the Oriental Diplomatist and Writer), Mr. Kirkman Fin-

lay (then Member for Glasgow), and other political notabilities had now formed themselves,—with what specific objects I do not know, nor with what result if any. I have heard vaguely, it was 'to open the trade to India.' Of course they intended to stir-up the public mind into coöperation, whatever their goal or object was: Mr. Crawford, an intimate in the Sterling household, recognised the fine literary gift of John; and might think it a lucky hit that he had caught such a Secretary for three hundred pounds a year. That was the salary agreed upon; and for some months actually worked for and paid; Sterling becoming for the time an intimate and almost an inmate in Mr. Crawford's circle, doubtless not without results to himself beyond the secretarial work and pounds sterling: so much is certain. But neither the Secretaryship nor the Association itself had any continuance; nor can I now learn accurately more of it than what is here stated;—in which vague state it must vanish from Sterling's history again, as it in great measure did from his life. From himself in after-years I never heard mention of it; nor were his pursuits connected afterwards with those of Mr. Crawford, though the mutual goodwill continued unbroken.

In fact, however splendid and indubitable Sterling's qualifications for a parliamentary life, there was that in him withal which flatly put a negative on any such project. He had not the slow steady-pulling diligence which is indispensable in that, as in all important pursuits and strenuous human competitions whatsoever. In every sense, his momentum depended on velocity of stroke, rather than on weight of metal; "beautifulest sheet-lightning," as I often said, "not to be condensed into thunderbolts." Add to this,—what indeed is perhaps but the same phenomenon in another form,—his bodily frame was thin, excitable, already manifesting pulmonary symptoms; a body which the tear and wear of Parliament would infallibly in few months have wrecked and ended. By this path there was clearly no mounting. The far-darting, restlessly coruscating soul, equipt beyond all others to shine in the Talking Era, and lead National Palavers with their *spolia opima* captive, is imprisoned in a fragile hectic body which quite forbids the adventure. '*Es ist dafür gesorgt*,' says Goethe, 'Provision has been made that the trees do not grow into the sky;'—means are always there to stop them short of the sky.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE: THE ATHENÆUM.

Of all forms of public life, in the Talking Era, it was clear that only one completely suited Sterling,—the anarchic, nomadic, entirely aerial and unconditional one, called Literature. To this all his tendencies, and fine gifts positive and negative, were evidently pointing; and here, after such brief attempting or thoughts to attempt at other posts, he already in this same year arrives. As many do, and ever more must do, in these our years and times. This is the chaotic haven of so many frustrate activities; where all manner of good gifts go up in far-seen smoke or conflagration; and whole fleets, that might have been war-fleets to conquer kingdoms, are *consumed* (too truly, often), amid 'fame' enough, and the admiring shouts of the vulgar, which is always fond to see fire going on. The true Canaan and Mount Zion of a Talking Era must ever be Literature: the extraneous, miscellaneous, self-elected, indescribable *Parliamentum*, or Talking Apparatus, which talks by books and printed papers.

A literary Newspaper called *The Athenæum*, the same which still subsists, had been founded in those years by Mr. Buckingham; James Silk Buckingham, who has since continued notable under various figures. Mr. Buckingham's *Athenæum* had not as yet got into a flourishing condition; and he was willing to sell the copyright of it for a consideration. Perhaps Sterling and old Cambridge friends of his had been already writing for it. At all events, Sterling, who had already privately begun writing a Novel, and was clearly looking towards Literature, perceived that his gifted Cambridge friend, Frederic Maurice, was now also at large in a somewhat similar situation; and that here was an opening for both of them, and for other gifted friends. The copyright was purchased for I know not what sum, nor with whose money, but guess it may have been Sterling's, and no great sum;—and so, under free auspices, themselves their own captains, Maurice and he spread sail for this new voyage of adventure into all the world. It was about the end of 1828 that readers of periodical literature, and quidnuncs in those departments, began to report the appearance, in a Paper

called the *Athenæum*, of writings showing a superior brilliancy, and height of aim; one or perhaps two slight specimens of which came into my own hands, in my remote corner, about that time, and were duly recognised by me, while the authors were still far off and hidden behind deep veils.

Some of Sterling's best Papers from the *Athenæum* have been published by Archdeacon Hare: first-fruits by a young man of twenty-two; crude, imperfect, yet singularly beautiful and attractive; which will still testify what high literary promise lay in him. The ruddiest glow of young enthusiasm, of noble incipient spiritual manhood reigns over them; once more a divine Universe unveiling itself in gloom and splendour, in auroral fire-light and many-tinted shadow, full of hope and full of awe, to a young melodious pious heart just arrived upon it. Often enough the delineation has a certain flowing completeness, not to be expected from so young an artist; here and there is a decided felicity of insight; everywhere the point of view adopted is a high and noble one, and the result worked-out a result to be sympathised with, and accepted so far as it will go. Good reading still, those Papers, for the less-furnished mind,—thrice-excellent reading compared with what is usually going. For the rest, a grand melancholy is the prevailing impression they leave; —partly as if, while the surface was so blooming and opulent, the heart of them was still vacant, sad and cold. Here is a beautiful mirage, in the dry wilderness; but you cannot quench your thirst there! The writer's heart is indeed still too vacant, except of beautiful shadows and reflexes and resonances; and is far from joyful, though it wears commonly a smile.

In some of the Greek delineations (*The Lycian Painter*, for example), we have already noticed a strange opulence of splendour, characterisable as half-legitimate, half-meretricious,—a splendour hovering between the raffaelesque and the japannish. What other things Sterling wrote there, I never knew; nor would he in any mood, in those later days, have told you, had you asked. This period of his life he always rather accounted, as the Arabs do the idolatrous times before Mahomet's advent, the 'period of darkness.'

CHAPTER VII.

REGENT STREET.

On the commercial side the *Athenæum* still lacked success; nor was like to find it under the highly uncommercial management it had now got into. This, by and by, began to be a serious consideration. For money is the sinews of Periodical Literature almost as much as of war itself; without money, and under a constant drain of loss, Periodical Literature is one of the things that cannot be carried on. In no long time Sterling began to be practically sensible of this truth, and that an unpleasant resolution in accordance with it would be necessary. By him also, after a while, the *Athenæum* was transferred to other hands, better fitted in that respect; and under these it did take vigorous root, and still bears fruit according to its kind.

For the present, it brought him into the thick of London Literature, especially of young London Literature and speculation; in which turbid exciting element he swam and revelled, nothing loath, for certain months longer,—a period short of two years in all. He had lodgings in Regent Street: his Father's house, now a flourishing and stirring establishment, in South Place, Knightsbridge, where, under the warmth of increasing revenue and success, miscellaneous cheerful socialities and abundant speculations, chiefly political (and not John's kind, but that of the *Times* Newspaper and the Clubs), were rife, he could visit daily, and yet be master of his own studies and pursuits. Maurice, Trench, John Mill, Charles Buller: these, and some few others, among a wide circle of a transitory phantasmal character, whom he speedily forgot and cared not to remember, were much about him; with these he in all ways employed and disported himself: a first favourite with them all.

No pleasanter companion, I suppose, had any of them. So frank, open, guileless, fearless, a brother to all worthy souls whatsoever. Come when you might, here is he open-hearted, rich in cheerful fancies, in grave logic, in all kinds of bright activity. If perceptibly or imperceptibly there is a touch of ostentation in him, blame it not; it is so innocent, so good and childlike. He is still fonder of jingling publicly, and spreading

on the table, your big purse of opulences than his own. Abrupt too he is, cares little for big-wigs and garnitures ; perhaps laughs more than the real fun he has would order ; but of arrogance there is no vestige, of insincerity or of ill-nature none. These must have been pleasant evenings in Regent Street, when the circle chanced to be well adjusted there. At other times, Philistines would enter, what we call bores, dullards, Children of Darkness ; and then,—except in a hunt of dullards, and a *bore-baiting*, which might be permissible,—the evening was dark. Sterling, of course, had innumerable cares withal ; and was toiling like a slave ; his very recreations almost a kind of work. An enormous activity was in the man ;—sufficient, in a body that could have held it without breaking, to have gone far, even under the unstable guidance it was like to have !

Thus, too, an extensive, very variegated circle of connexions was forming round him. Besides his *Athenæum* work, and evenings in Regent Street and elsewhere, he makes visits to country-houses, the Bullers' and others ; converses with established gentlemen, with honourable women not a few ; is gay and welcome with the young of his own age ; knows also religious, witty, and other distinguished ladies, and is admiringly known by them. On the whole, he is already locomotive ; visits hither and thither in a very rapid flying manner. Thus I find he had made one flying visit to the Cumberland Lake-region in 1828, and got sight of Wordsworth ; and in the same year another flying one to Paris, and seen with no undue enthusiasm the Saint-Simonian Portent just beginning to preach for itself, and France in general simmering under a scum of impieties, levities, Saint-Simonisms, and frothy fantasticalities of all kinds, towards the boiling-over which soon made the Three Days of July famous. But by far the most important foreign home he visited was that of Coleridge on the Hill of Highgate,—if it were not rather a foreign shrine and Dodona-Oracle, as he then reckoned,—to which (onwards from 1828, as would appear) he was already an assiduous pilgrim. Concerning whom, and Sterling's all-important connexion with him, there will be much to say anon.

Here, from this period, is a Letter of Sterling's, which the glimpses it affords of bright scenes and figures now sunk, so many of them, sorrowfully to the realm of shadows, will render interesting to some of my readers. To me on the mere Letter,

not on its contents alone, there is accidentally a kind of fateful stamp. A few months after Charles Buller's death, while his loss was mourned by many hearts, and to his poor Mother all light except what hung upon his memory had gone-out in the world, a certain delicate and friendly hand, hoping to give the poor bereaved lady a good moment, sought out this Letter of Sterling's, one morning, and called, with intent to read it to her:—alas, the poor lady had herself fallen suddenly into the languors of death, help of another grander sort now close at hand; and to her this Letter was never read!—

On 'Fanny Kemble,' it appears, there is an Essay by Sterling in the *Athenæum* of this year: '16th December 1829.' Very laudatory, I conclude. He much admired her genius, nay was thought at one time to be vaguely on the edge of still more chivalrous feelings. As the Letter itself may perhaps indicate.

'*To Anthony Sterling, Esq., 24th Regiment, Dublin.*

'Knightsbridge, 10th Nov. 1829.

'My dear Anthony,—Here in the Capital of England and 'of Europe, there is less, so far as I hear, of movement and 'variety than in your provincial Dublin, or among the Wicklow 'Mountains. We have the old prospect of bricks and smoke, 'the old crowd of busy stupid faces, the old occupations, the old 'sleepy amusements; and the latest news that reaches us daily 'has an air of tiresome, doting antiquity. The world has no-'thing for it but to exclaim with Faust, "Give me my youth 'again." And as for me, my month of Cornish amusement is 'over; and I must tie myself to my old employments. I have 'not much to tell you about these; but perhaps you may like 'to hear of my expedition to the West.

'I wrote to Polvellan (Mr. Buller's) to announce the day on 'which I intended to be there, so shortly before setting-out, that 'there was no time to receive an answer; and when I reached 'Devonport, which is fifteen or sixteen miles from my place of 'destination, I found a letter from Mrs. Buller, saying that she 'was coming in two days to a Ball at Plymouth, and if I chose 'to stay in the meanwhile and look about me, she would take 'me back with her. She added an introduction to a relation of 'her husband's, a certain Captain Buller of the Rifles, who was 'with the Depôt there,—a pleasant person, who I believe had

'been acquainted with Charlotte,[1] or at least had seen her. 'Under his superintendence'— * * *

'On leaving Devonport with Mrs. Buller, I went some of 'the way by water, up the harbour and river; and the prospects 'are certainly very beautiful; to say nothing of the large ships, 'which I admire almost as much as you, though without know-'ing so much about them. There is a great deal of fine scenery 'all along the road to Looe; and the House itself, a very un-'pretending Gothic cottage, stands beautifully among trees, 'hills and water, with the sea at the distance of a quarter of a 'mile.

'And here, among pleasant, good-natured, well-informed, 'and clever people, I spent an idle month. I dined at one or 'two Corporation dinners; spent a few days at the old Mansion 'of Mr. Buller of Morval, the patron of West Looe; and during 'the rest of the time, read, wrote, played chess, lounged, and 'ate red mullet (he who has not done this has not begun to 'live); talked of cookery to the philosophers, and of meta-'physics to Mrs. Buller; and altogether cultivated indolence, 'and developed the faculty of nonsense with considerable plea-'sure and unexampled success. Charles Buller you know: he 'has just come to town, but I have not yet seen him. Arthur, 'his younger brother, I take to be one of the handsomest men 'in England; and he too has considerable talent. Mr. Buller 'the father is rather a clever man of sense, and particularly 'good-natured and gentlemanly; and his wife, who was a re-'nowned beauty and queen of Calcutta, has still many striking 'and delicate traces of what she was. Her conversation is more 'brilliant and pleasant than that of any one I know; and, at 'all events, I am bound to admire her for the kindness with 'which she patronises me. I hope that, some day or other, you 'may be acquainted with her.

'I believe I have seen no one in London about whom you 'would care to hear,—unless the fame of Fanny Kemble has 'passed the Channel, and astonished the Irish Barbarians in 'the midst of their bloody-minded politics. Young Kemble, 'whom you have seen, is in Germany: but I have the happi-'ness of being also acquainted with his sister, the divine Fanny; 'and I have seen her twice on the stage, and three or four

[1] Mrs. Anthony Sterling, very lately Miss Charlotte Baird.

'times in private, since my return from Cornwall. I had seen 'some beautiful verses of hers, long before she was an actress; 'and her conversation is full of spirit and talent. She never 'was taught to act at all; and though there are many faults in 'her performance of Juliet, there is more power than in any 'female playing I ever saw, except Pasta's Medea. She is not 'handsome, rather short, and by no means delicately formed; 'but her face is marked, and the eyes are brilliant, dark, and 'full of character. She has far more ability than she ever can 'display on the stage; but I have no doubt that, by practice 'and self-culture, she will be a far finer actress at least than 'anyone since Mrs. Siddons. I was at Charles Kemble's a few 'evenings ago, when a drawing of Miss Kemble, by Sir Thomas 'Lawrence, was brought in; and I have no doubt that you will 'shortly see, even in Dublin, an engraving of her from it, very 'unlike the caricatures that have hitherto appeared. I hate the 'stage; and but for her, should very likely never have gone to 'a theatre again. Even as it is, the annoyance is much more 'than the pleasure; but I suppose I must go to see her in every 'character in which she acts. If Charlotte cares for plays, let 'me know, and I will write in more detail about this new Mel-'pomene. I fear there are very few subjects on which I can say 'anything that will in the least interest her.—Ever affection-'ately yours, J. STERLING.'

Sterling and his circle, as their ardent speculation and activity fermented along, were in all things clear for progress, liberalism; their politics, and view of the Universe, decisively of the Radical sort. As indeed that of England then was, more than ever; the crust of old hidebound Toryism being now openly cracking towards some incurable disruption, which accordingly ensued as the Reform Bill before long. The Reform Bill already hung in the wind. Old hidebound Toryism, long recognised by all the world, and now at last obliged to recognise its very self, for an overgrown Imposture, supporting itself not by human reason, but by flunky blustering and brazen lying, superadded to mere brute force, could be no creed for young Sterling and his friends. In all things he and they were liberals, and, as was natural at this stage, democrats; contemplating root-and-branch innovation by aid of the hustings and ballot-box. Hustings and

ballot-box had speedily to vanish out of Sterling's thoughts : but the character of root-and-branch innovator, essentially of 'Radical Reformer,' was indelible with him, and under all forms could be traced as his character through life.

For the present, his and those young people's aim was : By democracy, or what means there are, be all impostures put down. Speedy end to Superstition,—a gentle one if you can contrive it, but an end. What can it profit any mortal to adopt locutions and imaginations which do *not* correspond to fact ; which no sane mortal can deliberately adopt in his soul as true ; which the most orthodox of mortals can only, and this after infinite essentially *impious* effort to put-out the eyes of his mind, persuade himself to 'believe that he believes'? Away with it ; in the name of God, come out of it, all true men !

Piety of heart, a certain reality of religious faith, was always Sterling's, the gift of nature to him which he would not and could not throw away ; but I find at this time his religion is as good as altogether Ethnic, Greekish, what Goethe calls the Heathen form of religion. The Church, with her articles, is without relation to him. And along with obsolete spiritualisms, he sees all-manner of obsolete thrones and big-wigged temporalities ; and for them also can prophesy, and wish, only a speedy doom. Doom inevitable, registered in Heaven's Chancery from the beginning of days, doom unalterable as the pillars of the world ; the gods are angry, and all nature groans, till this doom of eternal justice be fulfilled.

With gay audacity, with enthusiasm tempered by mockery, as is the manner of young gifted men, this faith, grounded for the present on democracy and hustings operations, and giving to all life the aspect of a chivalrous battlefield, or almost of a gay though perilous tournament, and bout of "A hundred knights against all comers,"—was maintained by Sterling and his friends. And in fine, after whatever loud remonstrances, and solemn considerations, and such shaking of our wigs as is undoubtedly natural in the case, let us be just to it and him. We shall have to admit, nay it will behove us to see and practically know, for ourselves and him and others, that the essence of this creed, in times like ours, was right and not wrong. That, however the ground and form of it might change, essentially it was the monition of his natal genius to this as it is to every

brave man; the behest of all his clear insight into this Universe, the message of Heaven through him, which he could not suppress, but was inspired and compelled to utter in this world by such methods as he had. There for him lay the first commandment; *this* is what it would have been the unforgivable sin to swerve from and desert: the treason of treasons for him, it were there; compared with which all other sins are venial!

The message did not cease at all, as we shall see; the message was ardently, if fitfully, continued to the end: but the methods, the tone and dialect and all outer conditions of uttering it, underwent most important modifications!

CHAPTER VIII.

COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the inanity of life's battle; attracting towards him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. His express contributions to poetry, philosophy, or any specific province of human literature or enlightenment, had been small and sadly intermittent; but he had, especially among young inquiring men, a higher than literary, a kind of prophetic or magician character. He was thought to hold, he alone in England, the key of German and other Transcendentalisms; knew the sublime secret of believing by 'the reason' what 'the understanding' had been obliged to fling out as incredible; and could still, after Hume and Voltaire had done their best and worst with him, profess himself an orthodox Christian, and say and print to the Church of England, with its singular old rubrics and surplices at Allhallowtide, *Esto perpetua*. A sublime man; who, alone in those dark days, had saved his crown of spiritual manhood; escaping from the black materialisms, and revolutionary deluges, with 'God, Freedom, Immortality' still his: a king of men. The practical intellects of the world did not much heed him, or carelessly reckoned him a metaphysical dreamer: but to the rising spirits of the young generation he had this dusky sublime character; and sat there as a kind of *Magus*,

girt in mystery and enigma; his Dodona oak-grove (Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate) whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon.

The Gilmans did not encourage much company, or excitation of any sort, round their sage; nevertheless access to him, if a youth did reverently wish it, was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place,—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum: and behind all swam, under olive-tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect on a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward,—southward, and so draping with the city-smoke not *you* but the city. Here for hours would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and liked nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent.

The good man, he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps; and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round, and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of

strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking, he rather shuffled than decisively stept; and a lady once remarked, he never could fix which side of the garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both. A heavy-laden, high-aspiring and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching, — you would have said, preaching earnestly and also hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his 'object' and 'subject,' terms of continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and how he sang and snuffled them into "om-m-mject" and "sum-m-mject," with a kind of solemn shake or quaver, as he rolled along. No talk, in his century or in any other, could be more surprising.

Sterling, who assiduously attended him, with profound reverence, and was often with him by himself, for a good many months, gives a record of their first colloquy.[1] Their colloquies were numerous, and he had taken note of many; but they are all gone to the fire, except this first, which Mr. Hare has printed, —unluckily without date. It contains a number of ingenious, true and half-true observations, and is of course a faithful epitome of the things said; but it gives small idea of Coleridge's way of talking;—this one feature is perhaps the most recognisable, 'Our interview lasted for three hours, during which he talked two hours and three quarters.' Nothing could be more copious than his talk; and furthermore it was always, virtually or literally, of the nature of a monologue; suffering no interruption, however reverent; hastily putting aside all foreign additions, annotations, or most ingenuous desires for elucidation, as well-meant superfluities which would never do. Besides, it was talk not flowing anywhither like a river, but spreading everywhither in inextricable currents and regurgitations like a lake or sea; terribly deficient in definite goal or aim, nay often in logical intelligibility; *what* you were to believe or do, on any earthly or heavenly thing, obstinately refusing to appear from it. So that, most times, you felt logically lost; swamped near to drowning in this tide of ingenious vocables, spreading out boundless as if to submerge the world.

To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether

[1] *Biography*, by Hare, pp. xvi.-xxvi.

you consent or not, can in the long-run be exhilarating to no creature ; how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending. But if it be withal a confused unintelligible flood of utterance, threatening to submerge all known landmarks of thought, and drown the world and you !—I have heard Coleridge talk, with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist, and communicate no meaning whatsoever to any individual of his hearers,—certain of whom, I for one, still kept eagerly listening in hope ; the most had long before given up, and formed (if the room were large enough) secondary humming groups of their own. He began anywhere : you put some question to him, made some suggestive observation : instead of answering this, or decidedly setting out towards answer of it, he would accumulate formidable apparatus, logical swim-bladders, transcendental life-preservers and other precautionary and vehiculatory gear, for setting out ; perhaps did at last get under way,—but was swiftly solicited, turned aside by the glance of some radiant new game on this hand or that, into new courses ; and ever into new ; and before long into all the Universe, where it was uncertain what game you would catch, or whether any.

His talk, alas, was distinguished, like himself, by irresolution : it disliked to be troubled with conditions, abstinences, definite fulfilments ;—loved to wander at its own sweet will, and make its auditor and his claims and humble wishes a mere passive bucket for itself ! He had knowledge about many things and topics, much curious reading ; but generally all topics led him, after a pass or two, into the high seas of theosophic philosophy, the hazy infinitude of Kantean transcendentalism, with its 'sum-m-mjects' and 'om-m-mjects.' Sad enough ; for with such indolent impatience of the claims and ignorances of others, he had not the least talent for explaining this or anything unknown to them ; and you swam and fluttered in the mistiest wide unintelligible deluge of things, for most part in a rather profitless uncomfortable manner.

Glorious islets, too, I have seen rise out of the haze ; but they were few, and soon swallowed in the general element again. Balmy sunny islets, islets of the blest and the intelligible :—on which occasions those secondary humming groups would all cease humming, and hang breathless upon the eloquent words ;

till once your islet got wrapt in the mist again, and they could recommence humming. Eloquent artistically expressive words you always had; piercing radiances of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of noble pious sympathy, recognisable as pious though strangely coloured, were never wanting long: but in general you could not call this aimless, cloudcapt, cloud-based, lawlessly meandering human discourse of reason by the name of 'excellent talk,' but only of 'surprising;' and were reminded bitterly of Hazlitt's account of it: "Excellent talker, "very,—if you let him start from no premises and come to no "conclusion." Coleridge was not without what talkers call wit, and there were touches of prickly sarcasm in him, contemptuous enough of the world and its idols and popular dignitaries; he had traits even of poetic humour: but in general he seemed deficient in laughter; or indeed in sympathy for concrete human things either on the sunny or on the stormy side. One right peal of concrete laughter at some convicted flesh-and-blood absurdity, one burst of noble indignation at some injustice or depravity, rubbing elbows with us on this solid Earth, how strange would it have been in that Kantean haze-world, and how infinitely cheering amid its vacant air-castles and dim-melting ghosts and shadows! None such ever came. His life had been an abstract thinking and dreaming, idealistic, passed amid the ghosts of defunct bodies and of unborn ones. The moaning singsong of that theosophico-metaphysical monotony left on you, at last, a very dreary feeling.

In close colloquy, flowing within narrower banks, I suppose he was more definite and apprehensible; Sterling in aftertimes did not complain of his unintelligibility, or imputed it only to the abstruse high nature of the topics handled. Let us hope so, let us try to believe so! There is no doubt but Coleridge could speak plain words on things plain: his observations and responses on the trivial matters that occurred were as simple as the commonest man's, or were even distinguished by superior simplicity as well as pertinency. "Ah, your tea is too cold, Mr. Coleridge!" mourned the good Mrs. Gilman once, in her kind, reverential and yet protective manner, handing him a very tolerable though belated cup.—"It's better than I deserve!" snuffled he, in a low hoarse murmur, partly courteous, chiefly pious, the tone of which still abides with me: "It's better than I deserve!"

But indeed, to the young ardent mind, instinct with pious nobleness, yet driven to the grim deserts of Radicalism for a faith, his speculations had a charm much more than literary, a charm almost religious and prophetic. The constant gist of his discourse was lamentation over the sunk condition of the world; which he recognised to be given-up to Atheism and Materialism, full of mere sordid misbeliefs, mispursuits and misresults. All Science had become mechanical; the science not of men, but of a kind of human beavers. Churches themselves had died away into a godless mechanical condition; and stood there as mere Cases of Articles, mere Forms of Churches; like the dried carcasses of once-swift camels, which you find left withering in the thirst of the universal desert,—ghastly portents for the present, beneficent ships of the desert no more. Men's souls were blinded, hebetated; and sunk under the influence of Atheism and Materialism, and Hume and Voltaire: the world for the present was as an extinct world, deserted of God, and incapable of welldoing till it changed its heart and spirit. This, expressed I think with less of indignation and with more of long-drawn querulousness, was always recognisable as the ground-tone:—in which truly a pious young heart, driven into Radicalism and the opposition party, could not but recognise a too sorrowful truth; and ask of the Oracle, with all earnestness, What remedy, then?

The remedy, though Coleridge himself professed to see it as in sunbeams, could not, except by processes unspeakably difficult, be described to you at all. On the whole, those dead Churches, this dead English Church especially, must be brought to life again. Why not? It was not dead; the soul of it, in this parched-up body, was tragically asleep only. Atheistic Philosophy was true on its side, and Hume and Voltaire could on their own ground speak irrefragably for themselves against any Church: but lift the Church and them into a higher sphere of argument, *they* died into inanition, the Church revivified itself into pristine florid vigour,—became once more a living ship of the desert, and invincibly bore you over stock and stone. But how, but how! By attending to the 'reason' of man, said Coleridge, and duly chaining-up the 'understanding' of man: the *Vernunft* (Reason) and *Verstand* (Understanding) of the Germans, it all turned upon these, if you could well understand

them,—which you couldn't. For the rest, Mr. Coleridge had on the anvil various Books, especially was about to write one grand Book *On the Logos*, which would help to bridge the chasm for us. So much appeared, however: Churches, though proved false (as you had imagined), were still true (as you were to imagine): here was an Artist who could burn you up an old Church, root and branch; and then as the Alchymists professed to do with organic substances in general, distil you an 'Astral Spirit' from the ashes, which was the very image of the old burnt article, its airdrawn counterpart,—this you still had, or might get, and draw uses from, if you could. Wait till the Book on the Logos were done;—alas, till your own terrene eyes, blind with conceit and the dust of logic, were purged, subtilised and spiritualised into the sharpness of vision requisite for discerning such an "om-m-mject."—The ingenuous young English head, of those days, stood strangely puzzled by such revelations; uncertain whether it were getting inspired, or getting infatuated into flat imbecility; and strange effulgence, of new day or else of deeper meteoric night, coloured the horizon of the future for it.

Let me not be unjust to this memorable man. Surely there was here, in his pious, ever-labouring, subtle mind, a precious truth, or prefigurement of truth; and yet a fatal delusion withal. Prefigurement that, in spite of beaver sciences and temporary spiritual hebetude and cecity, man and his Universe were eternally divine; and that no past nobleness, or revelation of the divine, could or would ever be lost to him. Most true, surely, and worthy of all acceptance. Good also to do what you can with old Churches and practical Symbols of the Noble: nay quit not the burnt ruins of them while you find there is still gold to be dug there. But, on the whole, do not think you can, by logical alchymy, distil astral spirits from them; or if you could, that said astral spirits, or defunct logical phantasms, could serve you in anything. What the light of your mind, which is the direct inspiration of the Almighty, pronounces incredible,—that, in God's name, leave uncredited; at your peril do not try believing that. No subtlest hocus-pocus of 'reason' *versus* 'understanding' will avail for that feat;—and it is terribly perilous to try it in these provinces!

The truth is, I now see, Coleridge's talk and speculation

was the emblem of himself: in it as in him, a ray of heavenly inspiration struggled, in a tragically ineffectual degree, with the weakness of flesh and blood. He says once, he 'had skirted the howling deserts of Infidelity;' this was evident enough: but he had not had the courage, in defiance of pain and terror, to press resolutely across said deserts to the new firm lands of Faith beyond; he preferred to create logical fatamorganas for himself on this hither side, and laboriously solace himself with these.

To the man himself Nature had given, in high measure, the seeds of a noble endowment; and to unfold it had been forbidden him. A subtle lynx-eyed intellect, tremulous pious sensibility to all good and all beautiful; truly a ray of empyrean light;—but imbedded in such weak laxity of character, in such indolences and esuriences as had made strange work with it. Once more, the tragic story of a high endowment with an insufficient will. An eye to discern the divineness of the Heaven's splendours and lightnings, the insatiable wish to revel in their godlike radiances and brilliances; but no heart to front the scathing terrors of them, which is the first condition of your conquering an abiding place there. The courage necessary for him, above all things, had been denied this man. His life, with such ray of the empyrean in it, was great and terrible to him; and he had not valiantly grappled with it, he had fled from it; sought refuge in vague day-dreams, hollow compromises, in opium, in theosophic metaphysics. Harsh pain, danger, necessity, slavish harnessed toil, were of all things abhorrent to him. And so the empyrean element, lying smothered under the terrene, and yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings. For pain, danger, difficulty, steady slaving toil, and other highly disagreeable behests of destiny, shall in no wise be shirked by any brightest mortal that will approve himself loyal to his mission in this world; nay, precisely the higher he is, the deeper will be the disagreeableness, and the detestability to flesh and blood, of the tasks laid on him; and the heavier too, and more tragic, his penalties if he neglect them.

For the old Eternal Powers do live forever; nor do their laws know any change, however we in our poor wigs and churchtippets may attempt to read their laws. To *steal* into Heaven, —by the modern method, of sticking ostrich-like your head into

fallacies on Earth, equally as by the ancient and by all conceivable methods,—is forever forbidden. High-treason is the name of that attempt; and it continues to be punished as such. Strange enough: here once more was a kind of Heaven-scaling Ixion; and to him, as to the old one, the just gods were very stern! The ever-revolving, never-advancing Wheel (of a kind) was his, through life; and from his Cloud-Juno did not he too procreate strange Centaurs, spectral Puseyisms, monstrous illusory Hybrids, and ecclesiastical Chimeras,—which now roam the earth in a very lamentable manner!

CHAPTER IX.

SPANISH EXILES.

THIS magical ingredient thrown into the wild cauldron of such a mind, which we have seen occupied hitherto with mere Ethnicism, Radicalism and revolutionary tumult, but hungering all along for something higher and better, was sure to be eagerly welcomed and imbibed, and could not fail to produce important fermentations there. Fermentations; important new directions, and withal important new perversions, in the spiritual life of this man, as it has since done in the lives of so many. Here then is the new celestial manna we were all in quest of? This thrice-refined pabulum of transcendental moonshine? Whoso eateth thereof,—yes, what, on the whole, will *he* probably grow to?

Sterling never spoke much to me of his intercourse with Coleridge; and when we did compare notes about him, it was usually rather in the way of controversial discussion than of narrative. So that, from my own resources, I can give no details of the business, nor specify anything in it, except the general fact of an ardent attendance at Highgate continued for many months, which was impressively known to all Sterling's friends; and am unable to assign even the limitary dates, Sterling's own papers on the subject having all been destroyed by him. Inferences point to the end of 1828 as the beginning of this intercourse; perhaps in 1829 it was at the highest point; and already in 1830, when the intercourse itself was about to terminate,

we have proof of the influences it was producing,—in the Novel of *Arthur Coningsby*, then on hand, the first and only Book that Sterling ever wrote. His writings hitherto had been sketches, criticisms, brief essays; he was now trying it on a wider scale; but not yet with satisfactory results, and it proved to be his only trial in that form.

He had already, as was intimated, given-up his brief proprietorship of the *Athenæum;* the commercial indications, and state of sales and of costs, peremptorily ordering him to do so; the copyright went by sale or gift, I know not at what precise date, into other fitter hands; and with the copyright all connexion on the part of Sterling. To *Athenæum* Sketches had now (in 1829-30) succeeded *Arthur Coningsby*, a Novel in three volumes; indicating (when it came to light, a year or two afterwards) equally hasty and much more ambitious aims in Literature;—giving strong evidence, too, of internal spiritual revulsions going painfully forward, and in particular of the impression Coleridge was producing on him. Without and within, it was a wild tide of things this ardent light young soul was afloat upon, at present; and his outlooks into the future, whether for his spiritual or economic fortunes, were confused enough.

Among his familiars in this period, I might have mentioned one Charles Barton, formerly his fellow-student at Cambridge, now an amiable, cheerful, rather idle young fellow about Town; who led the way into certain new experiences, and lighter fields, for Sterling. His Father, Lieutenant-General Barton of the Life-guards, an Irish landlord, I think in Fermanagh County, and a man of connexions about Court, lived in a certain figure here in Town; had a wife of fashionable habits, with other sons, and also daughters, bred in this sphere. These, all of them, were amiable, elegant and pleasant people;—such was especially an eldest daughter, Susannah Barton, a stately blooming black-eyed young woman, attractive enough in form and character; full of gay softness, of indolent sense and enthusiasm; about Sterling's own age, if not a little older. In this house, which opened to him, more decisively than his Father's, a new stratum of society, and where his reception for Charles's sake and his own was of the kindest, he liked very well to be; and spent, I suppose, many of his vacant half-hours, lightly chatting with the

elders or the youngsters,—doubtless with the young lady too, though as yet without particular intentions on either side.

Nor, with all the Coleridge fermentation, was democratic Radicalism by any means given up;—though how it was to live if the Coleridgean moonshine took effect, might have been an abstruse question. Hitherto, while said moonshine was but taking effect, and colouring the outer surface of things without quite penetrating into the heart, democratic Liberalism, revolt against superstition and oppression, and help to whosoever would revolt, was still the grand element in Sterling's creed; and practically he stood, not ready only, but full of alacrity to fulfil all its behests. We heard long since of the 'black dragoons,'—whom doubtless the new moonshine had considerably silvered-over into new hues, by this time:—but here now, while Radicalism is tottering for him and threatening to crumble, comes suddenly the grand consummation and explosion of Radicalism in his life; whereby, all at once, Radicalism exhausted and ended itself, and appeared no more there.

In those years a visible section of the London population, and conspicuous out of all proportion to its size or value, was a small knot of Spaniards, who had sought shelter here as Political Refugees. "Political Refugees:" a tragic succession of that class is one of the possessions of England in our time. Six-and-twenty years ago, when I first saw London, I remember those unfortunate Spaniards among the new phenomena. Daily in the cold spring air, under skies so unlike their own, you could see a group of fifty or a hundred stately tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks; perambulating, mostly with closed lips, the broad pavements of Euston Square and the regions about St. Pancras new Church. Their lodging was chiefly in Somers Town, as I understood; and those open pavements about St. Pancras Church were the general place of rendezvous. They spoke little or no English; knew nobody, could employ themselves on nothing, in this new scene. Old steel-gray heads, many of them; the shaggy, thick, blue-black hair of others struck you; their brown complexion, dusky look of suppressed fire, in general their tragic condition as of caged Numidian lions.

That particular Flight of Unfortunates has long since fled

again, and vanished; and new have come and fled. In this convulsed revolutionary epoch, which already lasts above sixty years, what tragic flights of such have we not seen arrive on the one safe coast which is open to them, as they get successively vanquished, and chased into exile to avoid worse! Swarm after swarm, of ever-new complexion, from Spain as from other countries, is thrown off, in those ever-recurring paroxysms; and will continue to be thrown off. As there could be (suggests Linnæus) a 'flower-clock,' measuring the hours of the day, and the months of the year, by the kinds of flowers that go to sleep and awaken, that blow into beauty and fade into dust: so in the great Revolutionary Horologe, one might mark the years and epochs by the successive kinds of exiles that walk London streets, and, in grim silent manner, demand pity from us and reflections from us.—This then extant group of Spanish Exiles was the Trocadero swarm, thrown-off in 1823, in the Riego and Quirogas quarrel. These were they whom Charles Tenth had, by sheer force, driven from their constitutionalisms and their Trocadero fortresses,—Charles Tenth, who himself was soon driven out, manifoldly by sheer force; and had to head his own swarm of fugitives; and has now himself quite vanished, and given place to others. For there is no end of them; propelling and propelled!—

Of these poor Spanish Exiles, now vegetating about Somers Town, and painfully beating the pavement in Euston Square, the acknowledged chief was General Torrijos, a man of high qualities and fortunes, still in the vigour of his years, and in these desperate circumstances refusing to despair; with whom Sterling had, at this time, become intimate.

CHAPTER X.

TORRIJOS.

Torrijos, who had now in 1829 been here some four or five years, having come over in 1824, had from the first enjoyed a superior reception in England. Possessing not only a language to speak, which few of the others did, but manifold experiences courtly, military, diplomatic, with fine natural faculties, and

high Spanish manners tempered into cosmopolitan, he had been welcomed in various circles of society; and found, perhaps he alone of those Spaniards, a certain human companionship among persons of some standing in this country. With the elder Sterlings, among others, he had made acquaintance; became familiar in the social circle at South Place, and was much esteemed there. With Madam Torrijos, who also was a person of amiable and distinguished qualities, an affectionate friendship grew up on the part of Mrs. Sterling, which ended only with the death of these two ladies. John Sterling, on arriving in London from his University work, naturally inherited what he liked to take-up of this relation: and in the lodgings in Regent Street, and the democratico-literary element there, Torrijos became a very prominent, and at length almost the central object.

The man himself, it is well known, was a valiant, gallant man; of lively intellect, of noble chivalrous character: fine talents, fine accomplishments, all grounding themselves on a certain rugged veracity, recommended him to the discerning. He had begun youth in the Court of Ferdinand; had gone on in Wellington and other arduous, victorious and unvictorious, soldierings; familiar in camps and council-rooms, in presence-chambers and in prisons. He knew romantic Spain;—he was himself, standing withal in the vanguard of Freedom's fight, a kind of living romance. Infinitely interesting to John Sterling, for one.

It was to Torrijos that the poor Spaniards of Somers Town looked mainly, in their helplessness, for every species of help. Torrijos, it was hoped, would yet lead them into Spain and glorious victory there; meanwhile here in England, under defeat, he was their captain and sovereign in another painfully inverse sense. To whom, in extremity, everybody might apply. When all present resources failed, and the exchequer was quite out, there still remained Torrijos. Torrijos has to find new resources for his destitute patriots, find loans, find Spanish lessons for them among his English friends: in all which charitable operations, it need not be said, John Sterling was his foremost man; zealous to empty his own purse for the object; impetuous in rushing hither or thither to enlist the aid of others, and find lessons or something that would do. His friends, of

course, had to assist; the Bartons, among others, were wont to assist;—and I have heard that the fair Susan, stirring-up her indolent enthusiasm into practicality, was very successful in finding Spanish lessons, and the like, for these distressed men. Sterling and his friends were yet new in this business; but Torrijos and the others were getting old in it,—and doubtless weary and almost desperate of it. They had now been seven years in it, many of them; and were asking, When will the end be?

Torrijos is described as a man of excellent discernment: who knows how long he had repressed the unreasonable schemes of his followers, and turned a deaf ear to the temptings of fallacious hope? But there comes at length a sum-total of oppressive burdens which is intolerable, which tempts the wisest towards fallacies for relief. These weary groups, pacing the Euston-Square pavements, had often said in their despair, "Were not death in battle better? Here are we slowly "mouldering into nothingness; there we might reach it rapidly, "in flaming splendour. Flame, either of victory to Spain and "us, or of a patriot death, the sure harbinger of victory to "Spain. Flame fit to kindle a fire which no Ferdinand, with "all his Inquisitions and Charles-Tenths, could put out." Enough, in the end of 1829, Torrijos himself had yielded to this pressure; and hoping against hope, persuaded himself that if he could but land in the South of Spain with a small patriot band well armed and well resolved, a band carrying fire in its heart,—then Spain, all inflammable as touchwood, and groaning indignantly under its brutal tyrant, might blaze wholly into flame round him, and incalculable victory be won. Such was his conclusion; not sudden, yet surely not deliberate either,—desperate rather, and forced-on by circumstances. He thought with himself that, considering Somers Town and considering Spain, the terrible chance was worth trying; that this big game of Fate, go how it might, was one which the omens credibly declared he and these poor Spaniards ought to play.

His whole industries and energies were thereupon bent towards starting the said game; and his thought and continual speech and song now was, That if he had a few thousand pounds to buy arms, to freight a ship and make the other preparations, he and these poor gentlemen, and Spain and the world,

were made men and a saved Spain and world. What talks and consultations in the apartment in Regent Street, during those winter days of 1829-30; setting into open conflagration the young democracy that was wont to assemble there! Of which there is now left next to no remembrance. For Sterling never spoke a word of this affair in after days, nor was any of the actors much tempted to speak. We can understand too well that here were young fervid hearts in an explosive condition; young rash heads, sanctioned by a man's experienced head. Here at last shall enthusiasm and theory become practice and fact; fiery dreams are at last permitted to realise themselves; and now is the time or never!—How the Coleridge moonshine comported itself amid these hot telluric flames, or whether it had not yet begun to play there (which I rather doubt), must be left to conjecture.

Mr. Hare speaks of Sterling 'sailing over to St. Valery in an open boat along with others,' upon one occasion, in this enterprise;—in the *final* English scene of it, I suppose. Which is very possible. Unquestionably there was adventure enough of other kinds for it, and running to and fro with all his speed on behalf of it, during these months of his history! Money was subscribed, collected: the young Cambridge democrats were all a-blaze to assist Torrijos; nay certain of them decided to go with him,—and went. Only, as yet, the funds were rather incomplete. And here, as I learn from a good hand, is the secret history of their becoming complete. Which, as we are upon the subject, I had better give. But for the following circumstance, they had perhaps never been completed; nor had the rash enterprise, or its catastrophe, so influential on the rest of Sterling's life, taken place at all.

A certain Lieutenant Robert Boyd, of the Indian Army, an Ulster Irishman, a cousin of Sterling's, had received some affront, or otherwise taken some disgust in that service; had thrown-up his commission in consequence; and returned home, about this time, with intent to seek another course of life. Having only, for outfit, these impatient ardours, some experience in Indian drill-exercise, and five thousand pounds of inheritance, he found the enterprise attended with difficulties; and was somewhat at a loss how to dispose of himself. Some young Ulster comrade, in a partly similar situation, had pointed out to him

that there lay in a certain neighbouring creek of the Irish coast, a worn-out royal gun-brig condemned to sale, to be had dog-cheap: this he proposed that they two, or in fact Boyd with his five thousand pounds, should buy; that they should refit and arm and man it;—and sail a-privateering "to the Eastern Archipelago," Philippine Isles, or I know not where; and *so* conquer the golden fleece.

Boyd naturally paused a little at this great proposal; did not quite reject it; came across, with it and other fine projects and impatiences fermenting in his head, to London, there to see and consider. It was in the months when the Torrijos enterprise was in the birth-throes; crying wildly for capital, of all things. Boyd naturally spoke of his projects to Sterling,—of his gun-brig lying in the Irish creek, among others. Sterling naturally said, "If you want an adventure of the Sea-king sort, "and propose to lay your money and your life into such a "game, here is Torrijos and Spain at his back; here is a golden "fleece to conquer, worth twenty Eastern Archipelagos."—Boyd and Torrijos quickly met; quickly bargained. Boyd's money was to go in purchasing, and storing with a certain stock of arms and etceteras, a small ship in the Thames, which should carry Boyd with Torrijos and the adventurers to the south coast of Spain; and there, the game once played and won, Boyd was to have promotion enough,—'the colonelcy of a Spanish cavalry regiment,' for one express thing. What exact share Sterling had in this negotiation, or whether he did not even take the prudent side and caution Boyd to be wary, I know not; but it was he that brought the parties together; and all his friends knew, in silence, that to the end of his life he painfully remembered that fact.

And so a ship was hired, or purchased, in the Thames; due furnishings began to be executed in it; arms and stores were gradually got on board; Torrijos with his Fifty picked Spaniards, in the mean while, getting ready. This was in the spring of 1830. Boyd's 5000*l.* was the grand nucleus of finance; but vigorous subscription was carried on likewise in Sterling's young democratic circle, or wherever a member of it could find access; not without considerable result, and with a zeal that may be imagined. Nay, as above hinted, certain of these young men decided, not to give their money only, but themselves along with

it, as democratic volunteers and soldiers of progress; among whom, it need not be said, Sterling intended to be foremost. Busy weeks with him, those spring ones of the year 1830! Through this small Note, accidentally preserved to us, addressed to his friend Barton, we obtain a curious glance into the subterranean workshop:

'*To Charles Barton, Esq., Dorset Sq., Regent's Park.*

[No date; apparently March or February 1830.]

'My dear Charles,—I have wanted to see you to talk to 'you about my Foreign affairs. If you are going to be in Lon- 'don for a few days, I believe you can be very useful to me, at 'a considerable expense and trouble to yourself, in the way of 'buying accoutrements; *inter alia*, a sword and a saddle,—not, 'you will understand, for my own use.

'Things are going on very well, but are very, even fright- 'fully near; only be quiet! Pray would you, in case of neces- 'sity, take a free passage to Holland, next week or the week 'after; stay two or three days, and come back, all expenses 'paid? If you write to B—— at Cambridge, tell him above 'all things to hold his tongue. If you are near Palace Yard to- 'morrow before two, pray come to see me. Do not come on 'purpose; especially as I may perhaps be away, and at all 'events shall not be there until eleven, nor perhaps till rather 'later.

'I fear I shall have alarmed your Mother by my irruption. 'Forgive me for that and all my exactions from you. If the 'next month were over, I should not have to trouble any one. '—Yours affectionately,

'J. Sterling.'

Busy weeks indeed; and a glowing smithy-light coming through the chinks!—The romance of *Arthur Coningsby* lay written, or half-written, in his desk; and here, in his heart and among his hands, was an acted romance and unknown catastrophes keeping pace with that.

Doubts from the doctors, for his health was getting ominous, threw some shade over the adventure. Reproachful reminiscences of Coleridge and Theosophy were natural too; then fond regrets for Literature and its glories: if you act your romance,

how can you also write it? Regrets, and reproachful reminiscences, from Art and Theosophy; perhaps some tenderer regrets withal. A crisis in life had come; when, of innumerable possibilities one possibility was to be elected king, and to swallow all the rest, the rest of course made noise enough, and swelled themselves to their biggest.

Meanwhile the ship was fast getting ready: on a certain day, it was to drop quietly down the Thames; then touch at Deal, and take on board Torrijos and his adventurers, who were to be in waiting and on the outlook for them there. Let every man lay-in his accoutrements, then; let every man make his packages, his arrangements and farewells. Sterling went to take leave of Miss Barton. "You are going, then; to Spain? "To rough it amid the storms of war and perilous insurrection; "and with that weak health of yours; and—we shall never see "you more, then!" Miss Barton, all her gaiety gone, the dimpling softness become liquid sorrow, and the musical ringing voice one wail of woe, 'burst into tears,'—so I have it on authority:—here was one possibility about to be strangled that made unexpected noise! Sterling's interview ended in the offer of his hand, and the acceptance of it;—any sacrifice to get rid of this horrid Spanish business, and save the health and life of a gifted young man so precious to the world and to another!

'Ill-health,' as often afterwards in Sterling's life, when the excuse was real enough but not the chief excuse; 'ill-health, and insuperable obstacles and engagements,' had to bear the chief brunt in apologising: and, as Sterling's actual presence, or that of any Englishman except Boyd and his money, was not in the least vital to the adventure, his excuse was at once accepted. The English connexions and subscriptions are a given fact, to be presided over by what English volunteers there are: and as for Englishmen, the fewer Englishmen that go, the larger will be the share of influence for each. The other adventurers, Torrijos among them in due readiness, moved silently one by one down to Deal: Sterling, superintending the naval hands, on board their ship in the Thames, was to see the last finish given to everything in that department; then, on the set evening, to drop down quietly to Deal, and there say *Andad con Dios*, and return.

Behold! Just before the set evening came, the Spanish Envoy at this Court has got notice of what is going on; the Spanish Envoy, and of course the British Foreign Secretary, and of course also the Thames Police. Armed men spring suddenly on board, one day, while Sterling is there; declare the ship seized and embargoed in the King's name; nobody on board to stir till he has given some account of himself in due time and place! Huge consternation, naturally, from stem to stern. Sterling, whose presence of mind seldom forsook him, casts his eye over the River and its craft; sees a wherry, privately signals it, drops rapidly on board of it: "Stop!" fiercely interjects the marine policeman from the ship's deck.—"Why stop? What use have you for me, or I for you?" and the oars begin playing.—"Stop, or I'll shoot you!" cries the marine policeman, drawing a pistol.—"No, you won't."—"I will!"—"If you do you'll be hanged at the next Maidstone assizes, then; that's all,"—and Sterling's wherry shot rapidly ashore; and out of this perilous adventure.

That same night he posted down to Deal; disclosed to the Torrijos party what catastrophe had come. No passage Spainward from the Thames; well if arrestment do not suddenly come from the Thames! It was on this occasion, I suppose, that the passage in the open boat to St. Valery occurred;—speedy flight in what boat or boats, open or shut, could be got at Deal on the sudden. Sterling himself, according to Hare's authority, actually went with them so far. Enough, they got shipping, as private passengers in one craft or the other; and, by degrees or at once, arrived all at Gibraltar,—Boyd, one or two young democrats of Regent Street, the fifty picked Spaniards, and Torrijos,—safe, though without arms; still in the early part of the year.

CHAPTER XI.

MARRIAGE: ILL-HEALTH; WEST-INDIES.

STERLING'S outlooks and occupations, now that his Spanish friends were gone, must have been of a rather miscellaneous confused description. He had the enterprise of a married life close before him; and as yet no profession, no fixed pursuit

whatever. His health was already very threatening; often such as to disable him from present activity, and occasion the gravest apprehensions; practically blocking-up all important courses whatsoever, and rendering the future, if even life were lengthened and he had any future, an insolubility for him. Parliament was shut, public life was shut: Literature,—if, alas, any solid fruit could lie in Literature!

Or perhaps one's health would mend, after all; and many things be better than was hoped! Sterling was not of a despondent temper, or given in any measure to lie down and indolently moan: I fancy he walked briskly enough into this tempestuous-looking future; not heeding too much its thunderous aspects; doing swiftly, for the day, what his hand found to do. *Arthur Coningsby*, I suppose, lay on the anvil at present; visits to Coleridge were now again more possible; grand news from Torrijos might be looked for, though only small yet came:—nay here, in the hot July, is France, at least, all thrown into volcano again! Here are the miraculous Three Days; heralding, in thunder, great things to Torrijos and others; filling with babblement and vaticination the mouths and hearts of all democratic men.

So rolled along, in tumult of chaotic remembrance and uncertain hope, in manifold emotion, and the confused struggle (for Sterling as for the world) to extricate the New from the falling ruins of the Old, the summer and autumn of 1830. From Gibraltar and Torrijos the tidings were vague, unimportant and discouraging: attempt on Cadiz, attempt on the lines of St. Roch, those attempts, or rather resolutions to attempt, had died in the birth, or almost before it. Men blamed Torrijos, little knowing his impediments. Boyd was still patient at his post: others of the young English (on the strength of the subscribed moneys) were said to be thinking of tours,—perhaps in the Sierra Morena and neighbouring Quixote regions. From that Torrijos enterprise it did not seem that anything considerable would come.

On the edge of winter, here at home, Sterling was married: 'at Christchurch, Marylebone, 2d November 1830,' say the records. His blooming, kindly and true-hearted Wife had not much money, nor had he as yet any: but friends on both sides

were bountiful and hopeful; had made-up, for the young couple, the foundations of a modestly effective household; and in the future there lay more substantial prospects. On the finance side Sterling never had anything to suffer. His Wife, though somewhat languid, and of indolent humour, was a graceful, pious-minded, honourable and affectionate woman; she could not much support him in the ever-shifting struggles of his life, but she faithfully attended him in them, and loyally marched by his side through the changes and nomadic pilgrimings, of which many were appointed him in his short course.

Unhappily a few weeks after his marriage, and before any household was yet set up, he fell dangerously ill; worse in health than he had ever yet been: so many agitations crowded into the last few months had been too much for him. He fell into dangerous pulmonary illness, sank ever deeper; lay for many weeks in his Father's house utterly prostrate, his young Wife and his Mother watching over him; friends, sparingly admitted, long despairing of his life. All prospects in this world were now apparently shut upon him.

After a while, came hope again, and kindlier symptoms: but the doctors intimated that there lay consumption in the question, and that perfect recovery was not to be looked for. For weeks he had been confined to bed; it was several months before he could leave his sick-room, where the visits of a few friends had much cheered him. And now when delivered, re-admitted to the air of day again,—weak as he was, and with such a liability still lurking in him,—what his young partner and he were to do, or whitherward to turn for a good course of life, was by no means too apparent.

One of his Mother Mrs. Edward Sterling's Uncles, a Coningham from Derry, had, in the course of his industrious and adventurous life, realised large property in the West Indies,—a valuable Sugar-estate, with its equipments, in the Island of St. Vincent;—from which Mrs. Sterling and her family were now, and had been for some years before her Uncle's decease, deriving important benefits. I have heard, it was then worth some ten thousand pounds a-year to the parties interested. Anthony Sterling, John, and another a cousin of theirs were ultimately to be heirs, in equal proportions. The old gentle

man, always kind to his kindred, and a brave and solid man though somewhat abrupt in his ways, had lately died; leaving a settlement to this effect, not without some intricacies, and almost caprices, in the conditions attached.

This property, which is still a valuable one, was Sterling's chief pecuniary outlook for the distant future. Of course it well deserved taking care of; and if the eye of the master were upon it, of course too (according to the adage) the cattle would fatten better. As the warm climate was favourable to pulmonary complaints, and Sterling's occupations were so shattered to pieces and his outlooks here so waste and vague, why should not he undertake this duty for himself and others?

It was fixed upon as the eligiblest course. A visit to St. Vincent, perhaps a permanent residence there: he went into the project with his customary impetuosity; his young Wife cheerfully consenting, and all manner of new hopes clustering round it. There are the rich tropical sceneries, the romance of the torrid zone with its new skies and seas and lands; there are Blacks, and the Slavery question to be investigated; there are the bronzed Whites and Yellows, and their strange new way of life: by all means let us go and try!—Arrangements being completed, so soon as his strength had sufficiently recovered, and the harsh spring winds had sufficiently abated, Sterling with his small household set sail for St. Vincent; and arrived without accident. His first child, a son Edward, now living and grown to manhood, was born there, 'at Brighton in the Island of St. Vincent,' in the fall of that year 1831.

CHAPTER XII.

ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

STERLING found a pleasant residence, with all its adjuncts, ready for him, at Colonarie, in this 'volcanic Isle' under the hot sun. An interesting Isle: a place of rugged chasms, precipitous gnarled heights, and the most fruitful hollows; shaggy everywhere with luxuriant vegetation; set under magnificent skies, in the mirror of the summer seas; offering everywhere the grandest sudden outlooks and contrasts. His Letters represent

a placidly cheerful riding life: a pensive humour, but the thunderclouds all sleeping in the distance. Good relations with a few neighbouring planters; indifference to the noisy political and other agitations of the rest: friendly, by no means romantic appreciation of the Blacks; quiet prosperity economic and domestic: on the whole a healthy and recommendable way of life, with Literature very much in abeyance in it.

He writes to Mr. Hare (date not given): 'The landscapes 'around me here are noble and lovely as any that can be con- 'ceived on Earth. How indeed could it be otherwise, in a 'small Island of volcanic mountains, far within the Tropics, 'and perpetually covered with the richest vegetation?' The moral aspect of things is by no means so good; but neither is that without its fair features. 'So far as I see, the Slaves here 'are cunning, deceitful and idle; without any great aptitude for 'ferocious crimes, and with very little scruple at committing 'others. But I have seen them much only in very favourable 'circumstances. They are, as a body, decidedly unfit for free- 'dom; and if left, as at present, completely in the hands of 'their masters, will never become so, unless through the agency 'of the Methodists.'[1]

In the Autumn came an immense hurricane; with new and indeed quite perilous experiences of West-Indian life. This hasty Letter, addressed to his Mother, is not intrinsically his remarkablest from St. Vincent: but the body of fact delineated in it being so much the greatest, we will quote it in preference. A West-Indian tornado, as John Sterling witnesses it, and with vivid authenticity describes it, may be considered worth looking at.

'*To Mrs. Sterling, South Place, Knightsbridge, London.*

'Brighton, St. Vincent, 28th August 1831.

'MY DEAR MOTHER,—The packet came in yesterday; bring- 'ing me some Newspapers, a Letter from my Father, and one 'from Anthony, with a few lines from you. I wrote, some days 'ago, a hasty Note to my Father, on the chance of its reaching 'you through Grenada sooner than any communication by the 'packet; and in it I spoke of the great misfortune which had

[1] *Biography*, by Mr. Hare, p. xli.

' befallen this Island and Barbadoes, but from which all those ' you take an interest in have happily escaped unhurt.

' From the day of our arrival in the West Indies until Thurs- ' day the 11th instant, which will long be a memorable day with ' us, I had been doing my best to get ourselves established com- ' fortably ; and I had at last bought the materials for making ' some additions to the house. But on the morning I have men- ' tioned, all that I had exerted myself to do, nearly all the pro- ' perty both of Susan and myself, and the very house we lived ' in, were suddenly destroyed by a visitation of Providence far ' more terrible than any I have ever witnessed.

' When Susan came from her room, to breakfast, at eight ' o'clock, I pointed out to her the extraordinary height and vio- ' lence of the surf, and the singular appearance of the clouds ' of heavy rain sweeping down the valleys before us. At this ' time I had so little apprehension of what was coming, that I ' talked of riding down to the shore when the storm should abate, ' as I had never seen so fierce a sea. In about a quarter of an ' hour the House-Negroes came in, to close the outside shutters ' of the windows. They knew that the plantain-trees about the ' Negro houses had been blown down in the night; and had told ' the maid-servant Tyrrell, but I had heard nothing of it. A very ' few minutes after the closing of the windows, I found that the ' shutters of Tyrrell's room, at the south and commonly the ' most sheltered end of the House, were giving way. I tried ' to tie them; but the silk handkerchief which I used soon gave ' way ; and as I had neither hammer, boards nor nails in the ' house, I could do nothing more to keep out the tempest. I ' found, in pushing at the leaf of the shutter, that the wind re- ' sisted, more as if it had been a stone wall or a mass of iron, ' than a mere current of air. There were one or two people out- ' side trying to fasten the windows, and I went out to help ; ' but we had no tools at hand : one man was blown down the ' hill in front of the house, before my face ; and the other and ' myself had great difficulty in getting back again inside the ' door. The rain on my face and hands felt like so much small ' shot from a gun. There was great exertion necessary to shut ' the door of the house.

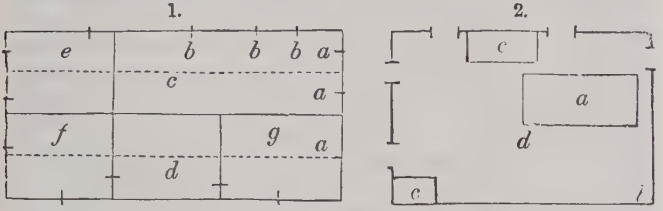
' The windows at the end of the large room were now giving ' way; and I suppose it was about nine o'clock, when the hurri-

'cane burst them in, as if it had been a discharge from a bat-
'tery of heavy cannon. The shutters were first forced open,
'and the wind fastened them back to the wall; and then the
'panes of glass were smashed by the mere force of the gale,
'without anything having touched them. Even now I was not
'at all sure the house would go. My books, I saw, were lost;
'for the rain poured past the bookcases, as if it had been the
'Colonarie River. But we carried a good deal of furniture into
'the passage at the entrance; we set Susan there on a sofa,
'and the Black Housekeeper was even attempting to get her
'some breakfast. The house, however, began to shake so vio-
'lently, and the rain was so searching, that she could not stay
'there long. She went into her own room; and I stayed to
'see what could be done.

'Under the forepart of the house, there are cellars built of
'stone, but not arched. To these, however, there was no access
'except on the outside; and I knew from my own experience
'that Susan could not have gone a step beyond the door, with-
'out being carried away by the storm, and probably killed on
'the spot. The only chance seemed to be that of breaking
'through the floor. But when the old Cook and myself resolved
'on this, we found that we had no instrument with which it
'would be possible to do it. It was now clear that we had only
'God to trust in. The front windows were giving way with
'successive crashes, and the floor shook as you may have seen
'a carpet on a gusty day in London. I went into our bed-room;
'where I found Susan, Tyrrell, and a little Coloured girl of
'seven or eight years old; and told them that we should pro-
'bably not be alive in half an hour. I could have escaped, if
'I had chosen to go alone, by crawling on the ground either
'into the kitchen, a separate stone building at no great dis-
'tance, or into the open fields away from trees or houses; but
'Susan could not have gone a yard. She became quite calm
'when she knew the worst; and she sat on my knee in what
'seemed the safest corner of the room, while every blast was
'bringing nearer and nearer the moment of our seemingly cer-
'tain destruction.

'The house was under two parallel roofs; and the one next
'the sea, which sheltered the other, and us who were under the
'other, went off, I suppose about ten o'clock. After my old

'plan, I will give you a sketch, from which you may perceive 'how we were situated :



'The *a*, *a* are the windows that were first destroyed : *b* went 'next ; my books were between the windows *b*, and on the 'wall opposite to them. The lines *c* and *d* mark the directions 'of the two roofs ; *e* is the room in which we were, and 2 is a 'plan of it on a larger scale. Look now at 2 : *a* is the bed ; '*c*, *c* the two wardrobes ; *b* the corner in which we were. I 'was sitting in an arm-chair, holding my Wife ; and Tyrrell 'and the little Black child were close to us. We had given-up 'all notion of surviving ; and only waited for the fall of the roof 'to perish together.

'Before long the roof went. Most of the materials, how-'ever, were carried clear away : one of the large couples was 'caught on the bed-post marked *d*, and held fast by the iron 'spike ; while the end of it hung over our heads : had the 'beam fallen an inch on either side of the bed-post, it must 'necessarily have crushed us. The walls did not go with the 'roof ; and we remained for half an hour, alternately praying 'to God, and watching them as they bent, creaked, and 'shivered before the storm.

'Tyrrell and the child, when the roof was off, made their 'way through the remains of the partition, to the outer door : 'and with the help of the people who were looking for us, got 'into the kitchen. A good while after they were gone, and 'before we knew anything of their fate, a Negro suddenly came 'upon us : and the sight of him gave us a hope of safety. 'When the people learned that we were in danger, and while 'their own huts were flying about their ears, they crowded to 'help us ; and the old Cook urged them on to our rescue. He 'made five attempts, after saving Tyrrell, to get to us ; and

'four times he was blown down. The fifth time he, and the 'Negro we first saw, reached the house. The space they had 'to traverse was not above twenty yards of level ground, if so 'much. In another minute or two, the Overseers and a crowd 'of Negroes, most of whom had come on their hands and 'knees, were surrounding us; and with their help Susan was 'carried round to the end of the house; where they broke-open 'the cellar window, and placed her in comparative safety. The 'force of the hurricane was, by this time, a good deal dimin-'ished, or it would have been impossible to stand before it.

'But the wind was still terrific; and the rain poured into 'the cellars through the floor above. Susan, Tyrrell, and a 'crowd of Negroes remained under it, for more than two hours: 'and I was long afraid that the wet and cold would kill her, if 'she did not perish more violently. Happily we had wine and 'spirits at hand, and she was much nerved by a tumbler of 'claret. As soon as I saw her in comparative security, I went 'off with one of the Overseers down to the Works, where the 'greater number of the Negroes were collected, that we might 'see what could be done for them. They were wretched 'enough, but no one was hurt; and I ordered them a dram 'apiece, which seemed to give them a good deal of consolation.

'Before I could make my way back, the hurricane became 'as bad as at first; and I was obliged to take shelter for half 'an hour in a ruined Negro house. This, however, was the 'last of its extreme violence. By one o'clock, even the rain 'had in a great degree ceased; and as only one room of the 'house, the one marked *f*, was standing, and that rickety,—I 'had Susan carried in a chair down the hill, to the Hospital; 'where, in a small paved unlighted room, she spent the next 'twenty-four hours. She was far less injured than might have 'been expected from such a catastrophe.

'Next day, I had the passage at the entrance of the house 'repaired and roofed; and we returned to the ruins of our 'habitation, still encumbered as they were with the wreck of 'almost all we were possessed of. The walls of the part of the 'house next the sea were carried away, in less I think than 'half an hour after we reached the cellar: when I had leisure 'to examine the remains of the house, I found the floor strewn 'with fragments of the building, and with broken furniture;

'and our books all soaked as completely as if they had been 'for several hours in the sea.

'In the course of a few days I had the other room, *g*, 'which is under the same roof as the one saved, rebuilt; and 'Susan stayed in this temporary abode for a week,—when we 'left Colonarie, and came to Brighton. Mr. Munro's kindness 'exceeds all precedent. We shall certainly remain here till my 'Wife is recovered from her confinement. In the mean while 'we shall have a new house built, in which we hope to be well 'settled before Christmas.

'The roof was half blown off the kitchen, but I have had it 'mended already; the other offices were all swept away. The 'gig is much injured; and my horse received a wound in the 'fall of the stable, from which he will not be recovered for some 'weeks: in the mean time I have no choice but to buy another, 'as I must go at least once or twice a week to Colonarie, be-'sides business in Town. As to our own comforts, we can 'scarcely expect ever to recover from the blow that has now 'stricken us. No money would repay me for the loss of my 'books, of which a large proportion had been in my hands for 'so many years that they were like old and faithful friends, and 'of which many had been given me at different times by the 'persons in the world whom I most value.

'But against all this I have to set the preservation of our 'lives, in a way the most awfully providential; and the safety 'of every one on the Estate. And I have also the great satis-'faction of reflecting that all the Negroes from whom any 'assistance could reasonably be expected, behaved like so 'many Heroes of Antiquity; risking their lives and limbs for 'us and our property, while their own poor houses were flying 'like chaff before the hurricane. There are few White people 'here who can say as much for their Black dependents; and 'the force and value of the relation between Master and Slave 'has been tried by the late calamity on a large scale.

'Great part of both sides of this Island has been laid com-'pletely waste. The beautiful wide and fertile Plain called the 'Charib Country, extending for many miles to the north of 'Colonarie, and formerly containing the finest sets of works 'and best dwelling-houses in the Island, is, I am told, com-'pletely desolate: on several estates not a roof even of a

'Negro hut standing. In the embarrassed circumstances of 'many of the proprietors, the ruin is, I fear, irreparable.—At 'Colonarie the damage is serious, but by no means desperate. 'The crop is perhaps injured ten or fifteen per cent. The roofs 'of several large buildings are destroyed, but these we are 'already supplying; and the injuries done to the cottages of 'the Negroes are, by this time, nearly if not quite remedied.

'Indeed, all that has been suffered in St. Vincent appears 'nothing when compared with the appalling loss of property 'and of human lives at Barbadoes. There the Town is little 'but a heap of ruins, and the corpses are reckoned by thou- 'sands; while throughout the Island there are not, I believe, 'ten estates on which the buildings are standing. The Elliotts, 'from whom we have heard, are living with all their family in 'a tent; and may think themselves wonderfully saved, when 'whole families round them were crushed at once beneath their 'houses. Hugh Barton, the only officer of the Garrison hurt, 'has broken his arm, and we know nothing of his prospects of 'recovery. The more horrible misfortune of Barbadoes is 'partly to be accounted for by the fact of the hurricane having 'begun there during the night. The flatness of the surface in 'that Island presented no obstacle to the wind, which must, 'however, I think have been in itself more furious than with us. 'No other island has suffered considerably.

'I have told both my Uncle and Anthony that I have 'given you the details of our recent history;—which are not 'so pleasant that I should wish to write them again. Perhaps 'you will be good enough to let them see this, as soon as 'you and my Father can spare it. * * * I am ever, dearest 'Mother,—your grateful and affectionate,

'JOHN STERLING.'

This Letter, I observe, is dated 28th August 1831; which is otherwise a day of mark to the world and me,—the Poet Goethe's last birthday. While Sterling sat in the Tropical solitudes, penning this history, little European Weimar had its carriages and state-carriages busy on the streets, and was astir with compliments and visiting-cards, doing its best, as heretofore, on behalf of a remarkable day; and was not, for centuries or tens of centuries, to see the like of it again!—

At Brighton, the hospitable home of those Munroes, our friends continued for above two months. Their first child, Edward, as above noticed, was born here, '14th October 1831;' —and now the poor lady, safe from all her various perils, could return to Colonarie under good auspices.

It was in this year that I first heard definitely of Sterling as a contemporary existence; and laid-up some note and outline of him in my memory, as of one whom I might yet hope to know. John Mill, Mrs. Austin and perhaps other friends, spoke of him with great affection and much pitying admiration; and hoped to see him home again, under better omens, from over the seas. As a gifted amiable being, of a certain radiant tenuity and velocity, too thin and rapid and diffusive, in danger of dissipating himself into the vague, or alas into death itself: it was so that, like a spot of bright colours, rather than a portrait with features, he hung occasionally visible in my imagination.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CATASTROPHE.

THE ruin of his house had hardly been repaired, when there arrived out of Europe tidings which smote as with a still more fatal hurricane on the four corners of his inner world, and awoke all the old thunders that lay asleep on his horizon there. Tidings, at last of a decisive nature, from Gibraltar and the Spanish democrat adventure. This is what the Newspapers had to report,—the catastrophe at once, the details by degrees, —from Spain concerning that affair, in the beginning of the new year 1832.

Torrijos, as we have seen, had hitherto accomplished as good as nothing, except disappointment to his impatient followers, and sorrow and regret to himself. Poor Torrijos, on arriving at Gibraltar with his wild band, and coming into contact with the rough fact, had found painfully how much his imagination had deceived him. The fact lay round him haggard and ironbound; flatly refusing to be handled according to his scheme of it. No Spanish soldiery nor citizenry showed the least disposition to join him; on the contrary the official

Spaniards of that coast seemed to have the watchfulest eye on all his movements, nay it was conjectured they had spies in Gibraltar who gathered his very intentions and betrayed them. This small project of attack, and then that other, proved futile, or was abandoned before the attempt. Torrijos had to lie painfully within the lines of Gibraltar,—his poor followers reduced to extremity of impatience and distress; the British Governor too, though not unfriendly to him, obliged to frown. As for the young Cantabs, they, as was said, had wandered a little over the South border of romantic Spain; had perhaps seen Seville, Cadiz, with picturesque views, since not with belligerent ones; and their money being done, had now returned home. So had it lasted for eighteen months.

The French Three Days breaking out had armed the Guerrillero Mina, armed all manner of democratic guerrieros and guerrilleros; and considerable clouds of Invasion, from Spanish exiles, hung minatory over the North and North-East of Spain, supported by the new-born French Democracy, so far as privately possible. These Torrijos had to look upon with inexpressible feelings, and take no hand in supporting from the South; these also he had to see brushed away, successively abolished by official generalship; and to sit within his lines, in the painfulest manner, unable to do anything. The fated, gallant-minded, but too headlong man. At length the British Governor himself was obliged, in official decency, and as is thought on repeated remonstrance from his Spanish official neighbours, to signify how indecorous, improper and impossible it was to harbour within one's lines such explosive preparations, once they were discovered, against allies in full peace with us,—the necessity, in fact, there was for the matter ending. It is said, he offered Torrijos and his people passports, and British protection, to any country of the world except Spain: Torrijos did not accept the passports; spoke of going peaceably to this place or to that; promised at least, what he saw and felt to be clearly necessary, that he would soon leave Gibraltar. And he did soon leave it; he and his, Boyd alone of the Englishmen being now with him.

It was on the last night of November 1831, that they all set forth; Torrijos with Fifty-five companions; and in two small vessels committed themselves to their nigh-desperate for-

tune. No sentry or official person had noticed them; it was from the Spanish Consul, next morning, that the British Governor first heard they were gone. The British Governor knew nothing of them; but apparently the Spanish officials were much better informed. Spanish guardships, instantly awake, gave chase to the two small vessels, which were making all sail towards Malaga; and, on shore, all manner of troops and detached parties were in motion, to render a retreat to Gibraltar by land impossible.

Crowd all sail for Malaga, then; there perhaps a regiment will join us; there,—or if not, we are but lost! Fancy need not paint a more tragic situation than that of Torrijos, the unfortunate gallant man, in the gray of this morning, first of December 1831,—his last free morning. Noble game is afoot, afoot at last; and all the hunters have him in their toils.—The guardships gain upon Torrijos; he cannot even reach Malaga; has to run ashore at a place called Fuengirola, not far from that city;—the guardships seizing his vessels, so soon as he is disembarked. The country is all up; troops scouring the coast everywhere: no possibility of getting into Malaga with a party of Fifty-five. He takes possession of a farmstead (Ingles, the place is called); barricades himself there, but is speedily beleaguered with forces hopelessly superior. He demands to treat; is refused all treaty; is granted six hours to consider, shall then either surrender at discretion, or be forced to do it. Of course he *does* it, having no alternative; and enters Malaga a prisoner, all his followers prisoners. Here had the Torrijos Enterprise, and all that was embarked upon it, finally arrived.

Express is sent to Madrid; express instantly returns: "Military execution on the instant; give them shriving if they "want it; that done, fusillade them all." So poor Torrijos and his followers, the whole Fifty-six of them, Robert Boyd included, meet swift death in Malaga. In such manner rushes-down the curtain on them and their affair; they vanish thus on a sudden; rapt away as in black clouds of fate. Poor Boyd, Sterling's cousin, pleaded his British citizenship; to no purpose: it availed only to his dead body, this was delivered to the British Consul for interment, and only this. Poor Madam Torrijos, hearing, at Paris where she now was, of her husband's capture, hurries towards Madrid to solicit mercy; whither also

messengers from Lafayette and the French Government were hurrying, on the like errand: at Bayonne, news met the poor lady that it was already all over, that she was now a widow, and her husband hidden from her for ever.—Such was the handsel of the new year 1832 for Sterling in his West-Indian solitudes.

Sterling's friends never heard of these affairs; indeed we were all secretly warned not to mention the name of Torrijos in his hearing, which accordingly remained strictly a forbidden subject. His misery over this catastrophe was known, in his own family, to have been immense. He wrote to his Brother Anthony: "I hear the sound of that musketry; it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain." To figure in one's sick and excited imagination such a scene of fatal man-hunting, lost valour hopelessly captured and massacred; and to add to it, that the victims are not men merely, that they are noble and dear forms known lately as individual friends: what a Dance of the Furies and wild-pealing Dead-march is this, for the mind of a loving, generous and vivid man! Torrijos getting ashore at Fuengirola; Robert Boyd and others ranked to die on the esplanade at Malaga—Nay had not Sterling, too, been the innocent yet heedless means of Boyd's embarking in this enterprise? By his own kinsman poor Boyd had been witlessly guided into the pitfalls. "I hear the sound of that musketry; it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain!"

CHAPTER XIV.

PAUSE.

THESE thoughts dwelt long with Sterling; and for a good while, I fancy, kept possession of the proscenium of his mind; madly parading there, to the exclusion of all else,—colouring all else with their own black hues. He was young, rich in the power to be miserable or otherwise; and this was his first grand sorrow which had now fallen upon him.

An important spiritual crisis, coming at any rate in some form, had hereby suddenly in a very sad form come. No doubt,

as youth was passing into manhood in these Tropical seclusions, and higher wants were awakening in his mind, and years and reflection were adding new insight and admonition, much in his young way of thought and action lay already under ban with him, and repentances enough over many things were not wanting. But here on a sudden had all repentances, as it were, dashed themselves together into one grand whirlwind of repentance; and his past life was fallen wholly as into a state of reprobation. A great remorseful misery had come upon him. Suddenly, as with a sudden lightning-stroke, it had kindled into conflagration all the ruined structure of his past life; such ruin had to blaze and flame round him, in the painfulest manner, till it went out in black ashes. His democratic philosophies, and mutinous radicalisms, already falling doomed in his thoughts, had reached their consummation and final condemnation here. It was all so rash, imprudent, arrogant, all that; false, or but half-true; inapplicable wholly as a rule of noble conduct;—and it has ended *thus*. Wo on it! Another guidance must be found in life, or life is impossible!—

It is evident, Sterling's thoughts had already, since the old days of the 'black dragoon,' much modified themselves. We perceive that, by mere increase of experience and length of time, the opposite and much deeper side of the question, which also has its adamantine basis of truth, was in turn coming into play; and in fine that a Philosophy of Denial, and world illuminated merely by the flames of Destruction, could never have permanently been the resting-place of such a man. Those pilgrimings to Coleridge, years ago, indicate deeper wants beginning to be felt, and important ulterior resolutions becoming inevitable for him. If in your own soul there is any tone of the 'Eternal Melodies,' you cannot live forever in those poor outer, transitory grindings and discords; you will have to struggle inwards and upwards, in search of some diviner home for yourself!—Coleridge's prophetic moonshine, Torrijos's sad tragedy: those were important occurrences in Sterling's life. But, on the whole, there was a big Ocean for him, with impetuous Gulf-streams, and a doomed voyage in quest of the Atlantis, *before* either of those arose as lights on the horizon. As important beacon-lights let us count them nevertheless;—signal-dates they form to us, at lowest. We may reckon this

Torrijos tragedy the crisis of Sterling's history; the turning-point, which modified, in the most important and by no means wholly in the most favourable manner, all the subsequent stages of it.

Old Radicalism and mutinous audacious Ethnicism having thus fallen to wreck, and a mere black world of misery and remorse now disclosing itself, whatsoever of natural piety to God and man, whatsoever of pity and reverence, of awe and devout hope was in Sterling's heart now awoke into new activity; and strove for some due utterance and predominance. His Letters, in these months, speak of earnest religious studies and efforts; —of attempts by prayer and longing endeavour of all kinds, to struggle his way into the temple, if temple there were, and there find sanctuary.[1] The realities were grown so haggard; life a field of black ashes, if there rose no temple anywhere on it! Why, like a fated Orestes, is man so whipt by the Furies, and driven madly hither and thither, if it is not even that he may seek some shrine, and there make expiation and find deliverance?

In these circumstances, what a scope for Coleridge's philosophy, above all! "If the bottled moonshine *be* actually sub-"stance? Ah, could one but believe in a Church while finding "it incredible! What is faith; what is conviction, credibility, "insight? Can a thing be at once known for true, and known "for false? 'Reason,' 'understanding:' is there, then, such an "internecine war between these two? It was so Coleridge ima-"gined it, the wisest of existing men!"—No, it is not an easy matter (according to Sir Kenelm Digby), this of getting-up your 'astral spirit' of a thing, and setting it in action, when the thing itself is well burnt to ashes. Poor Sterling; poor sons of Adam in general, in this sad age of cobwebs, worn-out symbolisms, reminiscences and simulacra! Who can tell the struggles of poor Sterling, and his pathless wanderings through these things! Long afterwards, in speech with his brother, he compared his case in this time to that of "a young lady who has tragically "lost her lover, and is willing to be half-hoodwinked into a "convent, or in any noble or quasi-noble way to escape from "a world which has become intolerable."

[1] Hare, pp. xliii.-xlvi.

During the summer of 1832, I find traces of attempts towards Anti-Slavery Philanthropy; shadows of extensive schemes in that direction. Half-desperate outlooks, it is likely, towards the refuge of Philanthropism, as a new chivalry of life. These took no serious hold of so clear an intellect; but they hovered now and afterwards as day-dreams, when life otherwise was shorn of aim;—mirages in the desert, which are found not to be lakes when you put your bucket into them. One thing was clear, the sojourn in St. Vincent was not to last much longer.

Perhaps one might get some scheme raised into life, in Downing Street, for universal Education to the Blacks, preparatory to emancipating them? There were a noble work for a man! Then again poor Mrs. Sterling's health, contrary to his own, did not agree with warm moist climates. And again &c. &c. These were the outer surfaces of the measure; the unconscious pretext under which it showed itself to Sterling and was shown by him: but the inner heart and determining cause of it (as frequently in Sterling's life, and in all our lives) was not these. In brief, he had had enough of St. Vincent. The strangling oppressions of his soul were too heavy for him there. Solution lay in Europe, or might lie; not in these remote solitudes of the sea,—where no shrine or saint's well is to be looked for, no communing of pious pilgrims journeying together towards a shrine.

CHAPTER XV.

BONN; HERSTMONCEUX.

AFTER a residence of perhaps fifteen months Sterling quitted St. Vincent, and never returned. He reappeared at his Father's house, to the joy of English friends, in August 1832; well improved in health, and eager for English news; but, beyond vague schemes and possibilities, considerably uncertain what was next to be done.

After no long stay in this scene,—finding Downing Street dead as stone to the Slave-Education and to all other schemes,—he went across, with his wife and child, to Germany; purposing to make not so much a tour as some loose ramble, or desultory residence in that country, in the Rhineland first of all.

Here was to be hoped the picturesque in scenery, which he much affected; here the new and true in speculation, which he inwardly longed for and wanted greatly more; at all events, here as readily as elsewhere might a temporary household be struck up, under interesting circumstances.—I conclude he went across in the Spring of 1833; perhaps directly after *Arthur Coningsby* had got through the press. This Novel, which, as we have said, was begun two or three years ago, probably on his cessation from the *Athenæum*, and was mainly finished, I think, before the removal to St. Vincent, had by this time fallen as good as obsolete to his own mind; and its destination now, whether to the press or to the fire, was in some sort a matter at once of difficulty and of insignificance to him. At length deciding for the milder alternative, he had thrown in some completing touches here and there,—especially, as I conjecture, a proportion of Colridgean moonshine at the end; and so sent it forth.

It was in the sunny days, perhaps in May or June of this year, that *Arthur Coningsby* reached my own hand, far off amid the heathy wildernesses; sent by John Mill: and I can still recollect the pleasant little episode it made in my solitude there. The general impression it left on me, which has never since been renewed by a second reading in whole or in part, was the certain prefigurement to myself, more or less distinct, of an opulent, genial and sunny mind, but misdirected, disappointed, experienced in misery;—nay crude and hasty; mistaking for a solid outcome from its woes what was only to me a gilded vacuity. The hero an ardent youth, representing Sterling himself, plunges into life such as we now have it in these anarchic times, with the radical, utilitarian, or mutinous heathen theory, which is the readiest for inquiring souls; finds, by various courses of adventure, utter shipwreck in this; lies broken, very wretched: that is the tragic nodus, or apogee of his life-course. In this mood of mind, he clutches desperately towards some new method (recognisable as Coleridge's) of laying hand again on the old Church, which has hitherto been extraneous and as if non-extant to his way of thought; makes out, by some Coleridgean legerdemain, that there actually is still a Church for him; that this extant Church, which he long took for an extinct shadow, is not such, but a substance; upon which he can anchor him-

self amid the storms of fate;—and he does so, even taking orders in it, I think. Such could by no means seem to me the true or tenable solution. Here clearly, struggling amid the tumults, was a lovable young fellow-soul; who had by no means yet got to land; but of whom much might be hoped, if he ever did. Some of the delineations are highly pictorial, flooded with a deep ruddy effulgence; betokening much wealth, in the crude or the ripe state. The hope of perhaps, one day, knowing Sterling, was welcome and interesting to me. *Arthur Coningsby*, struggling imperfectly in a sphere high above circulating-library novels, gained no notice whatever in that quarter; gained, I suppose in a few scattered heads, some such recognition as the above; and there rested. Sterling never mentioned the name of it in my hearing, or would hear it mentioned.

In those very days while *Arthur Coningsby* was getting read amid the Scottish moors, 'in June 1833,' Sterling, at Bonn in the Rhine-country, fell-in with his old tutor and friend, the Reverend Julius Hare; one with whom he always delighted to communicate, especially on such topics as then altogether occupied him. A man of cheerful serious character, of much approved accomplishment, of perfect courtesy; surely of much piety, in all senses of that word. Mr. Hare had quitted his scholastic labours and distinctions, some time ago; the call or opportunity for taking orders having come; and as Rector of Herstmonceux in Sussex, a place patrimonially and otherwise endeared to him, was about entering, under the best omens, on a new course of life. He was now on his return from Rome, and a visit of some length to Italy. Such a meeting could not but be welcome and important to Sterling in such a mood. They had much earnest conversation, freely communing on the highest matters; especially of Sterling's purpose to undertake the clerical profession, in which course his reverend friend could not but bid him good speed.

It appears, Sterling already intimated his intention to become a clergyman: He would study theology, biblicalities, perfect himself in the knowledge seemly or essential for his new course;—read diligently 'for a year or two in some good German University,' then seek to obtain orders: that was his plan. To which Mr. Hare gave his hearty *Euge;* adding that if his

own curacy happened then to be vacant, he should be well pleased to have Sterling in that office. So they parted.

'A year or two' of serious reflection 'in some good German University,' or anywhere in the world, might have thrown much elucidation upon these confused strugglings and purposings of Sterling's, and probably have spared him some confusion in his subsequent life. But the talent of waiting was, of all others, the one he wanted most. Impetuous velocity, all-hoping headlong alacrity, what we must call rashness and impatience, characterised him in most of his important and unimportant procedures; from the purpose to the execution there was usually but one big leap with him. A few months after Mr. Hare was gone, Sterling wrote that his purposes were a little changed by the late meeting at Bonn; that he now longed to enter the Church straightway: that if the Herstmonceux Curacy was still vacant, and the Rector's kind thought towards him still held, he would instantly endeavour to qualify himself for that office.

Answer being in the affirmative on both heads, Sterling returned to England; took orders,—'ordained deacon at Chichester on Trinity Sunday in 1834' (he never became technically priest):—and so, having fitted himself and family with a reasonable house, in one of those leafy lanes in quiet Herstmonceux, on the edge of Pevensey Level, he commenced the duties of his Curacy.

The bereaved young lady has *taken* the veil, then! Even so. "Life is growing all so dark and brutal; must be redeemed "into human, if it will continue life. Some pious heroism, to "give a human colour to life again, on any terms,"—even on impossible ones!

To such length can transcendental moonshine, cast by some morbidly radiating Coleridge into the chaos of a fermenting life, act magically there, and produce divulsions and convulsions and diseased developments. So dark and abstruse, without lamp or authentic finger-post, is the course of pious genius towards the Eternal Kingdoms grown. No fixed highway more; the old spiritual highways and recognised paths to the Eternal, now all torn-up and flung in heaps, submerged in unutterable boiling mud-oceans of Hypocrisy and Unbelievability, of brutal living Atheism and damnable dead putrescent Cant: surely a tragic

pilgrimage for all mortals; Darkness, and the mere shadow of Death, enveloping all things from pole to pole; and in the raging gulf-currents, offering us will-o'-wisps for loadstars,—intimating that there are no stars, nor ever were, except certain Old-Jew ones which have now gone out. Once more, a tragic pilgrimage for all mortals; and for the young pious soul, winged with genius, and passionately seeking land, and passionately abhorrent of floating carrion withal, more tragical than for any! —A pilgrimage we must all undertake nevertheless, and make the best of with our respective means. Some arrive; a glorious few: many must be lost,—go down upon the floating wreck which they took for land. Nay, courage! These also, so far as there was any heroism in them, have bequeathed their life as a contribution to us, have valiantly laid their bodies in the chasm for us: of these also there is no ray of heroism *lost*,—and, on the whole, what else of them could or should be 'saved' at any time? Courage, and ever Forward!

Concerning this attempt of Sterling's to find sanctuary in the old Church, and desperately grasp the hem of her garment in such manner, there will at present be many opinions: and mine must be recorded here in flat reproval of it, in mere pitying condemnation of it, as a rash, false, unwise and unpermitted step. Nay, among the evil lessons of his Time to poor Sterling, I cannot but account this the worst; properly indeed, as we may say, the apotheosis, the solemn apology and consecration, of all the evil lessons that were in it to him. Alas, if we did remember the divine and awful nature of God's Truth, and had not so forgotten it as poor doomed creatures never did before, —should we, durst we in our most audacious moments, think of wedding *it* to the world's Untruth, which is also, like all untruths, the Devil's? Only in the world's last lethargy can such things be done, and accounted safe and pious! Fools! "Do you think the Living God is a buzzard idol," sternly asks Milton, that you dare address Him in this manner?—Such darkness, thick sluggish clouds of cowardice and oblivious baseness, have accumulated on us: thickening as if towards the eternal sleep! It is not now known, what never needed proof or statement before, that Religion is not a doubt; that it is a certainty,—or else a mockery and horror. That none or all of the many things we are in doubt about, and need to have demonstrated and ren-

dered probable, can by any alchymy be made a 'Religion' for us; but are and must continue a baleful, quiet or unquiet, Hypocrisy for us; and bring—*salvation*, do we fancy? I think, it is another thing they will bring, and are, on all hands, visibly bringing, this good while!—

The time, then, with its deliriums, has done its worst for poor Sterling. Into deeper aberration it cannot lead him; this is the crowning error. Happily, as beseems the superlative of errors, it was a very brief, almost a momentary one. In June 1834 Sterling dates as installed at Herstmonceux; and is flinging, as usual, his whole soul into the business; successfully so far as outward results could show: but already in September, he begins to have misgivings; and in February following, quits it altogether,—the rest of his life being, in great part, a laborious effort of detail to pick the fragments of it off him, and be free of it in soul as well as in title.

At this the extreme point of spiritual deflexion and depression, when the world's madness, unusually impressive on such a man, has done its very worst with him, and in all future errors whatsoever he will be a little less mistaken, we may close the First Part of Sterling's Life.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

CURATE.

By Mr. Hare's account, no priest of any Church could more fervently address himself to his functions than Sterling now did. He went about among the poor, the ignorant, and those that had need of help; zealously forwarded schools and beneficences; strove, with his whole might, to instruct and aid whosoever suffered consciously in body, or still worse unconsciously in mind. He had charged himself to make the Apostle Paul his model; the perils and voyagings and ultimate martyrdom of Christian Paul, in those old ages, on the great scale, were to be translated into detail, and become the practical emblem of Christian Sterling on the coast of Sussex in this new age. 'It 'would be no longer from Jerusalem to Damascus,' writes Sterling, 'to Arabia, to Derbe, Lystra, Ephesus, that he would 'travel: but each house of his appointed Parish would be 'to him what each of those great cities was. — a place 'where he would bend his whole being, and spend his heart 'for the conversion, purification, elevation of those under his 'influence. The whole man would be forever at work for this 'purpose; head, heart, knowledge, time, body, possessions, all 'would be directed to this end.' A high enough model set before one:—how to be realised!—Sterling hoped to realise it, to struggle towards realising it, in some small degree. This is Mr. Hare's report of him:

'He was continually devising some fresh scheme for im- 'proving the condition of the Parish. His aim was to awaken 'the minds of the people, to arouse their conscience, to call 'forth their sense of moral responsibility, to make them feel

'their own sinfulness. their need of redemption, and thus lead 'them to a recognition of the Divine Love by which that re- 'demption is offered to us. In visiting them he was diligent 'in all weathers, to the risk of his own health, which was greatly 'impaired thereby; and his gentleness and considerate care for 'the sick won their affection; so that, though his stay was 'very short, his name is still, after a dozen years, cherished by 'many.'

How beautiful would Sterling be in all this; rushing forward like a host towards victory; playing and pulsing like sunshine or soft lightning; busy at all hours to perform his part in abundant and superabundant measure! 'Of that which it 'was to me personally,' continues Mr. Hare, 'to have such a 'fellow-labourer, to live constantly in the freest communion 'with such a friend, I cannot speak. He came to me at a 'time of heavy affliction, just after I had heard that the 'Brother, who had been the sharer of all my thoughts and feel- 'ings from childhood, had bid farewell to his earthly life at 'Rome; and thus he seemed given to me to make-up in some 'sort for him whom I had lost. Almost daily did I look out 'for his usual hour of coming to me, and watch his tall slender 'form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window; 'with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, 'to rouse and stir me, to call me up to some height of feeling, 'or down to some depth of thought. His lively spirit, respond- 'ing instantaneously to every impulse of Nature and Art; his 'generous ardour in behalf of whatever is noble and true; his 'scorn of all meanness, of all false pretences and conventional 'beliefs, softened as it was by compassion for the victims of 'those besetting sins of a cultivated age; his never-flagging 'impetuosity in pushing onward to some unattained point of 'duty or of knowledge: all this, along with his gentle, almost 'reverential affectionateness towards his former tutor, rendered 'my intercourse with him an unspeakable blessing; and time 'after time has it seemed to me that his visit had been like a 'shower of rain, bringing down freshness and brightness on a 'dusty roadside hedge. By him too the recollection of these 'our daily meetings was cherished till the last.'[1]

There are many poor people still at Herstmonceux who

[1] Hare, xlviii. liv. lv.

affectionately remember him; Mr. Hare especially makes mention of one good man there, in his young days 'a poor cobbler,' and now advanced to a much better position, who gratefully ascribes this outward and the other improvements in his life to Sterling's generous encouragement and charitable care for him. Such was the curate-life at Herstmonceux. So, in those actual leafy lanes, on the edge of Pevensey Level, in this new age, did our poor New Paul (on hest of certain oracles) diligently study to comport himself,—and struggle with all his might *not* to be a moonshine shadow of the First Paul.

It was in this summer of 1834,—month of May, shortly after arriving in London,—that I first saw Sterling's Father. A stout broad gentleman of sixty, perpendicular in attitude, rather showily dressed, and of gracious, ingenious and slightly elaborate manners. It was at Mrs. Austin's in Bayswater; he was just taking leave as I entered, so our interview lasted only a moment: but the figure of the man, as Sterling's father, had already an interest for me, and I remember the time well. Captain Edward Sterling, as we formerly called him, had now quite dropt the military title, nobody even of his friends now remembering it; and was known, according to his wish, in political and other circles, as Mr. Sterling, a private gentleman of some figure. Over whom hung, moreover, a kind of mysterious nimbus as the principal or one of the principal writers in the *Times*, which gave an interesting chiaroscuro to his character in society. A potent, profitable, but somewhat questionable position; of which, though he affected, and sometimes with anger, altogether to disown it, and rigorously insisted on the rights of anonymity, he was not unwilling to take the honours too: the private pecuniary advantages were very undeniable; and his reception in the Clubs, and occasionally in higher quarters, was a good deal modelled on the universal belief in it.

John Sterling at Herstmonceux that afternoon, and his Father here in London, would have offered strange contrasts to an eye that had seen them both. Contrasts, and yet concordances. They were two very different-looking men, and were following two very different modes of activity that afternoon. And yet with a strange family likeness, too, both in the men

and their activities; the central impulse in each, the faculties applied to fulfil said impulse, not at all dissimilar,—as grew visible to me on farther knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

NOT CURATE.

THUS it went on for some months at Herstmonceux; but thus it could not last. We said there were already misgivings as to health &c. in September:[1] that was but the fourth month, for it had begun only in June. The like clouds of misgiving, flights of dark vapour, chequering more and more the bright sky of this promised land, rose heavier and rifer month after month; till in February following, that is in the eighth month from starting, the sky had grown quite overshaded; and poor Sterling had to think practically of departure from his promised land again, finding that the goal of his pilgrimage was *not* there. Not there, wherever it may be! March again, therefore; the abiding city, and post at which we can live and die, is still ahead of us, it would appear!

'Ill-health' was the external cause; and, to all parties concerned, to Sterling himself I have no doubt as completely as to any, the one determining cause. Nor was the ill-health wanting; it was there in too sad reality. And yet properly it was not there as the burden; it was there as the last ounce which broke the camel's back. I take it, in this as in other cases known to me, ill-health was not the primary cause but rather the ultimate one, the summing-up of innumerable far deeper conscious and unconscious causes,—the cause which *could* boldly show itself on the surface, and give the casting vote. Such was often Sterling's way, as one could observe in such cases: though the most guileless, undeceptive and transparent of men, he had a noticeable, almost childlike faculty of self-deception, and usually substituted for the primary determining motive and set of motives, some ultimate ostensible one, and gave that out to himself and others as the ruling impulse for important changes in life. As is the way with much more

[1] Hare, p. lvi.

ponderous and deliberate men ; — as is the way, in a degree, with all men !

Enough, in February 1834, Sterling came up to London, to consult with his physicians,—and in fact in all ways to consider with himself and friends,—what was to be done in regard to this Herstmonceux business. The oracle of the physicians, like that of Delphi, was not exceedingly determinate : but it did bear, what was a sufficiently undeniable fact, that Sterling's constitution, with a tendency to pulmonary ailments, was ill-suited for the office of a preacher ; that total abstinence from preaching for a year or two would clearly be the safer course. To which effect he writes to Mr. Hare with a tone of sorrowful agitation ; gives-up his clerical duties at Herstmonceux ;—and never resumed them there or elsewhere. He had been in the Church eight months in all : a brief section of his life, but an important one, which coloured several of his subsequent years, and now strangely colours all his years in the memory of some.

This we may account the second grand crisis of his History. Radicalism, not long since, had come to its consummation, and vanished from him in a tragic manner. "Not by Radicalism is the path to Human Nobleness for me !" And here now had English Priesthood risen like a sun, over the waste ruins and extinct volcanoes of his dead Radical world, with promise of new blessedness and healing under its wings ; and this too has soon found itself an illusion : "Not by Priesthood either lies the way, then. Once more, where does the way lie !"—To follow illusions till they burst and vanish is the lot of all new souls who, luckily or lucklessly, are left to their own choice in starting on this Earth. The roads are many ; the authentic finger-posts are few,—never fewer than in this era, when in so many senses the waters are out. Sterling of all men had the quickest sense for nobleness, heroism and the human *summum bonum ;* the liveliest headlong spirit of adventure and audacity ; few gifted living men less stubbornness of perseverance. Illusions, in his chase of the *summum bonum*, were not likely to be wanting ; aberrations, and wasteful changes of course, were likely to be many ! It is in the history of such vehement, trenchant, far-shining and yet intrinsically light and volatile souls, missioned into this epoch to seek their way there, that we best see what a confused epoch it is.

This clerical aberration,—for such it undoubtedly was in Sterling,—we have ascribed to Coleridge; and do clearly think that had there been no Coleridge, neither had this been,—nor had English Puseyism or some other strange enough universal portents been. Nevertheless, let us say farther that it lay partly in the general bearing of the world for such a man. This battle, universal in our sad epoch of 'all old things passing away' against 'all things becoming new,' has its summary and animating heart in that of Radicalism against Church; there, as in its flaming core, and point of focal splendour, does the heroic worth that lies in each side of the quarrel most clearly disclose itself; and Sterling was the man, above many, to recognise such worth on both sides. Natural enough, in such a one, that the light of Radicalism having gone out in darkness for him, the opposite splendour should next rise as the chief, and invite his loyalty till it also failed. In one form or the other, such an aberration was not unlikely for him. But an aberration, especially in this form, we may certainly call it. No man of Sterling's veracity, had he clearly consulted his own heart, or had his own heart been capable of clearly responding, and not been dazzled and bewildered by transient fantasies and theosophic moonshine, could have undertaken this function. His heart would have answered: "No, thou canst not. What "is incredible to thee, thou shalt not, at thy soul's peril, attempt "to believe!—Elsewhither for a refuge, or die here. Go to "Perdition if thou must,—but not with a lie in thy mouth; by "the Eternal Maker, no!"

Alas, once more! How are poor mortals whirled hither and thither in the tumultuous chaos of our era; and, under the thick smoke-canopy which has eclipsed all stars, how do they fly now after this poor meteor, now after that!—Sterling abandoned his clerical office in February 1835; having held it, and ardently followed it, so long as we say,—eight calendar months in all.

It was on this his February expedition to London that I first saw Sterling,—at the India House incidentally, one afternoon, where I found him in company with John Mill, whom I happened like himself to be visiting for a few minutes. The sight of one whose fine qualities I had often heard of lately, was

interesting enough ; and, on the whole, proved not disappointing, though it was the translation of dream into fact, that is of poetry into prose, and showed its unrhymed side withal. A loose, careless-looking, thin figure, in careless dim costume, sat, in a lounging posture, carelessly and copiously talking. I was struck with the kindly but restless swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out coursing like a pack of merry eager beagles, beating every bush. The brow, rather sloping in form, was not of imposing character, though again the head was longish, which is always the best sign of intellect ; the physiognomy in general indicated animation rather than strength.

We talked rapidly of various unmemorable things : I remember coming on the Negroes, and noticing that Sterling' notions on the Slavery Question had not advanced into the stage of mine. In reference to the question whether an "engagement for life," on just terms, between parties who are fixed in the character of master and servant, as the Whites and the Negroes are, is not really better than one from day to day,—he said with a kindly jeer, "I would have the Negroes themselves consulted as to that!"—and would not in the least believe that the Negroes were by no means final or perfect judges of it.—His address, I perceived, was abrupt, unceremonious ; probably not at all disinclined to logic, and capable of dashing in upon you like a charge of cossacks, on occasion : but it was also eminently ingenious, social, guileless. We did all very well together : and Sterling and I walked westward in company, choosing whatever lanes or quietest streets there were, as far as Knightsbridge where our roads parted ; talking on moralities, theological philosophies ; arguing copiously, but *except* in opinion not disagreeing.

In his notions on such subjects, the expected Coleridge cast of thought was very visible ; and he seemed to express it even with exaggeration, and in a fearless dogmatic manner. Identity of sentiment, difference of opinion : these are the known elements of a pleasant dialogue. We parted with the mutual wish to meet again ;—which accordingly, at his Father's house and at mine, we soon repeatedly did ; and already, in the few days before his return to Herstmonceux, had laid the foundations of a frank intercourse, pointing towards pleasant intimacies both

with himself and with his circle, which in the future were abundantly fulfilled. His Mother, essentially and even professedly "Scotch," took to my Wife gradually with a most kind maternal relation; his Father, a gallant showy stirring gentleman, the Magus of the *Times*, had talk and argument ever ready, was an interesting figure, and more and more took interest in us. We had unconsciously made an acquisition, which grew richer and wholesomer with every new year; and ranks now, seen in the pale moonlight of memory, and must ever rank, among the precious possessions of life.

Sterling's bright ingenuity, and also his audacity, velocity and alacrity, struck me more and more. It was, I think, on the occasion of a party given one of these evenings at his Father's, where I remember John Mill, John Crawford, Mrs. Crawford, and a number of young and elderly figures of distinction,—that a group having formed on the younger side of the room, and transcendentalisms and theologies forming the topic, a number of deep things were said in abrupt conversational style, Sterling in the thick of it. For example, one sceptical figure praised the Church of England, in Hume's phrase, 'as a Church tending to keep-down fanaticism,' and recommendable for its very indifferency; whereupon a transcendental figure urges him: "You are "afraid of the horse's kicking: but will you sacrifice all qualities "to being safe from that? Then get a dead horse. None com- "parable to that for not kicking in your stable!" Upon which, a laugh; with new laughs on other the like occasions;—and at last, in the fire of some discussion, Sterling, who was unusually eloquent and animated, broke-out with this wild phrase, "I could "plunge into the bottom of Hell, if I were sure of finding the "Devil there and getting him strangled!" Which produced the loudest laugh of all; and had to be repeated, on Mrs. Crawford's inquiry, to the house at large; and, creating among the elders a kind of silent shudder,—though we urged that the feat would really be a good investment of human industry,—checked or stopt these theologic thunders for the evening. I still remember Sterling as in one of his most animated moods that evening. He probably returned to Herstmonceux next day, where he proposed yet to reside for some indefinite time.

Arrived at Herstmonceux, he had not forgotten us. One of his Letters written there soon after was the following, which

much entertained me, in various ways. It turns on a poor Book of mine, called *Sartor Resartus;* which was not then even a Book, but was still hanging desolately under bibliopolic difficulties, now in its fourth or fifth year, on the wrong side of the river, as a mere aggregate of Magazine Articles; having at last been slit into that form, and lately completed *so*, and put together into legibility. I suppose Sterling had borrowed it of me. The adventurous hunter spirit which had started such a bemired *Auerochs*, or Urus of the German woods, and decided on chasing that as game, struck me not a little;—and the poor Wood-Ox, so bemired in the forests, took it as a compliment rather:

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Herstmonceux near Battle, 29th May 1835.

'My dear Carlyle,—I have now read twice, with care, 'the wondrous account of Teufelsdröckh and his Opinions; and 'I need not say that it has given me much to think of. It falls-'in with the feelings and tastes which were, for years, the rul-'ing ones of my life; but which you will not be angry with 'me when I say that I am infinitely and hourly thankful for 'having escaped from. Not that I think of this state of mind 'as one with which I have no longer any concern. The sense 'of a oneness of life and power in all existence; and of a bound-'less exuberance of beauty around us, to which most men are 'well-nigh dead, is a possession which no one that has ever en-'joyed it would wish to lose. When to this we add the deep 'feeling of the difference between the actual and the ideal in 'Nature, and still more in Man; and bring in, to explain this, 'the principle of duty, as that which connects us with a possible 'Higher State, and sets us in progress towards it,—we have 'a cycle of thoughts which was the whole spiritual empire of 'the wisest Pagans, and which might well supply food for the 'wide speculations and richly creative fancy of Teufelsdröckh, 'or his prototype Jean Paul.

'How then comes it, we cannot but ask, that these ideas, 'displayed assuredly with no want of eloquence, vivacity or 'earnestness, have found, unless I am much mistaken, so little 'acceptance among the best and most energetic minds in this 'country? In a country where millions read the Bible, and

'thousands Shakspeare; where Wordsworth circulates through 'book-clubs and drawing-rooms; where there are innumerable 'admirers of your favourite Burns; and where Coleridge, by 'sending from his solitude the voice of earnest spiritual instruc- 'tion, came to be beloved, studied and mourned for, by no 'small or careless school of disciples?—To answer this ques- 'tion would, of course, require more thought and knowledge 'than I can pretend to bring to it. But there are some points 'on which I will venture to say a few words.

'In the first place, as to the form of composition,—which 'may be called, I think, the Rhapsodico-Reflective. In this the '*Sartor Resartus* resembles some of the master-works of human 'invention, which have been acknowledged as such by many 'generations; and especially the works of Rabelais, Montaigne, 'Sterne and Swift. There is nothing I know of in Antiquity 'like it. That which comes nearest is perhaps the Platonic 'Dialogue. But of this, although there is something of the 'playful and fanciful on the surface, there is in reality neither 'in the language (which is austerely determined to its end), 'nor in the method and progression of the work, any of that 'headlong self-asserting capriciousness, which, if not discernible 'in the plan of Teufelsdröckh's Memoirs, is yet plainly to be 'seen in the structure of the sentences, the lawless oddity, and 'strange heterogeneous combination and allusion. The prin- 'ciple of this difference, observable often elsewhere in modern 'literature (for the same thing is to be found, more or less, in 'many of our most genial works of imagination,—*Don Quixote*, 'for instance, and the writings of Jeremy Taylor), seems to be 'that well-known one of the predominant objectivity of the 'Pagan mind; while among us the subjective has risen into 'superiority, and brought with it in each individual a multitude 'of peculiar associations and relations. These, as not explicable 'from any one *external* principle assumed as a premiss by the 'ancient philosopher, were rejected from the sphere of his 'æsthetic creation: but to us they all have a value and mean- 'ing; being connected by the bond of our own personality, and 'all alike existing in that infinity which is its arena.

'But however this may be, and comparing the Teufels- 'dröckhean Epopee only with those other modern works,—it is 'noticeable that Rabelais, Montaigne and Sterne have trusted

'for the currency of their writings, in a great degree, to the use 'of obscene and sensual stimulants. Rabelais, besides, was full 'of contemporary and personal satire; and seems to have been 'a champion in the great cause of his time,—as was Montaigne 'also,—that of the right of thought in all competent minds, un-'restrained by any outward authority. Montaigne, moreover, 'contains more pleasant and lively gossip, and more distinct 'good-humoured painting of his own character and daily habits, 'than any other writer I know. Sterne is never obscure, and 'never moral; and the costume of his subjects is drawn from 'the familiar experience of his own time and country: and 'Swift, again, has the same merit of the clearest perspicuity, 'joined to that of the most homely, unaffected, forcible English. 'These points of difference seem to me the chief ones which 'bear against the success of the *Sartor*. On the other hand, 'there is in Teufelsdröckh a depth and fervour of feeling, and 'a power of serious eloquence, far beyond that of any of these 'four writers; and to which indeed there is nothing at all com-'parable in any of them, except perhaps now and then, and 'very imperfectly, in Montaigne.

'Of the other points of comparison there are two which I 'would chiefly dwell on: and first as to the language. A good 'deal of this is positively barbarous. "Environment," "ves-'tural," "stertorous," "visualised," "complected," and others 'to be found I think in the first twenty pages,—are words, so 'far as I know, without any authority; some of them contrary 'to analogy; and none repaying by their value the disadvant-'age of novelty. To these must be added new and erroneous 'locutions; "whole other tissues" for *all the other*, and similar 'uses of the word *whole;* "orients" for *pearls;* "lucid" and '"lucent" employed as if they were different in meaning; '"hulls" perpetually for *coverings*, it being a word hardly 'used, and then only for the husk of a nut; "to insure a man 'of misapprehension;" "talented," a mere newspaper and hus-'tings word, invented, I believe, by O'Connell.

'I must also mention the constant recurrence of some 'words in a quaint and queer connection, which gives a gro-'tesque and somewhat repulsive mannerism to many sentences. 'Of these the commonest offender is "quite;" which appears 'in almost every page, and gives at first a droll kind of em-

'phasis; but soon becomes wearisome. "Nay," "manifold," "cunning enough significance," "faculty" (meaning a man's rational or moral *power*), "special," "not without," haunt the reader as if in some uneasy dream which does not rise to the dignity of nightmare. Some of these strange mannerisms fall under the general head of a singularity peculiar, so far as I know, to Teufelsdröckh. For instance, that of the incessant use of a sort of odd superfluous qualification of his assertions; which seems to give the character of deliberateness and caution to the style, but in time sounds like mere trick or involuntary habit. "Almost" does more than yeoman's, *almost* slave's service in this way. Something similar may be remarked of the use of the double negative by way of affirmation.

'Under this head, of language, may be mentioned, though not with strict grammatical accuracy, two standing characteristics of the Professor's style,—at least as rendered into English: *First*, the composition of words, such as "snow-and-rosebloom maiden:" an attractive damsel doubtless in Germany, but, with all her charms, somewhat uncouth here. "Life-vision" is another example; and many more might be found. To say nothing of the innumerable cases in which the words are only intelligible as a compound term, though not distinguished by hyphens. Of course the composition of words is sometimes allowable even in English: but the habit of dealing with German seems to have produced, in the pages before us, a prodigious superabundance of this form of expression; which gives harshness and strangeness, where the matter would at all events have been surprising enough. *Secondly*, I object, with the same qualification, to the frequent use of *inversion;* which generally appears as a transposition of the two members of a clause, in a way which would not have been practised in conversation. It certainly gives emphasis and force, and often serves to point the meaning. But a style may be fatiguing and faulty precisely by being too emphatic, forcible and pointed; and so straining the attention to find its meaning, or the admiration to appreciate its beauty.

'Another class of considerations connects itself with the heightened and plethoric fulness of the style: its accumu

'lation and contrast of imagery; its occasional jerking and 'almost spasmodic violence;—and above all, the painful sub-'jective excitement, which seems the element and ground-'work even of every description of Nature; often taking the 'shape of sarcasm or broad jest, but never subsiding into 'calm. There is also a point which I should think worth 'attending to, were I planning any similar book: I mean the 'importance, in a work of imagination, of not too much dis-'turbing in the reader's mind the balance of the New and Old. 'The former addresses itself to his active, the latter to his 'passive faculty; and these are mutually dependent, and must 'co-exist in certain proportion, if you wish to combine his 'sympathy and progressive exertion with willingness and ease 'of attention. This should be taken into account in forming 'a style; for of course it cannot be consciously thought of in 'composing each sentence.

'But chiefly it seems important in determining the plan of 'a work. If the tone of feeling, the line of speculation are 'out of the common way, and sure to present some difficulty 'to the average reader, then it would probably be desirable 'to select, for the circumstances, drapery and accessories of 'all kinds, those most familiar, or at least most attractive. 'A fable of the homeliest purport, and commonest every-day 'application, derives an interest and charm from its turning 'on the characters and acts of gods and genii, lions and foxes, 'Arabs and Affghauns. On the contrary, for philosophic in-'quiry and truths of awful preciousness, I would select as my 'personages and interlocutors beings with whose language 'and "whereabouts" my readers would be familiar. Thus 'did Plato in his Dialogues, Christ in his Parables. There-'fore it seems doubtful whether it was judicious to make a 'German Professor the hero of *Sartor*. Berkeley began his '*Siris* with tar-water; but what can English readers be ex-'pected to make of *Gukguk* by way of prelibation to your 'nectar and tokay? The circumstances and details do not 'flash with living reality on the minds of your readers, but, 'on the contrary, themselves require some of that attention 'and minute speculation, the whole original stock of which, in 'the minds of most of them, would not be too much to enable 'them to follow your views of Man and Nature. In short,

'there is not a sufficient basis of the common to justify the 'amount of peculiarity in the work. In a book of science, 'these considerations would of course be inapplicable; but 'then the whole shape and colouring of the book must be 'altered to make it such; and a man who wishes merely to 'get at the philosophical result, or summary of the whole, will 'regard the details and illustrations as so much unprofitable 'surplusage.

'The sense of strangeness is also awakened by the marvel- 'lous combinations, in which the work abounds to a degree 'that the common reader must find perfectly bewildering. This 'can hardly, however, be treated as a consequence of the '*style*; for the style in this respect coheres with, and springs 'from, the whole turn and tendency of thought. The noblest 'images are objects of a humorous smile, in a mind which 'sees itself above all Nature and throned in the arms of an 'Almighty Necessity; while the meanest have a dignity, inas- 'much as they are trivial symbols of the same one life to which 'the great whole belongs. And hence, as I divine, the start- 'ling whirl of incongruous juxtaposition, which of a truth must 'to many readers seem as amazing as if the Pythia on the 'tripod should have struck-up a drinking-song, or Thersites 'had caught the prophetic strain of Cassandra.

'All this, of course, appears to me true and relevant; but 'I cannot help feeling that it is, after all, but a poor piece of 'quackery to comment on a multitude of phenomena without 'adverting to the principle which lies at the root, and gives 'the true meaning to them all. Now this principle I seem 'to myself to find in the state of mind which is attributed to 'Teufelsdröckh; in his state of mind, I say, not in his opin- 'ions, though these are, in him as in all men, most important, '—being one of the best indices to his state of mind. Now 'what distinguishes him, not merely from the greatest and best 'men who have been on earth for eighteen hundred years, but 'from the whole body of those who have been working towards 'towards the good, and have been the salt and light of the 'world, is this: That he does not believe in a God. Do 'not be indignant, I am blaming no one;—but if I write my 'thoughts, I must write them honestly.

'Teufelsdröckh does not belong to the herd of sensual and 'thoughtless men; because he does perceive in all Existence a 'unity of power; because he does believe that this is a real 'power external to him and dominant to a certain extent over 'him, and does not think that he is himself a shadow in a world 'of shadows. He has a deep feeling of the beautiful, the good 'and the true; and a faith in their final victory.

'At the same time, how evident is the strong inward unrest, 'the Titanic heaving of mountain on mountain; the storm-like 'rushing over land and sea in search of peace. He writhes 'and roars under his consciousness of the difference in himself 'between the possible and the actual, the hoped-for and the ex-'istent. He feels that duty is the highest law of his own being; 'and knowing how it bids the waves be stilled into an icy fixed-'ness and grandeur, he trusts (but with a boundless inward 'misgiving) that there is a principle of order which will reduce 'all confusion to shape and clearness. But wanting peace him-'self, his fierce dissatisfaction fixes on all that is weak, corrupt 'and imperfect around him; and instead of a calm and steady 'coöperation with all those who are endeavouring to apply the 'highest ideas as remedies for the worst evils, he holds himself 'aloof in savage isolation; and cherishes (though he dare not 'own) a stern joy at the prospect of that Catastrophe which is 'to turn loose again the elements of man's social life, and give 'for a time the victory to evil;—in hopes that each new con-'vulsion of the world must bring us nearer to the ultimate re-'storation of all things; fancying that each may be the last. 'Wanting the calm and cheerful reliance, which would be the 'spring of active exertion, he flatters his own distemper by per-'suading himself that his own age and generation are peculiarly 'feeble and decayed; and would even perhaps be willing to 'exchange the restless immaturity of our self-consciousness, and 'the promise of its long throe-pangs, for the unawakened un-'doubting simplicity of the world's childhood; of the times in 'which there was all the evil and horror of our day, only with 'the difference that conscience had not arisen to try and con-'demn it. In these longings, if they are Teufelsdröckh's, he 'seems to forget that, could we go back five thousand years, 'we should only have the prospect of travelling them again, and 'arriving at last at the same point at which we stand now.

'Something of this state of mind I may say that I under-
'stand; for I have myself experienced it. And the root of the
'matter appears to me: A want of sympathy with the great
'body of those who are now endeavouring to guide and help
'onward their fellow-men. And in what is this alienation
'grounded? It is, as I believe, simply in the difference on
'that point: viz. the clear, deep, habitual recognition of a one
'Living *Personal* God, essentially good, wise, true and holy, the
'Author of all that exists; and a reunion with whom is the only
'end of all rational beings. This belief * * * [*There follow now several pages on 'Personal God,' and other abstruse or indeed properly unspeakable matters; these, and a general Postscript of qualifying purport, I will suppress; extracting only the following fractions, as luminous or slightly significant to us:*]

'Now see the difference of Teufelsdröckh's feelings. At the
'end of book iii. chap. 8, I find these words: "But whence? O
'Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only
'that it is through mystery to mystery, from God to God.

'We *are such stuff*
'As dreams are made of, and our little life
'Is rounded with a sleep."

'And this tallies with the whole strain of his character. What
'we find everywhere, with an abundant use of the name of God,
'is the conception of a formless Infinite whether in time or
'space; of a high inscrutable Necessity, which it is the chief
'wisdom and virtue to submit to, which is the mysterious im-
'personal base of all Existence,—shows itself in the laws of
'every separate being's nature; and for man in the shape of
'duty. On the other hand, I affirm, we do know whence we
'come and whither we go!'—

* * * 'And in this state of mind, as there is no true sym-
'pathy with others, just as little is there any true peace for our-
'selves. There is indeed possible the unsympathising factitious
'calm of Art, which we find in Goethe. But at what expense is
'it bought? Simply, by abandoning altogether the idea of duty,
'which is the great witness of our personality. And he attains
'his inhuman ghastly calmness by reducing the Universe to a
heap of material for the idea of beauty to work on.'—

* * * 'The sum of all I have been writing as to the con-

'nection of our faith in God with our feeling towards men and 'our mode of action, may of course be quite erroneous: but 'granting its truth, it would supply the one principle which I 'have been seeking for, in order to explain the peculiarities of 'style in your account of Teufelsdröckh and his writings.' * * * 'The life and works of Luther are the best comment I know of 'on this doctrine of mine.

'Reading over what I have written, I find I have not nearly 'done justice to my own sense of the genius and moral energy 'of the book; but this is what you will best excuse.—Believe 'me most sincerely and faithfully yours, JOHN STERLING.'

Here are sufficient points of 'discrepancy with agreement,' here is material for talk and argument enough; and an expanse of free discussion open, which requires rather to be speedily restricted for convenience' sake, than allowed to widen itself into the boundless, as it tends to do!—

In all Sterling's Letters to myself and others, a large collection of which now lies before me, duly copied and indexed, there is, to one that knew his speech as well, a perhaps unusual likeness between the speech and the Letters; and yet, for most part, with a great inferiority on the part of these. These, thrown off, one and all of them, without premeditation, and with most rapid-flowing pen, are naturally as like his speech as writing can well be; this is their grand merit to us: but on the other hand, the want of the living tones, swift looks and motions, and manifold dramatic accompaniments, tells heavily, more heavily than common. What can be done with champagne itself, much more with soda-water, when the gaseous spirit is fled! The reader, in any specimens he may see, must bear this in mind.

Meanwhile these Letters do excel in honesty, in candour and transparency; their very carelessness secures their excellence in this respect. And in another much deeper and more essential respect I must likewise call them excellent,—in their childlike goodness, in the purity of heart, the noble affection and fidelity they everywhere manifest in the writer. This often touchingly strikes a familiar friend in reading them; and will awaken reminiscences (when you have the commentary in your own memory) which are sad and beautiful, and not without reproach to you on occasion. To all friends, and all good causes, this

man is true; behind their back as before their face, the same man!—Such traits of the autobiographic sort, from these Letters, as can serve to paint him or his life, and promise not to weary the reader, I must endeavour to select, in the sequel.

CHAPTER III.

BAYSWATER.

STERLING continued to reside at Herstmonceux through the spring and summer; holding by the peaceable retired house he still had there, till the vague future might more definitely shape itself, and better point-out what place of abode would suit him in his new circumstances. He made frequent brief visits to London; in which I, among other friends, frequently saw him, our acquaintance at each visit improving in all ways. Like a swift dashing meteor he came into our circle; coruscated among us, for a day or two, with sudden pleasant illumination; then again suddenly withdrew,—we hoped, not for long.

I suppose, he was full of uncertainties; but undoubtedly was gravitating towards London. Yet, on the whole, on the surface of him, you saw no uncertainties; far from that: it seemed always rather with peremptory resolutions, and swift express businesses, that he was charged. Sickly in body, the testimony said: but here always was a mind that gave you the impression of peremptory alertness, cheery swift decision,—of a *health* which you might have called exuberant. I remember dialogues with him, of that year; one pleasant dialogue under the trees of the Park (where now, in 1851, is the thing called 'Crystal Palace'), with the June sunset flinging long shadows for us the last of the Quality just vanishing for dinner, and the great night beginning to prophesy of itself. Our talk (like that of the foregoing Letter) was of the faults of my style, of my way of thinking, of my &c. &c.; all which admonitions and remonstrances, so friendly and innocent, from this young junior-senior, I was willing to listen to, though unable, as usual, to get almost any practical hold of them. As usual, the garments do not fit you, you are lost in the garments, or you cannot get into them at all; this is not your suit of clothes, it must be another's:—

alas, these are not your dimensions, these are only the optical angles you subtend; on the whole, you will never get measured in that way!—

Another time, of date probably very contiguous, I remember hearing Sterling preach. It was in some new College-chapel in Somerset-house (I suppose, what is now called King's College); a very quiet small place, the audience student-looking youths, with a few elder people, perhaps mostly friends of the preacher's. The discourse, delivered with a grave sonorous composure, and far surpassing in talent the usual run of sermons, had withal an air of human veracity as I still recollect, and bespoke dignity and piety of mind: but gave me the impression rather of artistic excellence than of unction or inspiration in that kind. Sterling returned with us to Chelsea that day;—and in the afternoon we went on the Thames Putney-ward together, we two with my Wife; under the sunny skies, on the quiet water, and with copious cheery talk, the remembrance of which is still present enough to me.

This was properly my only specimen of Sterling's preaching. Another time, late in the same autumn, I did indeed attend him one evening to some Church in the City,—a big Church behind Cheapside, "built by Wren" as he carefully informed me;—but there, in my wearied mood, the chief subject of reflection was the almost total vacancy of the place, and how an eloquent soul was preaching to mere lamps and prayer-books; and of the sermon I retain no image. It came up in the way of banter, if he ever urged the duty of 'Church extension,' which already he very seldom did and at length never, what a specimen we once had of bright lamps, gilt prayer-books, baize-lined pews, Wren-built architecture; and how, in almost all directions, you might have fired a musket through the church, and hit no Christian life. A terrible outlook indeed for the Apostolic labourer in the brick-and-mortar line!—

In the Autumn of this same 1835, he removed permanently to London, whither all summer he had been evidently tending; took a house in Bayswater, an airy suburb, half town, half country, near his Father's, and within fair distance of his other friends and objects; and decided to await there what the ultimate developments of his course might be. His house was in Orme

Square, close by the corner of that little place (which has only *three* sides of houses); its windows looking to the east: the Number was, and I believe still is, No. 5. A sufficiently commodious, by no means sumptuous, small mansion; where, with the means sure to him, he could calculate on finding adequate shelter for his family, his books and himself, and live in a decent manner, in no terror of debt, for one thing. His income, I suppose, was not large; but he lived generally a safe distance within it; and showed himself always as a man bountiful in money matters, and taking no thought that way.

His study-room in this house was perhaps mainly the drawing-room; looking out safe, over the little dingy grass-plot in front, and the quiet little row of houses opposite, with the huge dust-whirl of Oxford Street and London far enough ahead of you as back-ground,—as back-curtain, blotting-out only *half* your blue hemisphere with dust and smoke. On the right, you had the continuous growl of the Uxbridge Road and its wheels, coming as lullaby not interruption. Leftward and rearward, after some thin belt of houses, lay mere country; bright sweeping green expanses, crowned by pleasant Hampstead, pleasant Harrow, with their rustic steeples rising against the sky. Here on winter evenings, the bustle of removal being all well ended, and family and books got planted in their new places, friends could find Sterling, as they often did, who was delighted to be found by them, and would give and take, vividly as few others, an hour's good talk at any time.

His outlooks, it must be admitted, were sufficiently vague and overshadowed; neither the past nor the future of a too joyful kind. Public life, in any professional form, is quite forbidden; to work with his fellows anywhere appears to be forbidden: nor can the humblest solitary endeavour to work worthily as yet find an arena. How unfold one's little bit of talent; and live, and not lie sleeping, while it is called Today? As Radical, as Reforming Politician in any public or private form,—not only has this, in Sterling's case, received tragical sentence and execution; but the opposite extreme, the Church whither he had fled, likewise proves abortive: the Church also is not the haven for him at all. What is to be done? Something must be done, and soon,—under penalties. Whoever has received, on him there is an inexorable behest to give. "*Fais*

ton fait, Do thy little stroke of work :" this is Nature's voice, and the sum of all the commandments, to each man !

A shepherd of the people, some small Agamemnon after his sort, doing what little sovereignty and guidance he can in his day and generation : such every gifted soul longs, and should long, to be. But how, in any measure, is the small kingdom necessary for Sterling to be attained? Not through newspapers and parliaments, not by rubrics and reading-desks : none of the sceptres offered in the world's marketplace, nor none of the crosiers there, it seems, can be the shepherd's-crook for this man. A most cheerful, hoping man ; and full of swift faculty, though much lamed,—considerably bewildered too ; and tending rather towards the wastes and solitary places for a home ; the paved world not being friendly to him hitherto ! The paved world, in fact, both on its practical and spiritual side, slams-to its doors against him ; indicates that he cannot enter, and even must not,—that it will prove a choke-vault, deadly to soul and to body, if he enter. Sceptre, crosier, sheepcrook is none there for him.

There remains one other implement, the resource of all Adam's posterity that are otherwise foiled,—the Pen. It was evident from this point that Sterling, however otherwise beaten about, and set fluctuating, would gravitate steadily with all his real weight towards Literature. That he would gradually try with consciousness to get into Literature ; and, on the whole, never quit Literature, which was now all the world for him. Such is accordingly the sum of his history henceforth : such small sum, so terribly obstructed and diminished by circumstances, is all we have realised from him.

Sterling had by no means as yet consciously quitted the clerical profession, far less the Church as a creed. We have seen, he occasionally officiated still in these months, when a friend requested or an opportunity invited. Nay it turned out afterwards, he had, unknown even to his own family, during a good many weeks in the coldest period of next spring, when it was really dangerous for his health and did prove hurtful to it, —been constantly performing the morning service in some Chapel in Bayswater for a young clerical neighbour, a slight acquaintance of his, who was sickly at the time. So far as I

know, this of the Bayswater Chapel in the spring of 1836, a feat severely rebuked by his Doctor withal, was his last actual service as a churchman. But the conscious life ecclesiastical still hung visibly about his inner unconscious and real life, for years to come; and not till by slow degrees he had unwinded from him the wrappages of it, could he become clear about himself, and so much as try heartily what his now sole course was. Alas, and he had to live all the rest of his days, as in continual flight for his very existence; 'ducking under like a poor un-'fledged partridge-bird,' as one described it, 'before the mower; 'darting continually from nook to nook, and there crouching, to 'escape the scythe of Death.' For Literature Proper there was but little left in such a life. Only the smallest broken fractions of his last and heaviest-laden years can poor Sterling be said to have completely lived. His purpose had risen before him slowly in noble clearness; clear at last,—and even then the inevitable hour was at hand.

In those first London months, as always afterwards while it remained physically possible, I saw much of him; loved him, as was natural, more and more; found in him, many ways, a beautiful acquisition to my existence here. He was full of bright speech and argument; radiant with arrowy vitalities, vivacities and ingenuities. Less than any man he gave you the idea of ill-health. Hopeful, sanguine; nay he did not even seem to need definite hope, or much to form any; projecting himself in aerial pulses like an aurora borealis, like a summer dawn, and filling all the world with present brightness for himself and others. Ill-health? Nay you found at last, it was the very excess of *life* in him that brought on disease. This restless play of being, fit to conquer the world, could it have been held and guided, could not be held. It had worn *holes* in the outer case of it, and there found vent for itself,—there, since not otherwise.

In our many promenades and colloquies, which were of the freest, most copious and pleasant nature, religion often formed a topic, and perhaps towards the beginning of our intercourse was the prevailing topic. Sterling seemed much engrossed in matters theological, and led the conversation towards such; talked often about Church, Christianity Anglican and other, how essential the belief in it to man; then, on the other side,

about Pantheism and suchlike ; — all in the Coleridge dialect, and with eloquence and volubility to all lengths. I remember his insisting often and with emphasis on what he called a "personal God," and other high topics, of which it was not always pleasant to give account in the argumentative form, in a loud hurried voice, walking and arguing through the fields or streets. Though of warm quick feelings, very positive in his opinions, and vehemently eager to convince and conquer in such discussions, I seldom or never saw the least anger in him against me or any friend. When the blows of contradiction came too thick, he could with consummate dexterity whisk aside out of their way ; prick into his adversary on some new quarter ; or gracefully flourishing his weapon, end the duel in some handsome manner. One angry glance I remember in him, and it was but a glance, and gone in a moment. "Flat Pantheism!" urged he once (which he would often enough do about this time), as if triumphantly, of something or other, in the fire of a debate, in my hearing : "It is mere Pantheism, that!"—"And suppose it were Pot-theism?" cried the other : "If the thing is true!"—Sterling did look hurt at such flippant heterodoxy, for a moment. The soul of his own creed, in those days, was far other than this indifference to Pot or Pan in such departments of inquiry.

To me his sentiments for most part were lovable and admirable, though in the logical outcome there was everywhere room for opposition. I admired the temper, the longing towards antique heroism, in this young man of the nineteenth century ; but saw not how, except in some German-English empire of the air, he was ever to realise it on those terms. In fact, it became clear to me more and more that here was nobleness of heart striving towards all nobleness ; here was ardent recognition of the worth of Christianity, for one thing ; but no belief in it at all, in my sense of the word belief,—no belief but one definable as mere theoretic moonshine, which would never stand the wind and weather of fact. Nay it struck me farther that Sterling's was not intrinsically, nor had ever been in the highest or chief degree, a devotional mind. Of course all excellence in man, and worship as the supreme excellence, was part of the inheritance of this gifted man : but if called to define him, I should say, Artist not Saint was the real bent of his

being. He had endless admiration, but intrinsically rather a deficiency of reverence in comparison. Fear, with its corollaries, on the religious side, he appeared to have none, nor ever to have had any.

In short, it was a strange enough symptom to me of the bewildered condition of the world, to behold a man of this temper, and of this veracity and nobleness, self-consecrated here, by free volition and deliberate selection, to be a Christian Priest; and zealously struggling to fancy himself such in very truth. Undoubtedly a singular present fact;—from which, as from their point of intersection, great perplexities and aberrations in the past, and considerable confusions in the future might be seen ominously radiating. Happily our friend, as I said, needed little hope. Today with its activities was always bright and rich to him. His unmanageable, dislocated, devastated world, spiritual or economical, lay all illuminated in living sunshine, making it almost beautiful to his eyes, and gave him no hypochondria. A richer soul, in the way of natural outfit for felicity, for joyful activity in this world, so far as his strength would go, was nowhere to be met with.

The Letters which Mr. Hare has printed, Letters addressed, I imagine, mostly to himself, in this and the following year or two, give record of abundant changeful plannings and labourings, on the part of Sterling; still chiefly in the theological department. Translation from Tholuck, from Schleiermacher; treatise on this thing, then on that, are on the anvil: it is a life of abstruse vague speculations, singularly cheerful and hopeful withal, about Will, Morals, Jonathan Edwards, Jewhood, Manhood, and of Books to be written on these topics. Part of which adventurous vague plans, as the Translation from Tholuck, he actually performed; other greater part, merging always into wider undertakings, remained plan merely. I remember he talked often about Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and others of that stamp; and looked disappointed, though full of good nature, at my obstinate indifference to them and their affairs.

His knowledge of German Literature, very slight at this time, limited itself altogether to writers on Church matters,—Evidences, Counter-Evidences, Theologies and Rumours of

Theologies; by the Tholucks, Schleiermachers, Neanders, and I know not whom. Of the true sovereign souls of that Literature, the Goethes, Richters, Schillers, Lessings, he had as good as no knowledge; and of Goethe in particular an obstinate misconception, with proper abhorrence appended,—which did not abate for several years, nor quite abolish itself till a very late period. Till, in a word, he got Goethe's works fairly read and studied for himself! This was often enough the course with Sterling in such cases. He had a most swift glance of recognition for the worthy and for the unworthy; and was prone, in his ardent decisive way, to put much faith in it. "Such a one is a worthless idol; not excellent, only sham-excellent:" here, on this negative side especially, you often had to admire how right he was;—often, but not quite always. And he would maintain, with endless ingenuity, confidence and persistence, his fallacious spectrum to be a real image. However, it was sure to come all right in the end. Whatever real excellence he might misknow, you had but to let it stand before him, soliciting new examination from him: none surer than he to recognise it at last, and to pay it all his dues, with the arrears and interest on them. Goethe, who figures as some absurd high-stalking hollow playactor, or empty ornamental clockcase of an 'Artist' so-called, in the Tale of the *Onyx Ring*, was in the throne of Sterling's intellectual world before all was done; and the theory of 'Goethe's want of feeling,' want of &c. &c. appeared to him also abundantly contemptible and forgettable.

Sterling's days, during this time as always, were full of occupation, cheerfully interesting to himself and others; though, the wrecks of theology so encumbering him, little fruit on the positive side could come of these labours. On the negative side they were productive; and there also, so much of encumbrance requiring removal, before fruit could grow, there was plenty of labour needed. He looked happy as well as busy; roamed extensively among his friends, and loved to have them about him,—chiefly old Cambridge comrades now settling into occupations in the world;—and was felt by all friends, by myself as by few, to be a welcome illumination in the dim whirl of things. A man of altogether social and human ways; his address everywhere pleasant and enlivening. A certain smile of thin but genuine laughter, we might say, hung gracefully

over all he said and did;—expressing gracefully, according to the model of this epoch, the stoical pococurantism which is required of the cultivated Englishman. Such laughter in him was not deep, but neither was it false (as lamentably happens often); and the cheerfulness it went to symbolise was hearty and beautiful,—visible in the silent *un*symbolised state in a still gracefuler fashion.

Of wit, so far as rapid lively intellect produces wit, he had plenty, and did not abuse his endowment that way, being always fundamentally serious in the purport of his speech: of what we call humour, he had some, though little; nay of real sense for the ludicrous, in any form, he had not much for a man of his vivacity; and you remarked that his laugh was limited in compass, and of a clear but not rich quality. To the like effect shone something, a kind of childlike half-embarrassed shimmer of expression, on his fine vivid countenance; curiously mingling with its ardours and audacities. A beautiful childlike soul! He was naturally a favourite in conversation, especially with all who had any funds for conversing: frank and direct, yet polite and delicate withal,—though at times too he could crackle with his dexterous petulances, making the air all like needles round you; and there was no end to his logic when you excited it; no end, unless in some form of silence on your part. Elderly men of reputation I have sometimes known offended by him: for he took a frank way in the matter of talk; spoke freely out of him, freely listening to what others spoke, with a kind of "hail fellow well met" feeling; and carelessly measured a man much less by his reputed account in the bank of wit, or in any other bank, than by what the man had to show for himself in the shape of real spiritual cash on the occasion. But withal there was ever a fine element of natural courtesy in Sterling; his deliberate demeanour to acknowledged superiors was fine and graceful; his apologies and the like, when in a fit of repentance he felt commanded to apologise, were full of naivety, and very pretty and ingenuous.

His circle of friends was wide enough; chiefly men of his own standing, old College friends many of them; some of whom have now become universally known. Among whom the most important to him was Frederic Maurice, who had not long before removed to the Chaplaincy of Guy's Hospital here, and

was still, as he had long been, his intimate and counsellor. Their views and articulate opinions, I suppose, were now fast beginning to diverge; and these went on diverging far enough: but in their kindly union, in their perfect trustful familiarity, precious to both parties, there never was the least break, but a steady, equable and duly increasing current to the end. One of Sterling's commonest expeditions, in this time, was a sally to the other side of London Bridge: "Going to Guy's today." Maurice, in a year or two, became Sterling's brother-in-law; wedded Mrs. Sterling's younger sister, — a gentle excellent female soul; by whom the relation was, in many ways, strengthened and beautified for Sterling and all friends of the parties. With the Literary notabilities I think he had no acquaintance; his thoughts indeed still tended rather towards a certain class of the Clerical; but neither had he much to do with these; for he was at no time the least of a tufthunter, but rather had a marked natural indifference to *tufts*.

The Rev. Mr. Dunn, a venerable and amiable Irish gentleman, 'distinguished,' we were told, 'by having refused a bishopric:' and who was now living, in an opulent enough retirement, amid his books and philosophies and friends, in London,—is memorable to me among this clerical class: one of the mildest, beautifulest old men I have ever seen,—"like Fenelon," Sterling said: his very face, with its kind true smile, with its look of suffering cheerfulness and pious wisdom, was a sort of benediction. It is of him that Sterling writes, in the Extract which Mr. Hare, modestly reducing the name to an initial 'Mr. D.,' has given us:[1] 'Mr. Dunn, for instance; the 'defect of whose Theology, compounded as it is of the doctrine 'of the Greek Fathers, of the Mystics and of Ethical Philo-'sophers, consists,—if I may hint a fault in one whose holiness, 'meekness and fervour would have made him the beloved dis-'ciple of him whom Jesus loved,—in an insufficient apprehen-'sion of the reality and depth of Sin.' A characteristic 'defect' of this fine gentle soul. On Mr. Dunn's death, which occurred two or three years later, Sterling gave, in some veiled yet transparent form, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, an affectionate and eloquent notice of him; which, stript of the veil, was excerpted into the Newspapers also.[2]

[1] P. lxxviii. [2] Given in Hare (ii. 188-193).

Of Coleridge there was little said. Coleridge was now dead, not long since; nor was his name henceforth much heard in Sterling's circle; though on occasion, for a year or two to come, he would still assert his transcendent admiration, especially if Maurice were by to help. But he was getting into German, into various inquiries and sources of knowledge new to him, and his admirations and notions on many things were silently and rapidly modifying themselves.

So, amid interesting human realities, and wide cloud-canopies of uncertain speculation, which also had their interests and their rainbow-colours to him, and could not fail in his life just now, did Sterling pass his year and half at Bayswater. Such vaporous speculations were inevitable for him at present; but it was to be hoped they would subside by and by, and leave the sky clear. All this was but the preliminary to whatever work might lie in him:—and, alas, much other interruption lay between him and that.

CHAPTER IV

TO BORDEAUX.

Among the quondam Cambridge acquaintances I have seen with Sterling about this time, one struck me, less from his qualities than from his name and genealogy: Frank Edgeworth, youngest son of the well-known Lovell Edgeworth, youngest brother of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth, the Irish Novelist. Frank was a short neat man; of sleek, square, colourless face (resembling the Portraits of his Father), with small blue eyes in which twinkled curiously a joyless smile; his voice was croaky and shrill, with a tone of shrewish obstinacy in it, and perhaps of sarcasm withal. A composed, dogmatic, speculative, exact, and not melodious man. He was learned in Plato and likewise in Kant; well-read in philosophies and literatures; entertained not creeds, but the Platonic or Kantean *ghosts* of creeds; coldly sneering away from him, in the joyless twinkle of those eyes, in the inexorable jingle of that shrill voice, all manner of Toryisms, superstitions; for the rest, a man of perfect veracity, of great diligence, and other worth;—notable to see alongside of Sterling.

He is the 'E.' quoted by Mr. Hare from one of Sterling's letters;—and I will incidentally confess that the discreet 'B.' of the next leaf in that Volume must, if need be, convert himself into 'C.,' my recognisable self namely. Sterling has written there: 'I find in all my conversations with Carlyle that his 'fundamental position is, the good of evil: he is forever quoting 'Goethe's Epigram about the idleness of wishing to jump off 'one's own shadow.'—Even so:

Was lehr' ich dich vor allen Dingen?—
Könntest mich lehren von meiner Schatte zu springen!

—indicating conversations on the Origin of Evil, or rather resolution on my part to suppress such, as wholly fruitless and worthless; which are now all grown dark to me! The passage about Frank is as follows,—likewise elucidative of Sterling and his cloud-compellings, and duels with the shadows, about this time:

'Edgeworth seems to me not to have yet gone beyond a 'mere notional life. It is manifest that he has no knowledge of 'the necessity of a progress from *Wissen* to *Wesen*' (say, *Knowing* to *Being*); 'and one therefore is not surprised that he 'should think Kant a sufficient hierarch. I know very little of 'Kant's doctrine; but I made out from Edgeworth what seems 'to me a fundamental unsoundness in his moral scheme: namely, 'the assertion of the certainty of a heavenly Futurity for man, 'because the idea of duty involves that of merit or reward. Now 'duty seems rather to exclude merit; and at all events, the 'notion of external reward is a mere empirical appendage, and 'has none but an arbitrary connexion with ethics.—I regard it 'as a very happy thing for Edgeworth that he has come to England. In Italy he probably would never have gained any intuition into the reality of Being as different from a mere power 'of Speculating and Perceiving; and of course without this, he 'can never reach to more than the merest Gnosis; which taken 'alone is a poor inheritance, a box of title-deeds to an estate 'which is covered with lava, or sunk under the sea.'[1]

This good little Edgeworth had roved extensively about the Continent; had married a young Spanish wife, whom by a romantic accident he came upon in London: having really good

[1] Hare, pp. lxxiv. lxxii.

scholarship, and consciousness of faculty and fidelity, he now hoped to find support in preparing young men for the University, in taking pupils to board; and with this view, was endeavouring to form an establishment somewhere in the environs;—ignorant that it is mainly the Clergy whom simple persons trust with that trade at present; that his want of a patent of orthodoxy, not to say his inexorable secret heterodoxy of mind, would far override all other qualifications in the estimate of simple persons, who are afraid of many things, and are *not* afraid of hypocrisy which is the worst and one irremediably bad thing. Poor Edgeworth tried this business for a while, but found no success at all; went across, after a year or two, to native Edgeworthstown, in Longford, to take the management of his brother's estate; in which function it was said he shone, and had quite given-up philosophies and speculations, and become a taciturn grim landmanager and county magistrate, likely to do much good in that department; when we learned next that he was dead, that we should see him no more. The good little Frank!

One day in the spring of 1836, I can still recollect, Sterling had proposed to me, by way of wide ramble, useful for various ends, that I should walk with him to Eltham and back, to see this Edgeworth, whom I also knew a little. We went accordingly together; walking rapidly, as was Sterling's wont, and no doubt talking extensively. It probably was in the end of February: I can remember leafless hedges, gray driving clouds;—procession of boarding-school girls in some quiet part of the route. I very well recollect the big Edgeworth house at Eltham; the big old Palace now a barn;—in general, that the day was full of action; and likewise that rain came upon us in our return, and that the closing phasis was a march along Piccadilly, still full of talk, but now under decided wet, and in altogether muddy circumstances. This was the last walk that poor Sterling took for a great many months.

He had been ailing for some time, little known to me, and too disregardful himself of minatory symptoms, as his wont was, so long as strength remained; and this rainy walk of ours had now brought the matter to a crisis. He was shut-up from all visitors whatsoever; the doctors and his family in great alarm about him, he himself coldly professing that death at no great

distance was very likely. So it lasted for a long anxious while. I remember tender messages to and from him; loan of books, particularly some of Goethe's which he then read,—still without recognition of much worth in them. At length some select friends were occasionally admitted; signs of improvement began to appear;—and in the bright twilight, Kensington Gardens were green, and sky and earth were hopeful, as one went to make inquiry. The summer brilliancy was abroad over the world before we fairly saw Sterling again *sub dio*.—Here was a fatal hand on the wall; checking tragically whatsoever wide-drawn schemes might be maturing themselves in such a life; sternly admonitory that all schemes must be narrow, and admitted problematic.

Sterling, by the doctor's order, took to daily riding in summer; scouring far and wide on a swift strong horse, and was allowed no other exercise; so that my walks with him had, to my sorrow, ended. We saw him otherwise pretty often; but it was only for moments in comparison. His life, at any rate, in these circumstances was naturally devoid of composure. The little Bayswater establishment, with all its schemes of peaceable activity on the small or on the great scale, was evidently set adrift; the anchor lifted, and Sterling and his family again at sea, for farther uncertain voyaging. Here is not thy rest; not here:—where, then! The question, What to do even for next autumn? had become the pressing one.

A rich Bordeaux merchant, an Uncle of his Wife's, of the name of Mr. Johnston, possessed a sumptuous mansion and grounds, which he did not occupy, in the environs of that southern City: it was judged that the climate might be favourable; to the house and its copious accommodation there was welcome ingress, if Sterling chose to occupy it. Servants were not needed, servants and conveniences enough, in the big solitary mansion with its marble terraces, were already there. Conveniences enough within, and curiosities without. It is the 'South of France,' with its Gascon ways; the Garonne, *Garumna* river, the Gironde and Montaigne's country: here truly are invitations.

In short, it was decided that he and his family should move thither; there, under warmer skies, begin a new residence. The doctors promised improvement, if the place suited for a

permanency; there at least, much more commodiously than elsewhere, he might put over the rigorous period of this present year. Sterling left us, I find noted, 'on the first of August 1836.' The name of his fine foreign mansion is Belsito; in the village of Floirac, within short distance of Bordeaux.

Counting-in his voyage to the West Indies, this is the second of some five health-journeys which, sometimes with his family, sometimes without, he had to make in all. 'Five forced peregrinities;' which, in their sad and barren alternation, are the main incidents of his much-obstructed life henceforth. Five swift flights, not for any high or low object in life, but for life itself; swift jerkings aside from whatever path or object you might be following, to escape the scythe of Death. On such terms had poor Sterling henceforth to live; and surely with less complaint, with whatever result otherwise, no man could do it.

His health prospered at Bordeaux. He had, of course, new interests and objects of curiosity; but when once the household was settled in its new moorings, and the first dazzle of strangeness fairly over, he returned to his employments and pursuits, —which were, in good part, essentially the old ones. His chosen books, favourite instructors of the period, were with him; at least the world of his own thoughts was with him, and the grand ever-recurring question: What to do with that; How best to regulate that?

I remember kind and happy-looking Letters from him at Bordeaux, rich enough in interests and projects, in activities and emotions. He looked abroad over the Gironde country, over the towers and quais of Bordeaux at least with a painter's eye, which he rather eminently had, and very eminently loved to exercise. Of human acquaintances he found not many to attract him, nor could he well go much into deeper than pictorial connexion with the scene around him; but on this side too, he was, as usual, open and willing. A learned young German, tutor in some family of the neighbourhood, was admitted frequently to see him; probably the only scholar in those parts with whom he could converse of an evening. One of my Letters contained notice of a pilgrimage he had made to the old Château of Montaigne; a highly interesting sight to a reading man. He wrote to me also about the Caves of St. Emilion or Libourne, hiding-

place of Barbaroux, Pétion and other Girondins, concerning whom I was then writing. Nay here is the Letter itself still left; and I may as well insert it, as a relic of that time. The projected 'walking expedition' into France; the vision of Montaigne's old House, Barbaroux's death-scene; the Chinese *Iu-Kiao-Li* or *Two Fair Cousins:* all these things are long since asleep, as if dead; and affect one's own mind with a sense of strangeness when resuscitated:

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Belsito, near Bordeaux, 26th October 1836.

'My dear Carlyle,—I have to thank you for two Letters, 'which, unlike other people's, have the writer's signature in 'every word as well as at the end. Your assurances of remem- 'brance and kindness were by no means necessary, but are not 'at all less pleasant. The patronage you bestow on my old 'stick requires the acknowledgment from me which my care 'of its education had not succeeded in teaching it to express for 'itself. May your more genial and more masculine treatment 'be more effectual! I remember that I used to fling it along 'the broad walk in Kensington Gardens, for Edward to run 'after it; and I suspect you will find the scars resulting from 'the process, on the top of the hook.

'If the purveyors of religion and its implements to this 'department of France supplied such commodities as waxen 'hecatombs, I would sacrifice one for the accomplishment of 'your pedestrian design; and am already meditating an appro- 'priate invocation, *sermone pedestri.* Pray come, in the first 'fine days of spring; or rather let us look forward to your com- 'ing, for as to the fact, where may both or either of us be before 'this day six months? I am not, however, resolute as to any 'plan of my own that would take me either along the finite or 'the infinite sea. I still bear up, and do my best here; and 'have no distinct schemes of departure: for I am well, and 'well situated at present, and enjoy my books, my leisure, and 'the size and comfort of the house I live in. I shall go, if go 'I must; and not otherwise. I have sometimes thought that, 'if driven away later in the year, I might try Italy,—probably 'at first Pisa; and if so, should hope, in spite of cholera, to

'see your Brother, who would be helpful both to mind and 'body. When you write to him, pray just touch with your pen 'the long cobweb thread that connects me with him, and which 'is more visible and palpable about eighteen inches above your 'writing-table than anywhere else in this much becobwebbed 'world.

'Your account of the particular net you occupy in the great 'reticulation is not very consolatory;—I should be sorry if it 'were from thinking of it as a sort of *paries proximus*. When 'you slip the collar of the *French Revolution*, and the fine 'weather comes round again, and my life becomes insurable at 'less than fifty per cent, I hope to see you as merry as Philina 'or her husband, in spite of your having somewhat more wis- 'dom.—And all these good things *may* be, in some twenty-six 'weeks or less; a space of time for which the paltriest Dutch 'clock would be warranted to go, without more than an hour 'or two of daily variation. I trust we have, both of us, souls 'above those that tick in country kitchens!—Of your Wife I 'think you say nothing in your last. Why does she not write 'to me? Is it because she will not stoop to nonsense, and that 'would be the only proper answer to an uncanonical epistle I 'sent her while in Scotland? Tell her she is, at all events, sure 'of being constantly remembered; for I play backgammon with 'Charles Barton for *want* of any one to play chess with.

'Of my expedition to Montaigne's old House I cannot say 'much: for I indited Notes thereof for my own use, and also 'wrote something about it to Mr. Dunn; which is as much as 'the old walls would well bear. It is truly an interesting place; 'for it does not seem as if a stone had been touched since 'Montaigne's time; though his house is still inhabited, and the 'apartment that he describes in the *Essai des Trois Commerces* 'might, barring the evident antiquity, have been built yesterday 'to realise his account. The rafters of the room which was his 'library have still his inscriptions on their lower faces: all very 'characteristic; many from *Ecclesiastes*. The view is open all 'round; over a rather flat, elevated country, apparently clayey 'ploughed lands, with little wood, no look of great population, and here and there a small stone windmill with a conical roof. 'The village church close by is much older than Montaigne's

'day. His house looks just as he describes it: a considerable 'building that never was at all fortified.

'St. Emilion I had not time to see or learn much of; but 'the place looks all very old. A very small town, built of stone; 'jostled into a sort of ravine, or large quarry, in the slope from 'the higher table-land towards the Dordogne. Quite on the 'ridge, at the top of the town, is an immense Gothic steeple, 'that would suit a cathedral, but has under it only a church '(now abandoned) cut out in the sandstone rock, and of great 'height and size. There is a large church above ground close 'by, and several monastic buildings. Of the Caves I only saw 'some entrances. I fancy they are all artificial, but am not 'sure. The Dordogne is in sight below in the plain. I can-'not lay my hands on any Book for you which gives an account 'of the time the Girondins spent here; or who precisely those 'were that made this their hiding-place.

'I was prepared for what you say of *Mirabeau* and its post-'ponement, from an advertisement of the Articles, in the '*Times*:—but this I only saw the day *after* I had written to 'Paris to order the new Number' of the *London-and-Westmin-ster* 'by mail; so I consider the Editor in my debt for ten or 'twelve francs of postage, which I hope to recover when we get 'our equitable adjustment of all things in this world.

'I have now read through Saint Simon's twenty volumes; 'which have well repaid me. The picture of the daily detail 'of a despotic court is something quite startling from its vivid-'ness and reality; and there is perhaps a much deeper interest 'in his innumerable portraits and biographies,—many of which, 'told in the quietest way, are appalling tragedies; and the best, 'I think, have something painful and delirious about them. I 'have also lounged a good deal over the *Biographie Universelle* 'and *Bayle*. The last I never looked into before. One would 'think he had spent his whole life in the Younger Pliny's 'windowless study; had never seen, except by candlelight; and 'thought the Universe a very good raw-material for books. 'But he is an amiable honest man; and more good material 'than enough was spent in making the case for that logical 'wheel-work of his. As to the *Biographie Universelle*, you 'know it better than I. I wish Craik, or some such man, 'could be employed on an English edition, in which the British

'lives should be better done.—I sent for the *Chinese Cousins* 'as soon as I received your Letter; but the answer was, that 'the book is out of print.

'Have you seen the last Number of the *Foreign Review;* 'where there is an article on Eckermann's *Conversations of 'Goethe,* written by a stupid man, but giving extracts of much 'interest? Goethe's talk has been running in my head for the 'last fortnight; and I find I am more inclined than I was to 'value the flowers that grow (as on the Alps) on the margin 'of his glaciers. I shall read his *Dichtung und Wahrheit,* 'and *Italian Tour,* when the books come in my way. But I 'have still little hope of finding in him what I should look for 'in Jean Paul, and what I possess in some others: a ground 'prolonging and encircling that on which I myself rest.

'I suppose the dramatic projects of Henry Taylor (to whom 'remember me cordially) are mainly *Thomas à Becket.* I too 'have been scheming Tragedies and Novels;— but with little 'notion of doing more than play the cloud-compeller, for want 'of more substantial work on earth. I do not know why, but 'my thoughts have, since I reached this, been running more on 'History and Poetry than on Theology and Philosophy, more 'indeed than for years past. I suppose it is a providential ar-'rangement, that I may find out I am good for as little in the 'one way as the other. — In the mean time do not let my 'monopoly of your correspondence be only a nominal privilege. 'Accept my Wife's kindest remembrances; give my love to 'yours. Tell me if I can do anything for you. Do not let the 'ides of March go by without starting for the Garonne:—and 'believe me,—Yours *jusqu'à la mort sans phrase,*

'JOHN STERLING.'

"*La mort sans phrase*" was Sieyes's vote in the Trial of Louis. Sterling's 'Notes for his own use,' which are here mentioned in reference to that Montaigne pilgrimage of his, were employed not long after, in an Essay on Montaigne.[2] He also read the *Chinese Cousins,* and loved it,—as I had expected. Of which take this memorandum: '*Iu-Kiao-Li, ou les Deux 'Cousines;* translated by Remusat;—well translated into Eng-'lish also, from his version; and one of the notablest Chinese

[2] *London and Westminster Review;* Hare, i. 129.

'books. A book in fact by a Chinese *man of genius;* most 'strangely but recognisably such,—man of genius made on the 'dragon pattern! Recommended to me by Carlyle; to him by 'Leigh Hunt.' The other points need no explanation.

By this time, I conclude, as indeed this Letter indicates, the theological tumult was decidedly abating in him; to which result this still hermit-life in the Gironde would undoubtedly contribute. Tholuck, Schleiermacher, and the war of articles and rubrics, were left in the far distance; Nature's blue skies, and awful eternal verities, were once more around one, and small still voices, admonitory of many things, could in the beautiful solitude freely reach the heart. Theologies, rubrics, surplices, church-articles, and this enormous ever-repeated thrashing of the straw? A world of rotten straw; thrashed all into powder; filling the Universe and blotting-out the stars and worlds:—Heaven pity you with such a thrashing-floor for world, and its draggled dirty farthing-candle for sun! There is surely other worship possible for the heart of man; there should be other work, or none at all, for the intellect and creative faculty of man!—

It was here, I find, that Literature first again decisively began to dawn on Sterling as the goal he ought to aim at. To this, with his poor broken opportunities and such inward faculties as were given him, it became gradually clearer that he ought altogether to apply himself. Such result was now decisively beginning for him; the original bent of his mind, the dim mandate of all the facts in his outward and inward condition; evidently the one wholesome tendency for him, which grew ever clearer to the end of his course, and gave at least one steady element, and that the central one, in his fluctuating existence henceforth. It was years still before he got the inky tints of that Coleridgean adventure completely bleached from his mind; but here the process had begun,—and I doubt not, we have to thank the solitude of Floirac for it a little; which is some consolation for the illness that sent him thither.

His best hours here were occupied in purely literary occupations; in attempts at composition on his own footing again. Unluckily in this too the road for him was now far away, after so many years of aberration; true road not to be found all at

once. But at least he was seeking it again. The *Sexton's Daughter*, which he composed here this season, did by no means altogether please us as a Poem; but it was, or deserved to be, very welcome as a symptom of spiritual return to the open air. Adieu, ye thrashing-floors of rotten straw, with bleared tallow-light for sun; to you adieu! The angry sordid dust-whirlwinds begin to allay themselves; settle into soil underfoot, where their place is: glimpses, call them distant intimations still much veiled, of the everlasting azure, and a much higher and wider priesthood than that under copes and mitres, and wretched dead mediæval monkeries and extinct traditions. This was perhaps the chief intellectual result of Sterling's residence at Bordeaux, and flight to the Gironde in pursuit of health; which does not otherwise deserve to count as an epoch or chapter with him.

In the course of the summer and autumn 1837, I do not now find at what exact dates, he made two journeys from Bordeaux to England; the first by himself, on various small specific businesses, and uncertain outlooks; the second with his family, having at last, after hesitation, decided on removal from those parts. 'The cholera had come to France;'—add to which, I suppose, his solitude at Belsito was growing irksome, and home and merry England, in comparison with the monotony of the Gironde, had again grown inviting. He had vaguely purposed to make for Nice in the coming winter; but that also the cholera or other causes prevented. His Brother Anthony, a gallant young soldier, was now in England, home from the Ionian Islands on a visit to old friends and scenes; and that doubtless was a new and strong inducement hitherward. It was this summer, I think, that the two Brothers revisited together the scene of their early boyhood at Llanblethian; a touching pilgrimage, of which John gave me account in reference to something similar of my own in Scotland, where I then was.

Here, in a Letter to his Mother, is notice of his return from the first of these sallies into England; and how doubtful all at Bordeaux still was, and how pleasant some little certainties at home. The 'Annie' of whose 'engagement' there is mention, was Miss Anna Barton, Mrs. John Sterling's younger sister,

who, to the joy of more than one party, as appears, had accepted his friend Maurice while Sterling was in England :

'*To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.*

'Floirac, 7th August 1837.

'My dear Mother,—I am now beginning to feel a little 'less dizzy and tired, and will try to write you a few lines to 'tell you of my fortunes.

'I found my things all right at the Albion. Unluckily, the 'steamer could not start from Brighton, and I was obliged to 'go over to Shoreham ; but the weather cleared up, and we 'had rather a smooth passage into France. The wind was off 'the French coast, so that we were in calm water at last. We 'got in about ten o'clock ;—too late for the Custom-house. 'Next morning I settled all my business early ; but was de- 'tained for horses till nine,—owing to the nearness of the Duke 'of Orleans, which had caused a great stir on the roads. I 'was for the same reason stopped at Rouen ; and I was once 'again stopped, on Saturday for an hour, waiting for horses ; 'otherwise I travelled without any delay, and in the finest wea- 'ther, from Dieppe to this place, which I reached on Sunday 'morning at five. I took the shortest road, by Alençon, Saumur 'and Niort ; and was very well satisfied with my progress,— 'at least, till about Blaye, on the Garonne, where there was a 'good deal of deep sand, which, instead of running merrily 'through the hour-glass of Time, on the contrary clogged the 'wheels of my carriage. At last, however, I reached home ; 'and found everybody well, and glad to see me.—I felt tired 'and stupid, and not at all disposed to write. But I am now 'sorry I did not overcome my laziness, and send you a line to 'announce my safe arrival ; for I know that at a distance 'people naturally grow anxious, even without any reason.

'It seems now almost like a dream, that I have ever been 'away from hence. But Annie's engagement to Maurice is, I 'trust, a lasting memorial of my journey. I find Susan quite 'as much pleased as I expected with her Sister's prospects ; 'and satisfied that nothing could have so well secured her hap- 'piness, and mental (or rather cordial) advancement as her 'union to such a man. On the whole, it is a great happiness 'to me to look back both to this matter, and on the kindness

'and affection of the relatives and friends whom I saw in Eng-
'land. It will be a very painful disappointment to me if I
'should be obliged to pass the next summer without taking my
'Wife and Children to our own country:—we will, at all events,
'enjoy the hope of my doing so. In the mean time I trust you
'will enjoy your Tour, and on your return spend a quiet and
'cheerful winter. Love to my Father, and kindest regards to
'Mrs. Carlyle.—Your affectionate son, JOHN STERLING.'

CHAPTER V.

TO MADEIRA.

STERLING'S dubieties as to continuing at Bordeaux were quickly decided. The cholera in France, the cholera in Nice, the—In fact his moorings were now loose; and having been fairly at sea, he never could anchor himself here again. Very shortly after this Letter, he left Belsito again (for good, as it proved); and returned to England with his household, there to consider what should next be done.

On my return from Scotland, that year, perhaps late in September, I remember finding him lodged straitly but cheerfully, and in happy humour, in a little cottage on Blackheath; whither his Father one day persuaded me to drive out with him for dinner. Our welcome, I can still recollect, was conspicuously cordial; the place of dinner a kind of upper room, half-garret and full of books, which seemed to be John's place of study. From a shelf, I remember also, the good soul took down a book modestly enough bound in three volumes, lettered on the back *Carlyle's French Revolution*, which had been published lately; this he with friendly banter bade me look at as a first symptom, small but significant, that the book was not to die all at once. "One copy of it at least might hope to last the date of sheep-leather," I admitted,—and in my then mood the little fact was welcome. Our dinner, frank and happy on the part of Sterling, was peppered with abundant jolly satire from his Father: before tea, I took myself away; towards Woolwich, I remember, where probably there was another call to make, and passage homeward by steamer: Sterling strode

along with me a good bit of road in the bright sunny evening, full of lively friendly talk, and altogether kind and amiable; and beautifully sympathetic with the loads he thought he saw on *me*, forgetful of his own. We shook hands on the road near the foot of Shooter's Hill :—at which point dim oblivious clouds rush down; and of small or great I remember nothing more in my history or his for some time.

Besides running much about among friends, and holding counsels for the management of the coming winter, Sterling was now considerably occupied with Literature again; and indeed may be said to have already definitely taken it up as the one practical pursuit left for him. Some correspondence with *Blackwood's Magazine* was opening itself, under promising omens: now, and more and more henceforth, he began to look on Literature as his real employment, after all; and was prosecuting it with his accustomed loyalty and ardour. And he continued ever afterwards, in spite of such fitful circumstances and uncertain outward fluctuations as his were sure of being, to prosecute it steadily with all the strength he had.

One evening about this time, he came down to us, to Chelsea, most likely by appointment and with stipulation for privacy; and read, for our opinion, his Poem of the *Sexton's Daughter*, which we now first heard of. The judgment in this house was friendly, but not the most encouraging. We found the piece monotonous, cast in the mould of Wordsworth, deficient in real human fervour or depth of melody, dallying on the borders of the infantile and "goody-good;"—in fact, involved still in the shadows of the surplice, and inculcating (on hearsay mainly) a weak morality, which he would one day find not to be moral at all, but in good part maudlin-hypocritical and immoral. As indeed was to be said still of most of his performances, especially the poetical; a sickly *shadow* of the parish-church still hanging over them, which he could by no means recognise for sickly. *Imprimatur* nevertheless was the concluding word,—with these grave abatements, and rhadamanthine admonitions. To all which Sterling listened seriously and in the mildest humour. His reading, it might have been added, had much hurt the effect of the piece: a dreary pulpit or even conventicle manner; that flattest moaning hoo-hoo of predetermined pathos, with a kind of rocking canter

introduced by way of intonation, each stanza the exact fellow of the other, and the dull swing of the rocking-horse duly in each ;—no reading could be more unfavourable to Sterling's poetry than his own. Such a mode of reading, and indeed generally in a man of such vivacity the total absence of all gifts for playacting or artistic mimicry in any kind, was a noticeable point.

After much consultation, it was settled at last that Sterling should go to Madeira for the winter. One gray dull autumn afternoon, towards the middle of October, I remember walking with him to the eastern Dock region, to see his ship, and how the final preparations in his own little cabin were proceeding there. A dingy little ship, the deck crowded with packages, and bustling sailors within eight-and-forty hours of lifting anchor; a dingy chill smoky day, as I have said withal, and a chaotic element and outlook, enough to make a friend's heart sad. I admired the cheerful careless humour and brisk activity of Sterling, who took the matter all on the sunny side, as he was wont in such cases. We came home together in manifold talk : he accepted with the due smile my last contribution to his sea-equipment, a sixpenny box of German lucifers purchased on the sudden in St. James's Street, fit to be offered with laughter or with tears or with both ; he was to leave for Portsmouth almost immediately, and there go on board. Our next news was of his safe arrival in the temperate Isle. Mrs. Sterling and the children were left at Knightsbridge ; to pass this winter with his Father and Mother.

At Madeira Sterling did well : improved in health ; was busy with much Literature ; and fell-in with society which he could reckon pleasant. He was much delighted with the scenery of the place ; found the climate wholesome to him in a marked degree ; and, with good news from home, and kindly interests here abroad, passed no disagreeable winter in that exile. There was talking, there was writing, there was hope of better health ; he rode almost daily, in cheerful busy humour, along those fringed shore-roads :— beautiful leafy roads and horse-paths ; with here and there a wild cataract and bridge to look at ; and always with the soft sky overhead,

the dead volcanic mountain on one hand, and broad illimitable sea spread out on the other. Here are two Letters which give reasonably good account of him :

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Funchal, Madeira, 16th November 1837.

'MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I have been writing a good many 'letters all in a batch, to go by the same opportunity ; and 'I am thoroughly weary of writing the same things over and 'over again to different people. My letter to you therefore, I 'fear, must have much of the character of remainder-biscuit. 'But you will receive it as a proof that I do not wish you to 'forget me, though it may be useless for any other purpose.

'I reached this on the 2d, after a tolerably prosperous voy- 'age, deformed by some days of sea-sickness, but otherwise not 'to be complained of. I liked my twenty fellow-passengers far 'better than I expected ;—three or four of them I like much, 'and continue to see frequently. The Island too is better than 'I expected : so that my Barataria at least does not disappoint 'me. The bold rough mountains, with mist about their sum- 'mits, verdure below, and a bright sun over all, please me much ; 'and I ride daily on the steep and narrow paved roads, which 'no wheels ever journeyed on. The Town is clean, and there 'its merits end : but I am comfortably lodged ; with a large 'and pleasant sitting-room to myself. I have met with much 'kindness ; and see all the society I want,—though it is not 'quite equal to that of London, even excluding Chelsea.

'I have got about me what Books I brought out ; and have 'read a little, and done some writing for *Blackwood*,—all, I 'have the pleasure to inform you, prose, nay extremely prose. 'I shall now be more at leisure ; and hope to get more steadily 'to work ; though I do not know what I shall begin upon. As 'to reading, I have been looking at *Goethe*, especially the *Life*, '—much as a shying horse looks at a post. In truth, I am 'afraid of him. I enjoy and admire him so much, and feel I 'could so easily be tempted to go along with him. And yet I 'have a deeply-rooted and old persuasion that he was the most 'splendid of anachronisms. A thoroughly, nay intensely Pagan 'Life, in an age when it is men's duty to be Christian. I there- 'fore never take him up without a kind of inward check, as if

'I were trying some forbidden spell; while, on the other hand, 'there is so infinitely much to be learnt from him, and it is so 'needful to understand the world we live in, and our own age, 'and especially its greatest minds, that I cannot bring myself 'to burn my books as the converted Magicians did, or sink 'them as did Prospero. There must, as I think, have been 'some prodigious defect in his mind, to let him hold such views 'as his about women and some other things; and in another 'respect, I find so much coldness and hollowness as to the 'highest truths, and feel so strongly that the Heaven he looks 'up to is but a vault of ice,—that these two indications, lead- 'ing to the same conclusion, go far to convince me he was a 'profoundly immoral and irreligious spirit, with as rare facul- 'ties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one. All this may 'be mere *goody* weakness and twaddle, on my part: but it is 'a persuasion that I cannot escape from; though I should feel 'the doing so to be a deliverance from a most painful load. If 'you could help me, I heartily wish you would. I never take 'him up without high admiration, or lay him down without real 'sorrow for what he chose to be.

'I have been reading nothing else that you would much 'care for. Southey's *Amadis* has amused me; and Lyell's *Geo- 'logy* interested me. The latter gives one the same sort of be- 'wildering view of the abysmal extent of Time that Astronomy 'does of Space. I do not think I shall take your advice as to 'learning Portuguese. It is said to be very ill spoken here; 'and assuredly it is the most direful series of nasal twangs I ever 'heard. One gets on quite well with English.

'The people here are, I believe, in a very low condition; 'but they do not appear miserable. I am told that the influ- 'ence of the priests makes the peasantry all Miguelites; but it 'is said that nobody wants any more revolutions. There is no 'appearance of riot or crime; and they are all extremely civil. 'I was much interested by learning that Columbus once lived 'here, before he found America and fame. I have been to see 'a deserted *quinta* (country-house), where there is a great deal 'of curious old sculpture, in relief, upon the masonry; many of 'the figures, which are nearly as large as life, representing sol- 'diers clad and armed much as I should suppose those of Cor- 'tez were. There are no buildings about the Town, of the

'smallest pretensions to beauty or charm of any kind. On the 'whole, if Madeira were one's world, life would certainly rather 'tend to stagnate; but as a temporary refuge, a niche in an 'old ruin where one is sheltered from the shower, it has great 'merit. I am more comfortable and contented than I expected 'to be, so far from home and from everybody I am closely con-'nected with: but, of course, it is at best a tolerable exile.

'Tell Mrs. Carlyle that I have written, since I have been 'here, and am going to send to *Blackwood*, a humble imitation 'of her *Watch and Canary-Bird*, entitled *The Suit of Armour 'and the Skeleton*.[1] I am conscious that I am far from having 'reached the depth and fulness of despair and mockery which 'distinguish the original! But in truth there is a lightness of 'tone about her style, which I hold to be invaluable: where 'she makes hairstrokes, I make blotches. I have a vehement 'suspicion that my Dialogue is an entire failure; but I cannot 'be plagued with it any longer. Tell her I will not send her 'messages, but will write to her soon.—Meanwhile I am affec-'tionately hers and yours, JOHN STERLING.'

The next is to his Brother-in-law; and in a still hopefuler tone:

'*To Charles Barton, Esq.*[2]

'Funchal, Madeira, 3d March 1838.

'MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have often been thinking of you 'and your whereabouts in Germany, and wishing I knew more 'about you; and at last it occurred to me that you might per-'haps have the same wish about me, and that therefore I should 'do well to write to you.

'I have been here exactly four months, having arrived on 'the 2d of November,—my wedding-day; and though you per-'haps may not think it a compliment to Susan, I have seldom 'passed four months more cheerfully and agreeably. I have 'of course felt my absence from my family, and missed the 'society of my friends; for there is not a person here whom I 'knew before I left England. But, on the whole, I have been 'in good health, and actively employed. I have a good many

[1] Came out, as will soon appear, in *Blackwood* (February 1838).

[2] '*Hôtel de l'Europe, Berlin*,' added in Mrs. Sterling's hand.

'agreeable and valuable acquaintances, one or two of whom I 'hope I may hereafter reckon as friends. The weather has 'generally been fine, and never cold; and the scenery of the 'Island is of a beauty which you unhappy Northern people can 'have little conception of.

'It consists of a great mass of volcanic mountains, covered 'in their lower parts with cottages, vines and patches of vege- 'tables. When you pass through, or over the central ridge, 'and get towards the North, there are woods of trees, of the 'laurel kind, covering the wild steep slopes, and forming some 'of the strangest and most beautiful prospects I have ever seen. 'Towards the interior, the forms of the hills become more 'abrupt, and loftier; and give the notion of very recent vol- 'canic disturbances, though in fact there has been nothing of 'the kind since the discovery of the Island by Europeans. 'Among these mountains, the dark deep precipices, and narrow 'ravines with small streams at the bottom; the basaltic knobs 'and ridges on the summits; and the perpetual play of mist 'and cloud around them, under this bright sun and clear sky,— 'form landscapes which you would thoroughly enjoy, and which 'I much wish I could give you a notion of. The Town is on 'the south, and of course the sheltered side of the Island; per- 'fectly protected from the North and East; although we have 'seen sometimes patches of bright snow on the dark peaks in 'the distance. It is a neat cheerful place; all built of gray 'stone, but having many of the houses coloured white or red. 'There is not a really handsome building in it, but there is a 'general aspect of comfort and solidity. The shops are very 'poor. The English do not mix at all with the Portuguese. 'The Bay is a very bad anchorage; but is wide, bright and 'cheerful; and there are some picturesque points,—one a small 'black island,—scattered about it.

'I lived till a fortnight ago in lodgings, having two rooms, 'one a very good one; and paying for everything fifty-six dol- 'lars a month, the dollar being four shillings and twopence. 'This you will see is dear; but I could make no better ar- 'rangement, for there is an unusual affluence of strangers this 'year. I have now come to live with a friend, a Dr. Calvert, 'in a small house of our own, where I am much more com- 'fortable, and live greatly cheaper. He is a friend of Mrs Per-

'cival's; about my age, an Oriel man, and a very superior 'person. I think the chances are, we shall go home together.' * * * 'I cannot tell you of all the other people I have be-'come familiar with; and shall only mention in addition Bing-'ham Baring, eldest son of Lord Ashburton, who was here for 'some weeks on account of a dying brother, and whom I saw a 'great deal of. He is a pleasant, very good-natured and rather 'clever man; Conservative Member for North Staffordshire.

'During the first two months I was here, I rode a great 'deal about the Island, having a horse regularly; and was much 'in agreeable company, seeing a great deal of beautiful scenery. 'Since then the weather has been much more unsettled, though 'not cold; and I have gone about less, as I cannot risk the being 'wet. But I have spent my time pleasantly, reading and writ-'ing. I have written a good many things for *Blackwood;* one 'of which, the *Armour and the Skeleton*, I see is printed in the 'February Number. I have just sent them a long Tale, called 'the *Onyx Ring*, which cost me a good deal of trouble; and 'the extravagance of which, I think, would amuse you; but its 'length may prevent its appearance in *Blackwood.* If so, I 'think I should make a volume of it. I have also written some 'poems, and shall probably publish the *Sexton's Daughter* when 'I return.

'My health goes on most favourably. I have had no attack 'of the chest this spring; which has not happened to me since 'the spring before we went to Bonn; and I am told, if I take 'care, I may roll along for years. But I have little hope of 'being allowed to spend the four first months of any year in 'England; and the question will be, Whether to go at once to 'Italy, by way of Germany and Switzerland, with my family, 'or to settle with them in England, perhaps at Hastings, and 'go abroad myself when it may be necessary. I cannot decide 'till I return; but I think the latter the most probable.

'To my dear Charles I do not like to use the ordinary forms 'of ending a letter, for they are very inadequate to express my 'sense of your long and most unvarying kindness; but be 'assured no one living could say with more sincerity that he is 'ever affectionately yours, JOHN STERLING.'

Other Letters give occasionally views of the shadier side of

things: dark broken weather, in the sky and in the mind; ugly clouds covering one's poor fitful transitory prospect, for a time, as they might well do in Sterling's case. Meanwhile we perceive his literary business is fast developing itself; amid all his confusions, he is never idle long. Some of his best Pieces,—the *Onyx Ring*, for one, as we perceive,—were written here this winter. Out of the turbid whirlpool of the days he strives assiduously to snatch what he can.

Sterling's communications with *Blackwood's Magazine* had now issued in some open sanction of him by Professor Wilson, the distinguished presiding spirit of that Periodical; a fact naturally of high importance to him under the literary point of view. For Wilson, with his clear flashing eye and great genial heart, had at once recognised Sterling; and lavished stormily, in his wild generous way, torrents of praise on him in the editorial comments: which undoubtedly was one of the gratefulest literary baptisms, by fire or by water, that could befall a soul like Sterling's. He bore it very gently, being indeed past the age to have his head turned by anybody's praises; nor do I think the exaggeration that was in these eulogies did him any ill whatever; while surely their generous encouragement did him much good, in his solitary struggle towards new activity under such impediments as his. *Laudari a laudato;* to be called noble by one whom you and the world recognise as noble: this great satisfaction, never perhaps in such a degree before or after, had now been vouchsafed to Sterling; and was, as I compute, an important fact for him. He proceeded on his pilgrimage with new energy, and felt more and more as if authentically consecrated to the same.

The *Onyx Ring*, a curious Tale, with wild improbable basis, but with a noble glow of colouring and with other high merits in it, a Tale still worth reading, in which, among the imaginary characters, various friends of Sterling's are shadowed forth, not always in the truest manner, came out in *Blackwood* in the winter of this year. Surely a very high talent for painting, both of scenery and persons, is visible in this Fiction; the promise of a Novel such as we have few. But there wants maturing, wants purifying of clear from unclear;—properly there want patience and steady depth. The basis, as we said, is wild and loose; and in the details, lucent often with fine colour, and dipt

in beautiful sunshine, there are several things mis*seen*, untrue, which is the worst species of mispainting. Witness, as Sterling himself would have by and by admitted, the 'empty clockcase' (so we called it) which he has labelled Goethe,—which puts all other untruths in the Piece to silence.

One of the great alleviations of his exile at Madeira he has already celebrated to us: the pleasant circle of society he fell into there. Great luck, thinks Sterling in this voyage; as indeed there was: but he himself, moreover, was readier than most men to fall into pleasant circles everywhere, being singularly prompt to make the most of any circle. Some of his Madeira acquaintanceships were really good; and one of them, if not more, ripened into comradeship and friendship for him. He says, as we saw, 'The chances are, Calvert and I will come home together.'

Among the English in pursuit of health, or in flight from fatal disease, that winter, was this Dr. Calvert; an excellent ingenious cheery Cumberland gentleman, about Sterling's age, and in a deeper stage of ailment, this not being his first visit to Madeira: he, warmly joining himself to Sterling, as we have seen, was warmly received by him; so that there soon grew a close and free intimacy between them; which for the next three years, till poor Calvert ended his course, was a leading element in the history of both. Companionship in incurable malady, a touching bond of union, was by no means purely or chiefly a companionship in misery in their case. The sunniest inextinguishable cheerfulness shone, through all manner of clouds, in both. Calvert had been travelling physician in some family of rank, who had rewarded him with a pension, shielding his own ill-health from one sad evil. Being hopelessly gone in pulmonary disorder, he now moved about among friendly climates and places, seeking what alleviation there might be; often spending his summers in the house of a sister in the environs of London; an insatiable rider on his little brown pony; always, wherever you might meet him, one of the cheeriest of men. He had plenty of speculation too, clear glances of all kinds into religious, social, moral concerns; and pleasantly incited Sterling's outpourings on such subjects. He could report of fashionable persons and manners, in a fine human Cumberland manner;

loved art, a great collector of drawings; he had endless help and ingenuity; and was, in short, every way a very human, lovable, good and nimble man,—the laughing blue eyes of him, the clear cheery soul of him, still redolent of the fresh Northern breezes and transparent Mountain streams. With this Calvert, Sterling formed a natural intimacy; and they were to each other a great possession, mutually enlivening many a dark day during the next three years. They did come home together this spring; and subsequently made several of these health-journeys in partnership.

CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE: THE STERLING CLUB.

In spite of these wanderings, Sterling's course in life, so far as his poor life could have any course or aim beyond that of screening itself from swift death, was getting more and more clear to him; and he pursued it diligently, in the only way permitted him, by hasty snatches, in the intervals of continual fluctuation, change of place and other interruption.

Such, once for all, were the conditions appointed him. And it must be owned he had, with a most kindly temper, adjusted himself to these; nay you would have said, he loved them; it was almost as if he would have chosen them as the suitablest. Such an adaptation was there in him of volition to necessity:—for indeed they both, if well seen into, proceeded from one source. Sterling's bodily disease was the expression, under physical conditions, of the too vehement life which, under the moral, the intellectual and other aspects, incessantly struggled within him. Too vehement;—which would have required a frame of oak and iron to contain it: in a thin though most wiry body of flesh and bone, it incessantly 'wore holes,' and so found outlet for itself. He could take no rest, he had never learned that art; he was, as we often reproached him, fatally incapable of sitting still. Rapidity, as of pulsing auroras, as of dancing lightnings: rapidity in all forms characterised him. This, which was his bane, in many senses, being the real origin of his disorder, and of such continual necessity to move and change,—was also his antidote, so far as antidote there might

be ; enabling him to love change, and to snatch, as few others could have done, from the waste chaotic years, all tumbled into ruin by incessant change, what hours and minutes of available turned up. He had an incredible facility of labour. He flashed with most piercing glance into a subject ; gathered it up into organic utterability, with truly wonderful dispatch, considering the success and truth attained ; and threw it on paper with a swift felicity, ingenuity, brilliancy and general excellence, of which, under such conditions of swiftness, I have never seen a parallel. Essentially an *improviser* genius ; as his Father too was, and of admirable completeness he too, though under a very different form.

If Sterling has done little in Literature, we may ask, What other man than he, in such circumstances, could have done anything ? In virtue of these rapid faculties, which otherwise cost him so dear, he has built together, out of those wavering boiling quicksands of his few later years, a result which may justly surprise us. There is actually some result in those poor Two Volumes gathered from him, such as they are ; he that reads there will not wholly lose his time, nor rise with a malison instead of a blessing on the writer. Here actually is a real seer-glance, of some compass, into the world of our day ; blessed glance, once more, of an eye that is human ; truer than one of a thousand, and beautifully capable of making others see with it. I have known considerable temporary reputations gained, considerable piles of temporary guineas, with loud reviewing and the like to match, on a far less basis than lies in those two volumes. Those also, I expect, will be held in memory by the world, one way or other, till the world has extracted all its benefit from them. Graceful, ingenious and illuminative reading, of their sort, for all manner of inquiring souls. A little verdant flowery island of poetic intellect, of melodious human verity ; sunlit island founded on the rocks ;—which the enormous circumambient continents of mown reedgrass and floating lumber, with *their* mountain-ranges of ejected stable-litter however alpine, cannot by any means or chance submerge : nay, I expect, they will not even quite hide it, this modest little island, from the well-discerning ; but will float past it towards the place appointed for them, and leave said island standing. *Allah kereem,* say the Arabs ! And of the English also some

still know that there is a difference in the material of mountains!—

As it is this last little result, the amount of his poor and ever-interrupted literary labour, that henceforth forms the essential history of Sterling, we need not dwell at too much length on the foreign journeys, disanchorings, and nomadic vicissitudes of household, which occupy his few remaining years, and which are only the disastrous and accidental arena of this. He had now, excluding his early and more deliberate residence in the West Indies, made two flights abroad, once with his family, once without, in search of health. He had two more, in rapid succession, to make, and many more to meditate; and in the whole from Bayswater to the end, his family made no fewer than five complete changes of abode, for his sake. But these cannot be accepted as in any sense epochs in his life: the one last epoch of his life was that of his internal change towards Literature as his work in the world; and we need not linger much on these, which are the mere outer accidents of that, and had no distinguished influence in modifying that.

Friends still hoped the unrest of that brilliant too-rapid soul would abate with years. Nay the doctors sometimes promised, on the physical side, a like result; prophesying that, at forty-five or some mature age, the stress of disease might quit the lungs, and direct itself to other quarters of the system. But no such result was appointed for us; neither forty-five itself, nor the ameliorations promised then, were ever to be reached. Four voyages abroad, three of them without his family, in flight from death; and at home, for a like reason, five complete shiftings of abode: in such wandering manner, and not otherwise, had Sterling to continue his pilgrimage till it ended.

Once more I must say, his cheerfulness throughout was wonderful. A certain grimmer shade, coming gradually over him, might perhaps be noticed in the concluding years; not impatience properly, yet the consciousness how much he needed patience; something more caustic in his tone of wit, more trenchant and indignant occasionally in his tone of speech: but at no moment was his activity bewildered or abated, nor did his composure ever give way. No; both his activity and his composure he bore with him, through all weathers, to the final close;

and on the whole, right manfully he walked his wild stern way towards the goal, and like a Roman wrapped his mantle round him when he fell.—Let us glance, with brevity, at what he saw and suffered in his remaining pilgrimings and changings; and count-up what fractions of spiritual fruit he realised to us from them.

Calvert and he returned from Madeira in spring 1838. Mrs. Sterling and the family had lived in Knightsbridge with his Father's people through winter: they now changed to Blackheath, or ultimately Hastings, and he with them, coming up to London pretty often; uncertain what was to be done for next winter. Literature went on briskly here: *Blackwood* had from him, besides the *Onyx Ring* which soon came out with due honour, assiduous almost monthly contributions in prose and verse. The series called *Hymns of a Hermit* was now going on; eloquent melodies, tainted to me with something of the same disease as the *Sexton's Daughter*, though perhaps in a less degree, considering that the strain was in a so much higher pitch. Still better, in clear eloquent prose, the series of detached thoughts, entitled *Crystals from a Cavern;* of which the set of fragments, generally a little larger in compass, called *Thoughts and Images*, and again those called *Sayings and Essayings*,[1] are properly continuations. Add to which, his friend John Mill had now charge of a Review, *The London and Westminster* its name; wherein Sterling's assistance, ardently desired, was freely afforded, with satisfaction to both parties, in this and the following years. An Essay on *Montaigne*, with the notes and reminiscences already spoken of, was Sterling's first contribution here; then one on *Simonides*:[2] both of the present season.

On these and other businesses, slight or important, he was often running up to London; and gave us almost the feeling of his being resident among us. In order to meet the most or a good many of his friends at once on such occasions, he now furthermore contrived the scheme of a little Club, where monthly over a frugal dinner some reunion might take place; that is, where friends of his, and withal such friends of theirs as suited, —and in fine, where a small select company definable as persons to whom it was pleasant to talk together,—might have a

[1] Hare, ii. 95-167. [2] Ib. i. 129, 188.

little opportunity of talking. The scheme was approved by the persons concerned: I have a copy of the Original Regulations, probably drawn-up by Sterling, a very solid lucid piece of economics; and the List of the proposed Members, signed 'James Spedding, Secretary,' and dated '8th August 1838.'[3] The Club grew; was at first called the *Anonymous Club;* then, after some months of success, in compliment to the founder who had now left us again, the *Sterling Club;*—under which latter name, it once lately, for a time, owing to the Religious Newspapers, became rather famous in the world! In which strange circumstances the name was again altered, to suit weak brethren; and the Club still subsists, in a sufficiently flourishing though happily once more a private condition. That is the origin and genesis of poor Sterling's Club; which, having honestly paid the shot for itself at Will's Coffeehouse or elsewhere, rashly fancied its bits of affairs were quite settled; and once little thought of getting into Books of History with them!—

[3] Here in a Note they are, if they can be important to anybody. The marks of interrogation, attached to some Names as not yet consulted or otherwise questionable, are in the Secretary's hand:

J. D. Acland, Esq.
Hon. W. B. Baring.
Rev. J. W. Blakesley.
W. Boxall, Esq.
T. Carlyle, Esq.
Hon. R. Cavendish (?)
H. N. Coleridge, Esq. (?)
J. W. Colville, Esq.
Allan Cunningham, Esq. (?)
Rev. H. Donn.
F. H. Doyle, Esq.
C. L. Eastlake, Esq.
Alex. Ellice, Esq.
J. F. Elliott, Esq.
Copley Fielding, Esq.
Rev. J. C. Hare.
Sir Edmund Head (?)
D. D. Heath, Esq.
G. C. Lewis, Esq.
H. L. Lushington, Esq.
The Lord Lyttleton.
C. Macarthy, Esq.
H. Malden, Esq.
J. S. Mill, Esq.
R. M. Milnes, Esq.
R. Monteith, Esq.
S. A. O'Brien, Esq
Sir F. Palgrave (?)
W. F. Pollok, Esq.
Philip Pusey, Esq.
A. Rio, Esq.
C. Romilly, Esq.
James Spedding, Esq.
Rev. John Sterling.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq.
Rev. Connop Thirlwall.
Rev. W. Hepworth Thompson
Edward Twisleton, Esq.
G. S. Venables, Esq.
Samuel Wood, Esq.
Rev. T. Worsley.

James Spedding, *Secretary.*
8th August 1838.

But now, Autumn approaching, Sterling had to quit Clubs, for matters of sadder consideration. A new removal, what we call 'his third peregrinity,' had to be decided on; and it was resolved that Rome should be the goal of it, the journey to be done in company with Calvert, whom also the Italian climate might be made to serve instead of Madeira. One of the liveliest recollections I have, connected with the *Anonymous Club*, is that of once escorting Sterling, after a certain meeting there, which I had seen only towards the end, and now remember nothing of,—except that, on breaking-up, he proved to be encumbered with a carpet-bag, and could not at once find a cab for Knightsbridge. Some small bantering hereupon, during the instants of embargo. But we carried his carpet-bag, slinging it on my stick, two or three of us alternately, through dusty vacant streets, under the gaslights and the stars, towards the surest cab-stand; still jesting, or pretending to jest, he and we, not in the mirthfulest manner; and had (I suppose) our own feelings about the poor Pilgrim, who was to go on the morrow, and had hurried to meet us in this way, as the last thing before leaving England.

CHAPTER VII.

ITALY.

THE journey to Italy was undertaken by advice of Sir James Clark, reckoned the chief authority in pulmonary therapeutics; who prophesied important improvements from it, and perhaps even the possibility henceforth of living all the year in some English home. Mrs. Sterling and the children continued in a house avowedly temporary, a furnished house at Hastings, through the winter. The two friends had set off for Belgium, while the due warmth was still in the air. They traversed Belgium, looking well at pictures and such objects; ascended the Rhine; rapidly traversed Switzerland and the Alps; issuing upon Italy and Milan, with immense appetite for pictures, and time still to gratify themselves in that pursuit, and be deliberate in their approach to Rome. We will take this free-flowing sketch of their passage over the Alps; written amid 'the rocks of Arona,'—Santo Borromeo's country, and poor little Mignon's!

The 'elder Perdonnets' are opulent Lausanne people, to whose late son Sterling had been very kind in Madeira the year before:

'*To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.*

'Arona on the Lago Maggiore, 8th Oct. 1838.

'My dear Mother,—I bring down the story of my pro-
'ceedings to the present time since the 29th of September. I
'think it must have been after that day that I was at a great
'breakfast at the elder Perdonnets', with whom I had declined
'to dine, not choosing to go out at night. * * * I was taken
'by my hostess to see several pretty pleasure-grounds and points
'of view in the neighbourhood; and latterly Calvert was better,
'and able to go with us. He was in force again, and our pass-
'ports were all settled so as to enable us to start on the morn-
'ing of the 2d, after taking leave of our kind entertainer with
'thanks for her infinite kindness.

'We reached St. Maurice early that evening; having had
'the Dent du Midi close to us for several hours; glittering like
'the top of a silver teapot, far up in the sky. Our course lay
'along the Valley of the Rhone; which is considered one of the
'least beautiful parts of Switzerland, and perhaps for this reason
'pleased us, as we had not been prepared to expect much. We
'saw, before reaching the foot of the Alpine pass at Brieg, two
'rather celebrated Waterfalls; the one the Pissevache, which
'has no more beauty than any waterfall one hundred or two
'hundred feet high must necessarily have: the other, near
'Tourtemagne, is much more pleasing, having foliage round it,
'and being in a secluded dell. If you buy a Swiss Waterfall,
'choose this one.

'Our second day took us through Martigny to Sion, cele-
'brated for its picturesque towers upon detached hills, for its
'strong Romanism and its population of *crétins*, — that is,
'maimed idiots having the *goitre*. It looked to us a more
'thriving place than we expected. They are building a great
'deal; among other things, a new Bishop's Palace and a new
'Nunnery,—to inhabit either of which *ex officio* I feel myself
'very unsuitable. From Sion we came to Brieg; a little village
'in a nook, close under an enormous mountain and glacier,
'where it lies like a molehill, or something smaller, at the foot

'of a haystack. Here also we slept; and the next day our 'voiturier, who had brought us from Lausanne, started with us 'up the Simplon Pass; helped on by two extra horses.

'The beginning of the road was rather cheerful; having a 'good deal of green pasturage, and some mountain villages; 'but it soon becomes dreary and savage in aspect, and but for 'our bright sky and warm air, would have been truly dismal. 'However, we gained gradually a distinct and near view of 'several large glaciers; and reached at last the high and melan- 'choly valleys of the Upper Alps; where even the pines become 'scanty, and no sound is heard but the wheels of one's carriage, 'except when there happens to be a storm or an avalanche, 'neither of which entertained us. There is, here and there, a 'small stream of water pouring from the snow; but this is rather 'a monotonous accompaniment to the general desolation than 'an interruption of it. The road itself is certainly very good, 'and impresses one with a strong notion of human power. But 'the common descriptions are much exaggerated; and many of 'what the Guide-Books call "galleries" are merely parts of the 'road supported by a wall built against the rock, and have no- 'thing like a roof above them. The "stupendous bridges," as 'they are called, might be packed, a dozen together, into one 'arch of London Bridge; and they are seldom even very strik- 'ing from the depth below. The roadway is excellent, and 'kept in the best order. On the whole, I am very glad to have 'travelled the most famous road in Europe, and to have had 'delightful weather for doing so, as indeed we have had ever 'since we left Lausanne. The Italian descent is greatly more 'remarkable than the other side.

'We slept near the top, at the Village of Simplon, in a very 'fair and well-warmed inn, close to a mountain stream, which 'is one of the great ornaments of this side of the road. We 'have here passed into a region of granite, from that of lime- 'stone, and what is called gneiss. The valleys are sharper and 'closer,—like cracks in a hard and solid mass;—and there is 'much more of the startling contrast of light and shade, as well 'as more angular boldness of outline; to all which the more 'abundant waters add a fresh and vivacious interest. Looking 'back through one of these abysmal gorges, one sees two tor- 'rents dashing together, the precipice and ridge on one side,

'pitch-black with shade; and that on the other all flaming gold; 'while behind rises, in a huge cone, one of the glacier summits 'of the chain. The stream at one's feet rushes at a leap some 'two hundred feet down, and is bordered with pines and beeches, 'struggling through a ruined world of clefts and boulders. I 'never saw anything so much resembling some of the *Circles* 'described by Dante. From Simplon we made for Duomo 'd'Ossola; having broken out, as through the mouth of a mine, 'into green and fertile valleys full of vines and chestnuts, and 'white villages,—in short, into sunshine and Italy.

'At this place we dismissed our Swiss voiturier, and took 'an Italian one; who conveyed us to Omegna on the Lake of 'Orta; a place little visited by English travellers, but which 'fully repaid us the trouble of going there. We were lodged 'in a simple and even rude Italian inn; where they cannot 'speak a word of French; where we occupied a barn-like room, 'with a huge chimney fit to lodge a hundred ghosts, whom we 'expelled by dint of a hot woodfire. There were two beds, and 'as it happened good ones, in this strange old apartment; which 'was adorned by pictures of Architecture, and by Heads of 'Saints, better than many at the Royal Academy Exhibition, 'and which one paid nothing for looking at. The thorough 'Italian character of the whole scene amused us, much more 'than Meurice's at Paris would have done; for we had voluble. 'commonplace good humour, with the aspect and accessories 'of a den of banditti.

'Today we have seen the Lake of Orta, have walked for 'some miles among its vineyards and chestnuts; and thence 'have come, by Baveno, to this place;—having seen by the 'way, I believe, the most beautiful part of the Lago Maggiore, 'and certainly the most cheerful, complete and extended ex- 'ample of fine scenery I have ever fallen-in with. Here we are, 'much to my wonder,—for it seems too good to be true,—fairly 'in Italy; and as yet my journey has been a pleasanter and 'more instructive, and in point of health a more successful one, 'than I at all imagined possible. Calvert and I go on as well 'as can be. I let him have his way about natural science, and 'he only laughs benignly when he thinks me absurd in my 'moral speculations. My only regrets are caused by my separa- 'tion from my family and friends, and by the hurry I have been

'living in, which has prevented me doing any work,—and compelled me to write to you at a good deal faster rate than the '*vapore* moves on the Lago Maggiore. It will take me to-'morrow to Sesto Calende, whence we go to Varese. We shall 'not be at Milan for some days. Write thither, if you are kind 'enough to write at all, till I give you another address. Love 'to my Father,—Your affectionate son, JOHN STERLING.'

Omitting Milan, Florence nearly all, and much about 'Art,' Michael Angelo, and other aerial matters, here are some select terrestrial glimpses, the fittest I can find, of his progress towards Rome:

Lucca, Nov. 27th, 1838 (*To his Mother*).—'I had dreams, 'like other people, before I came here, of what the Lombard 'Lakes must be; and the week I spent among them has left 'me an image, not only more distinct, but far more warm, 'shining and various, and more deeply attractive in innumer-'able respects, than all I had before conceived of them. And 'so also it has been with Florence; where I spent three weeks: 'enough for the first hazy radiant dawn of sympathy to pass 'away; yet constantly adding an increase of knowledge and of 'love, while I examined, and tried to understand, the wonderful 'minds that have left behind them there such abundant traces 'of their presence.'—'On Sunday, the day before I left Flor-'ence, I went to the highest part of the Grand Duke's Garden 'of Boboli, which commands a view of most of the City, and of 'the vale of the Arno to the westward; where, as we had been 'visited by several rainy days, and now at last had a very fine 'one, the whole prospect was in its highest beauty. The mass 'of buildings, chiefly on the other side of the River, is sufficient 'to fill the eye, without perplexing the mind by vastness like 'that of London; and its name and history, its outline and large 'and picturesque buildings, give it grandeur of a higher order 'than that of mere multitudinous extent. The Hills that border 'the Valley of the Arno are also very pleasing and striking to 'look upon; and the view of the rich Plain, glimmering away 'into blue distance, covered with an endless web of villages and 'country-houses, is one of the most delightful images of human 'well-being I have ever seen.'—

'Very shortly before leaving Florence, I went through the

'house of Michael Angelo; which is still possessed by persons 'of the same family, descendants, I believe, of his Nephew. 'There is in it his "first work in marble," as it is called; and 'a few drawings,—all with the stamp of his enginery upon them, 'which was more powerful than all the steam in London.'— 'On the whole, though I have done no work in Florence that 'can be of any use or pleasure to others, except my Letters to 'my Wife,—I leave it with the certainty of much valuable know-'ledge gained there, and with a most pleasant remembrance of 'the busy and thoughtful days I owe to it.

'We left Florence before seven yesterday morning,' 26th November, 'for this place; travelling on the northern side of 'the Arno, by Prato, Pistoia, Pescia. We tried to see some 'old frescoes in a Church at Prato; but found the Priests all 'about, saying mass; and of course did not venture to put our 'hands into a hive where the bees were buzzing and on the 'wing. Pistoia we only coasted. A little on one side of it, 'there is a Hill, the first on the road from Florence; which we 'walked up, and had a very lively and brilliant prospect over 'the road we had just travelled, and the town of Pistoia. 'Thence to this place the whole land is beautiful, and in the 'highest degree prosperous,—in short, to speak metaphorically, 'all dotted with Leghorn bonnets, and streaming with olive-oil. 'The girls here are said to employ themselves chiefly in platting 'straw, which is a profitable employment; and the slightness 'and quiet of the work are said to be much more favourable to 'beauty than the coarser kinds of labour performed by the coun-'try-women elsewhere. Certain it is that I saw more pretty wo-'men in Pescia, in the hour I spent there, than I ever before met 'with among the same numbers of the "phare sect." Where-'fore, as a memorial of them, I bought there several Legends 'of Female Saints and Martyrs, and of other Ladies quite the 'reverse, and held-up as warnings; all of which are written in '*ottava rima*, and sold for three-halfpence apiece. But un-'happily I have not yet had time to read them. This Town 'has 30,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by Walls, laid-out 'as walks, and evidently not at present intended to be besieged, '—for which reason, this morning, I merely walked on them 'round the Town, and did not besiege them.'

'The Cathedral' of Lucca 'contains some Relics; which 'have undoubtedly worked miracles on the imagination of the 'people hereabouts. The Grandfather of all Relics (as the 'Arabs would say) in the place is the *Volto Santo*, which is a 'Face of the Saviour appertaining to a wooden Crucifix. Now 'you must know that, after the ascension of Christ, Nicodemus 'was ordered by an Angel to carve an image of him; and went accordingly with a hatchet, and cut down a cedar for that purpose. He then proceeded to carve the figure; and being 'tired, fell asleep before he had done the face; which however, 'on awaking, he found completed by celestial aid. This image 'was brought to Lucca, from Leghorn, I think, where it had 'arrived in a ship, "more than a thousand years ago," and has 'ever since been kept, in purple and fine linen and gold and 'diamonds, quietly working miracles. I saw the gilt Shrine of 'it; and also a Hatchet which refused to cut off the head of an 'innocent man, who had been condemned to death, and who 'prayed to the *Volto Santo*. I suppose it is by way of economy '(they being a frugal people) that the Italians have their Book 'of Common Prayer and their Arabian Nights' Entertainments 'condensed into one.'

Pisa. December 2d, 1838 (*To the same*).—'Pisa is very un- 'fairly treated in all the Books I have read. It seems to me a 'quiet, but very agreeable place; with wide clean streets, and 'a look of stability and comfort; and I admire the Cathedral 'and its appendages more, the more I see them. The leaning 'of the Tower is to my eye decidedly unpleasant; but it is a 'beautiful building nevertheless, and the view from the top is, 'under a bright sky, remarkably lively and satisfactory. The 'Lucchese Hills form a fine mass, and the sea must in clear 'weather be very distinct. There was some haze over it when 'I was up, though the land was all clear. I could just see the 'Leghorn Lighthouse. Leghorn itself I shall not be able to 'visit.'—

'The quiet gracefulness of Italian life, and the mental 'maturity and vigour of Germany, have a great charm when 'compared with the restless whirl of England, and the chorus 'of mingled yells and groans sent-up by our parties and sects, 'and by the suffering and bewildered crowds of the labouring

'people. Our politics make my heart ache, whenever I think 'of them. The base selfish frenzies of factions seem to me, 'at this distance, half diabolic; and I am out of the way of 'knowing anything that may be quietly adoing to elevate the 'standard of wise and temperate manhood in the country, and 'to diffuse the means of physical and moral wellbeing among 'all the people.'—'I will write to my Father as soon as I can 'after reaching the capital of his friend the Pope,—who, if he 'had happened to be born an English gentleman, would no 'doubt by this time be a respectable old-gentlemanly gouty 'member of the Carlton. I have often amused myself by think-'ing what a mere accident it is that Phillpotts is not Archbishop 'of Tuam, and M'Hale Bishop of Exeter; and how slight a 'change of dress, and of a few catchwords, would even now 'enable them to fill those respective posts with all the propriety 'and discretion they display in their present positions.'

At Rome he found the Crawfords, known to him long since; and at different dates other English friends old and new; and was altogether in the liveliest humour, no end to his activities and speculations. Of all which, during the next four months, the Letters now before me give abundant record,—far too abundant for our objects here. His grand pursuit, as natural at Rome, was Art; into which metaphysical domain we shall not follow him; preferring to pick out, here and there, something of concrete and human. Of his interests, researches, speculations and descriptions on this subject of Art, there is always rather a superabundance, especially in the Italian Tour. Unfortunately, in the hard weather, poor Calvert fell ill; and Sterling, along with his Art-studies, distinguished himself as a sick-nurse till his poor comrade got afoot again. His general impressions of the scene and what it held for him may be read in the following excerpts. The Letters are all dated *Rome*, and addressed to his Father or Mother:

December 21st, 1838.—'Of Rome itself, as a whole, there 'are infinite things to be said, well worth saying; but I shall 'confine myself to two remarks: first, that while the Monu-'ments and works of Art gain in wondrousness and signifi-'cance by familiarity with them, the actual life of Rome, the 'Papacy and its pride, lose; and though one gets accustomed

'to Cardinals and Friars and Swiss Guards, and ragged beggars and the finery of London and Paris, all rolling on together, and sees how it is that they subsist in a sort of spurious unity, one loses all tendency to idealise the Metropolis and System of the Hierarchy into anything higher than a piece of showy stage-declamation, at bottom, in our day, thoroughly mean and prosaic. My other remark is, that Rome, seen from the tower of the Capitol, from the Pincian or the Janiculum, is at this day one of the most beautiful spectacles which eyes ever beheld. The company of great domes rising from a mass of large and solid buildings, with a few stone-pines and scattered edifices on the outskirts; the broken bare Campagna all around; the Alban Hills not far, and the purple range of Sabine Mountains in the distance with a cope of snow;—this seen in the clear air, and the whole spiritualised by endless recollections, and a sense of the grave and lofty reality of human existence which has had this place for a main theatre, fills at once the eyes and heart more forcibly, and to me delightfully, than I can find words to say.'

January 22d, 1839.—'The Modern Rome, Pope and all inclusive, are a shabby attempt at something adequate to fill the place of the old Commonwealth. It is easy enough to live among them, and there is much to amuse and even interest a spectator; but the native existence of the place is now thin and hollow, and there is a stamp of littleness, and childish poverty of taste, upon all the great Christian buildings I have seen here,—not excepting St. Peter's; which is crammed with bits of coloured marble and gilding, and Gog-and-Magog colossal statues of saints (looking prodigiously small), and mosaics from the worst pictures in Rome; and has altogether, with most imposing size and lavish splendour, a tang of Guildhall finery about it that contrasts oddly with the melancholy vastness and simplicity of the Ancient Monuments, though these have not the Athenian elegance. I recur perpetually to the galleries of sculpture in the Vatican, and to the Frescoes of Raffael and Michael Angelo, of inexhaustible beauty and greatness, and to the general aspect of the City and the Country round it, as the most impressive scene on earth. But the Modern City, with its churches, palaces, priests and beggars, is far from sublime.'

Of about the same date, here is another paragraph worth inserting : 'Gladstone has three little agate crosses, which he 'will give you for my little girls. Calvert bought them, as a 'present, for "the bodies," at Martigny in Switzerland, and I 'have had no earlier opportunity of sending them. Will you 'dispatch them to Hastings when you have an opportunity? 'I have not yet seen Gladstone's *Church and State;* but as 'there is a copy in Rome, I hope soon to lay hands on it. I 'saw yesterday in the *Times* a furious, and I am sorry to say, 'most absurd attack on him and it, and the new Oxonian 'school.'

February 28th, 1839.—'There is among the people plenty 'of squalid misery ; though not nearly so much as, they say, 'exists in Ireland ; and here there is a certain freedom and 'freshness of manners, a dash of Southern enjoyment in the 'condition of the meanest and most miserable. There is, I 'suppose, as little as well can be of conscience or artificial 'cultivation of any kind ; but there is not the affectation of a 'virtue which they do not possess, nor any feeling of being 'despised for the want of it ; and where life generally is so 'inert, except as to its passions and material wants, there is not 'the bitter consciousness of having been beaten by the more 'prosperous, in a race which the greater number have never 'thought of running. Among the labouring poor of Rome, a 'bribe will buy a crime ; but if common work procures enough 'for a day's food or idleness, ten times the sum will not induce 'them to toil on, as an English workman would, for the sake 'of rising in the world. Sixpence any day will put any of 'them at the top of the only tree they care for,—that on which 'grows the fruit of idleness. It is striking to see the way in 'which, in magnificent churches, the most ragged beggars 'kneel on the pavement before some favourite altar in the 'midst of well-dressed women and of gazing foreigners. Or 'sometimes you will see one with a child come in from the 'street where she has been begging, put herself in a corner, say 'a prayer (probably for the success of her petitions), and then 'return to beg again. There is wonderfully little of any moral 'strength connected with this devotion ; but still it is better 'than nothing, and more than is often found among the men 'of the upper classes in Rome. I believe the Clergy to be

'generally profligate, and the state of domestic morals as bad 'as it has ever been represented.'—

Or, in sudden contrast, take this other glance homeward; a Letter to his eldest child; in which kind of Letters, more than in any other, Sterling seems to me to excel. Readers recollect the hurricane in St. Vincent; the hasty removal to a neighbour's house, and the birth of a son there, soon after. The boy has grown to some articulation, during these seven years; and his Father, from the new foreign scene of Priests and Dilettanti, thus addresses him:

'*To Master Edward C. Sterling, Hastings.*

'Rome, 21st January 1839.

'My dear Edward,—I was very glad to receive your Let- 'ter, which showed me that you have learned something since 'I left home. If you knew how much pleasure it gave me 'to see your handwriting, I am sure you would take pains to 'be able to write well, that you might often send me letters, 'and tell me a great many things which I should like to know 'about Mamma and your Sisters as well as yourself.

'If I go to Vesuvius, I will try to carry away a bit of the 'lava, which you wish for. There has lately been a great erup- 'tion, as it is called, of that Mountain; which means a great 'breaking-out of hot ashes and fire, and of melted stones which 'is called lava.

'Miss Clark is very kind to take so much pains with you; 'and I trust you will show that you are obliged to her, by pay- 'ing attention to all she tells you. When you see how much 'more grown people know than you, you ought to be anxious 'to learn all you can from those who teach you; and as there 'are so many wise and good things written in Books, you ought 'to try to read early and carefully; that you may learn some- 'thing of what God has made you able to know. There are 'Libraries containing very many thousands of Volumes; and 'all that is written in these is,—accounts of some part or other 'of the World which God has made, or of the Thoughts which 'he has enabled men to have in their minds. Some Books are 'descriptions of the earth itself, with its rocks and ground and 'water, and of the air and clouds, and the stars and moon and 'sun, which shine so beautifully in the sky. Some tell you about

'the things that grow upon the ground; the many millions of 'plants, from little mosses and threads of grass up to great 'trees and forests. Some also contain accounts of living things: 'flies, worms, fishes, birds and four-legged beasts. And some, 'which are the most, are about men and their thoughts and 'doings. These are the most important of all; for men are 'the best and most wonderful creatures of God in the world; 'being the only ones able to know him and love him, and to 'try of their own accord to do his will.

'These Books about men are also the most important to 'us, because we ourselves are human beings, and may learn 'from such Books what we ought to think and to do and to 'try to be. Some of them describe what sort of people have 'lived in old times and in other countries. By reading them, 'we know what is the difference between ourselves in England 'now, and the famous nations which lived in former days. Such 'were the Egyptians who built the Pyramids, which are the 'greatest heaps of stone upon the face of the earth: and the 'Babylonians, who had a city with huge walls, built of bricks, 'having writing on them that no one in our time has been able 'to make out. There were also the Jews, who were the only 'ancient people that knew how wonderful and how good God 'is: and the Greeks, who were the wisest of all in thinking 'about men's lives and hearts, and who knew best how to make 'fine statues and buildings, and to write wise books. By Books 'also we may learn what sort of people the old Romans were, 'whose chief city was Rome, where I am now; and how brave 'and skilful they were in war; and how well they could govern 'and teach many nations which they had conquered. It is from 'Books, too, that you must learn what kind of men were our 'Ancestors in the Northern part of Europe, who belonged to 'the tribes that did the most towards pulling-down the power 'of the Romans: and you will see in the same way how Chris-'tianity was sent among them by God, to make them wiser and 'more peaceful, and more noble in their minds; and how all 'the nations that now are in Europe, and especially the Italians 'and the Germans, and the French and the English, came to 'be what they now are.—It is well worth knowing (and it can 'be known only by reading) how the Germans found out the 'Printing of Books, and what great changes this has made in

'the world. And everybody in England ought to try to under-
'stand how the English came to have their Parliaments and
'Laws; and to have fleets that sail over all seas of the world.

'Besides learning all these things, and a great many more
'about different times and countries, you may learn from Books,
'what is the truth of God's will, and what are the best and wisest
'thoughts, and the most beautiful words; and how men are able
'to lead very right lives, and to do a great deal to better the
'world. I have spent a great part of my life in reading; and
'I hope you will come to like it as much as I do, and to learn
'in this way all that I know.

'But it is a still more serious matter that you should try to
'be obedient and gentle; and to command your temper; and
'to think of other people's pleasure rather than your own, and
'of what you *ought* to do rather than what you *like*. If you
'try to be better for all you read, as well as wiser, you will find
'Books a great help towards goodness as well as knowledge,—
'and above all other Books, the Bible; which tells us of the
'will of God, and of the love of Jesus Christ towards God and
'men.

'I had a Letter from Mamma today, which left Hastings
'on the 10th of this month. I was very glad to find in it that
'you were all well and happy; but I know Mamma is not well,
'—and is likely to be more uncomfortable every day for some
time. So I hope you will all take care to give her as little
'trouble as possible. After sending you so much advice, I shall
'write a little Story to divert you.—I am, my dear Boy,—Your
'affectionate Father, JOHN STERLING.'

The 'Story' is lost, destroyed, as are many such which Sterling wrote, with great felicity, I am told, and much to the satisfaction of the young folk, when the humour took him.

Besides these plentiful communications still left, I remember long Letters, not now extant, principally addressed to his Wife, of which we and the circle at Knightsbridge had due perusal, treating with animated copiousness about all manner of picture-galleries, pictures, statues and objects of Art at Rome, and on the road to Rome and from it, wheresoever his course led him into neighbourhood of such objects. That was Sterling's habit.

It is expected in this Nineteenth Century that a man of culture shall understand and worship Art: among the windy gospels addressed to our poor Century there are few louder than this of Art;—and if the Century expects that every man shall do his duty, surely Sterling was not the man to balk it! Various extracts from these picture-surveys are given in Hare; the others, I suppose, Sterling himself subsequently destroyed, not valuing them much.

Certainly no stranger could address himself more eagerly to reap what artistic harvest Rome offers, which is reckoned the peculiar produce of Rome among cities under the sun; to all galleries, churches, sistine chapels, ruins, coliseums, and artistic or dilettante shrines he zealously pilgrimed; and had much to say then and afterwards, and with real technical and historical knowledge I believe, about the objects of devotion there. But it often struck me as a question, Whether all this even to himself was not, more or less, a nebulous kind of element; prescribed not by Nature and her verities, but by the Century expecting every man to do his duty? Whether not perhaps, in good part, temporary dilettante cloudland of our poor Century;—or can it be the real diviner Pisgah-height, and everlasting mount of vision, for man's soul in any Century? And I think Sterling himself bent towards a negative conclusion, in the course of years. Certainly, of all subjects this was the one I cared least to hear even Sterling talk of: indeed it is a subject on which earnest men, abhorrent of hypocrisy and speech that has no meaning, are admonished to silence in this sad time, and had better, in such a Babel as we have got into for the present, 'perambulate their picture-gallery with little or no speech.'

Here is another and to me much more earnest kind of 'Art,' which renders Rome unique among the cities of the world; of this we will, in preference, take a glance through Sterling's eyes:

January 22d, 1839.—'On Friday last there was a great Fes-
'tival at St. Peter's; the only one I have seen. The Church was
'decorated with crimson hangings, and the choir fitted-up with
'seats and galleries, and a throne for the Pope. There were
'perhaps a couple of hundred guards of different kinds; and
'three or four hundred English ladies, and not so many foreign
'male spectators; so that the place looked empty. The Car-
'dinals in scarlet, and Monsignori in purple, were there; and

'a body of officiating Clergy. The Pope was carried-in in his 'chair on men's shoulders, wearing the Triple Crown; which 'I have thus actually seen: it is something like a gigantic Egg, 'and of the same colour, with three little bands of gold,—very 'large Eggshell with three streaks of the yolk smeared round it. 'He was dressed in white silk robes, with gold trimmings.

'It was a fine piece of state-show; though, as there are 'three or four such Festivals yearly, of course there is none of 'the eager interest which breaks-out at coronations and similar 'rare events; no explosion of unwonted velvets, jewels, car- 'riages and footmen, such as London and Milan have lately 'enjoyed. I guessed all the people in St. Peter's, including 'performers and spectators, at 2000; where 20,000 would 'hardly have been a crushing crowd. Mass was performed, 'and a stupid but short Latin sermon delivered by a lad, in 'honour of St. Peter, who would have been much astonished 'if he could have heard it. The genuflexions, and trainbear- 'ings, and folding-up the tails of silk-petticoats while the Pon- 'tiff knelt, and the train of Cardinals going up to kiss his Ring, and so forth,—made on me the impression of something im- 'measurably old and sepulchral, such as might suit the Grand 'Lama's court, or the inside of an Egyptian Pyramid; or as 'if the Hieroglyphics on one of the Obelisks here should begin 'to pace and gesticulate, and nod their bestial heads upon the 'granite tablets. The careless bystanders, the London ladies 'with their eye-glasses and look of an Opera-box, the yawning 'young gentlemen of the *Guarda Nobile*, and the laugh of one 'of the file of vermilion Priests round the steps of the altar at 'the whispered good thing of his neighbour, brought one back 'to nothing indeed of a very lofty kind, but still to the Nine- 'teenth century.'—

'At the great Benediction of the City and the World on 'Easter Sunday by the Pope,' he writes afterwards, 'there was 'a large crowd both native and foreign, hundreds of carriages, 'and thousands of the lower orders of people from the country; 'but even of the poor hardly one in twenty took off his hat, 'and a still smaller number knelt down. A few years ago, not 'a head was covered, nor was there a knee which did not bow.' —A very decadent "Holiness of our Lord the Pope," it would appear!—

Sterling's view of the Pope, as seen in these his gala days, doing his big playactorism under God's earnest sky, was much more substantial to me than his studies in the picture-galleries. To Mr. Hare also he writes: 'I have seen the Pope in all his 'pomp at St. Peter's; and he looked to me a mere lie in livery. 'The Romish Controversy is doubtless a much more difficult 'one than the managers of the Religious-Tract Society fancy, 'because it is a theoretical dispute; and in dealing with no-'tions and authorities, I can quite understand how a mere 'student in a library, with no eye for facts, should take either 'one side or other. But how any man with clear head and 'honest heart, and capable of seeing realities, and distinguish-'ing them from scenic falsehoods, should, after living in a 'Romanist country, and especially at Rome, be inclined to 'side with Leo against Luther, I cannot understand.'[1]

It is fit surely to recognise with admiring joy any glimpse of the Beautiful and the Eternal that is hung out for us, in colour, in form or tone, in canvas, stone, or atmospheric air, and made accessible by any sense, in this world: but it is greatly fitter still (little as we are used that way) to shudder in pity and abhorrence over the scandalous tragedy, transcendent nadir of human ugliness and contemptibility, which under the daring title of religious worship, and practical recognition of the Highest God, daily and hourly everywhere transacts itself there. And, alas, not there only, but elsewhere, everywhere more or less; whereby our sense is so blunted to it;—whence, in all provinces of human life, these tears!—

But let us take a glance at the Carnival, since we are here. The Letters, as before, are addressed to Knightsbridge; the date *Rome:*

February 5th, 1839.—'The Carnival began yesterday. It 'is a curious example of the trifling things which will heartily 'amuse tens of thousands of grown people, precisely because 'they are trifling, and therefore a relief from serious business, 'cares and labours. The Corso is a street about a mile long, 'and about as broad as Jermyn Street; but bordered by much 'loftier houses, with many palaces and churches, and has two 'or three small squares opening into it. Carriages, mostly 'open, drove up and down it for two or three hours; and the

[1] Hare, p. cxviii.

'contents were shot at with handfuls of comfits from the win-
'dows,—in the hope of making them as non-content as pos-
'sible,—while they returned the fire to the best of their inferior
'ability. The populace, among whom was I, walked about;
'perhaps one in fifty were masked in character; but there
'was little in the masquerade either of splendour of costume
'or liveliness of mimicry. However, the whole scene was very
'gay; there were a good many troops about, and some of
'them heavy dragoons, who flourished their swords with the
'magnanimity of our Life-Guards, to repel the encroachments
'of too-ambitious little boys. Most of the windows and bal-
'conies were hung with coloured drapery; and there were
'flags, trumpets, nosegays and flirtations of all shapes and
'sizes. The best of all was, that there was laughter enough
'to have frightened Cassius out of his thin carcass, could the
'lean old homicide have been present, otherwise than as a
'fleshless ghost;—in which capacity I thought I had a glimpse
'of him looking over the shoulder of a parti-coloured clown,
'in a carriage full of London Cockneys driving towards the
'Capitol. This good-humoured foolery will go on for several
'days to come, ending always with the celebrated Horse-race,
'of horses without riders. The long street is cleared in the
'centre by troops, and half-a-dozen quadrupeds, ornamented
'like Grimaldi in a London pantomime, scamper away, with
'the mob closing and roaring at their heels.'

February 9th, 1839.—'The usual state of Rome is quiet
'and sober. One could almost fancy the actual generation
'held their breath, and stole-by on tiptoe, in presence of so
'memorable a past. But during the Carnival all mankind,
'womankind and childkind think it unbecoming not to play
'the fool. The modern donkey pokes its head out of the lion's
'skin of old Rome, and brays-out the absurdest of asinine
'roundelays. Conceive twenty thousand grown people in a
'long street, at the windows, on the footways, and in carriages,
'amused day after day for several hours in pelting and being
'pelted with handfuls of mock or real sugar-plums; and this
'no name or pretence, but real downright showers of plaster
'comfits, from which people guard their eyes with meshes of
'wire. As sure as a carriage passes under a window or balcony
'where are acquaintances of theirs, down comes a shower of

'hail, ineffectually returned from below. The parties in two 'crossing carriages similarly assault each other; and there are 'long balconies hung the whole way with a deep canvas pocket 'full of this mortal shot. One Russian Grand Duke goes with 'a troop of youngsters in a wagon, all dressed in brown linen 'frocks and masked, and pelts among the most furious, also 'being pelted. The children are of course preëminently vigor-'ous, and there is a considerable circulation of real sugar-plums, 'which supply consolation for all disappointments.'

The whole to conclude, as is proper, with a display, with two displays, of fire-works; in which art, as in some others, Rome is unrivalled:

February 9th, 1839.—'It seems to be the ambition of all 'the lower classes to wear a mask and showy grotesque dis-'guise of some kind; and I believe many of the upper ranks 'do the same. They even put St. Peter's into masquerade; 'and make it a Cathedral of Lamplight instead of a stone one. 'Two evenings ago this feat was performed; and I was able 'to see it from the rooms of a friend near this, which command 'an excellent view of it. I never saw so beautiful an effect of 'artificial light. The evening was perfectly serene and clear; 'the principal lines of the building, the columns, architrave and 'pediment of the front, the two inferior cupolas, the curves of 'the dome from which the dome rises, the ribs of the dome 'itself, the small oriel windows between them, and the lantern 'and ball and cross,—all were delineated in the clear vault of 'air by lines of pale yellow fire. The dome of another great 'Church, much nearer to the eye, stood up as a great black 'mass,—a funereal contrast to the luminous tabernacle.

'While I was looking at this latter, a red blaze burst from 'the summit, and at the same moment seemed to flash over 'the whole building, filling-up the pale outline with a simul-'taneous burst of fire. This is a celebrated display; and is 'done, I believe, by the employment of a very great number of 'men to light, at the same instant, the torches which are fixed 'for the purpose all over the building. After the first glare 'of fire, I did not think the second aspect of the building so 'beautiful as the first; it wanted both softness and distinct-'ness. The two most animated days of the Carnival are still 'to come.'

April 4th, 1839.—'We have just come to the termination 'of all the Easter spectacles here. On Sunday evening St. 'Peter's was a second time illuminated: I was in the Piazza, 'and admired the sight from a nearer point than when I had 'seen it before at the time of the Carnival.

'On Monday evening the celebrated fire-works were let-off 'from the Castle of St. Angelo; they were said to be, in some 'respects, more brilliant than usual. I certainly never saw any 'fire-works comparable to them for beauty. The Girandola is 'a discharge of many thousands of rockets at once, which of 'course fall back, like the leaves of a lily, and form for a minute 'a very beautiful picture. There was also in silvery light a 'very long Façade of a Palace, which looked a residence for 'Oberon and Titania, and beat Aladdin's into darkness. After-'wards a series of cascades of red fire poured down the faces 'of the Castle and of the scaffoldings round it, and seemed a 'burning Niagara. Of course there were abundance of serpents, 'wheels and cannon-shot; there was also a display of dazzling 'white light, which made a strange appearance on the houses, 'the river, the bridge, and the faces of the multitude. The 'whole ended with a second and a more splendid Girandola.'

Take finally, to people the scene a little for us, if our imagination be at all lively, these three small entries, of different dates, and so wind-up:

December 30th, 1838.—'I received on Christmas-day a 'packet from Dr. Carlyle, containing Letters from the Mau-'rices; which were a very pleasant arrival. The Dr. wrote 'a few lines with them, mentioning that he was only at Civita 'Vecchia while the steamer baited on its way to Naples. I 'have written to thank him for his despatches.'

March 16th, 1839.—'I have seen a good deal of John 'Mill, whose society I like much. He enters heartily into the 'interest of the things which I most care for here, and I have 'seldom had more pleasure than in taking him to see Raffael's 'Loggie, where are the Frescoes called his Bible, and to the 'Sixtine Chapel, which I admire and love more and more. He 'is in very weak health, but as fresh and clear in mind as 'possible.' * * * 'English politics seem in a queer state, the 'Conservatives creeping on, the Whigs losing ground; like

'combatants on the top of a breach, while there is a social 'mine below which will probably blow both parties into the air.'

April 4th, 1839.—'I walked out on Tuesday on the Ancona 'Road, and about noon met a travelling carriage, which from a 'distance looked very suspicious, and on nearer approach was 'found really to contain Captain Sterling and an Albanian man-'servant on the front, and behind under the hood Mrs. A. 'Sterling and the she portion of the tail. They seemed very 'well; and, having turned the Albanian back to the rear of 'the whole machine, I sat by Anthony, and entered Rome in 'triumph.'—Here is indeed a conquest! Captain A. Sterling, now on his return from service in Corfu, meets his Brother in this manner; and the remaining Roman days are of a brighter complexion. As these suddenly ended, I believe he turned southward, and found at Naples the Dr. Carlyle above mentioned (an extremely intimate acquaintance of mine), who was still there. For we are a most travelling people, we of this Island in this time; and, as the Prophet threatened, see ourselves, in so many senses, made 'like unto a wheel!'—

Sterling returned from Italy filled with much cheerful imagery and reminiscence, and great store of artistic, serious, dilettant and other speculation for the time; improved in health, too; but probably little enriched in real culture or spiritual strength; and indeed not permanently altered by his tour in any respect to a sensible extent, that one could notice. He returned rather in haste, and before the expected time; summoned, about the middle of April, by his Wife's domestic situation at Hastings; who, poor lady, had been brought to bed before her calculation, and had in few days lost her infant; and now saw a household round her much needing the master's presence. He hurried off to Malta, dreading the Alps at that season; and came home, by steamer, with all speed, early in May 1839.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

CLIFTON.

MATTERS once readjusted at Hastings, it was thought Sterling's health had so improved, and his activities towards Literature so developed themselves into congruity, that a permanent English place of abode might now again be selected,—on the South-west coast somewhere,—and the family once more have the blessing of a home, and see its *lares* and *penates* and household furniture unlocked from the Pantechnicon repositories, where they had so long been lying.

Clifton, by Bristol, with its soft Southern winds and high cheerful situation, recommended too by the presence of one or more valuable acquaintances there, was found to be the eligible place; and thither in this summer of 1839, having found a tolerable lodging, with the prospect by and by of an agreeable house, he and his removed. This was the end of what I call his 'third peregrinity;'—or reckoning the West Indies one, his fourth. This also is, since Bayswater, the fourth time his family has had to shift on his account. Bayswater; then to Bordeaux, to Blackheath and Knightsbridge (during the Madeira time), to Hastings (Roman time); and now to Clifton, not to stay there either: a sadly nomadic life to be prescribed to a civilised man!

At Clifton his habitation was speedily enough set up; household conveniences, methods of work, daily promenades on foot or horseback, and before long even a circle of friends, or of kindly neighbourhoods ripening into intimacy, were established round him. In all this no man could be more expert or expeditious, in such cases. It was with singular facility, in a loving,

hoping manner, that he threw himself open to the new interests and capabilities of the new place; snatched out of it whatsoever of human or material would suit him; and in brief, in all senses had pitched his tent-habitation, and grew to look on it as a house. It was beautiful too, as well as pathetic. This man saw himself reduced to be a dweller in tents, his house is but a stone tent; and he can so kindly accommodate himself to that arrangement;—healthy faculty and diseased necessity, nature and habit, and all manner of things primary and secondary, original and incidental, conspiring now to make it easy for him. With the evils of nomadism, he participated to the full in whatever benefits lie in it for a man.

He had friends enough, old and new, at Clifton, whose intercourse made the place human for him. Perhaps among the most valued of the former sort may be mentioned Mrs. Edward Strachey, Widow of the late Indian Judge, who now resided here; a cultivated, graceful, most devout and high-minded lady; whom he had known in old years, first probably as Charles Buller's Aunt, and whose esteem was constant for him, and always precious to him. She was some ten or twelve years older than he; she survived him some years, but is now also gone from us. Of new friends acquired here, besides a skilful and ingenious Dr. Symonds, physician as well as friend, the principal was Francis Newman, then and still an ardently inquiring soul, of fine University and other attainments, of sharp-cutting, restlessly advancing intellect, and the mildest pious enthusiasm; whose worth, since better known to all the world, Sterling highly estimated;—and indeed practically testified the same; having by will appointed him, some years hence, guardian to his eldest Son; which pious function Mr. Newman now successfully discharges.

Sterling was not long in certainty as to his abode at Clifton: alas, where could he long be so? Hardly six months were gone when his old enemy again overtook him; again admonished him how frail his hopes of permanency were. Each winter, it turned out, he had to fly; and after the second of these, he quitted the place altogether. Here, meanwhile, in a Letter to myself, and in Excerpts from others, are some glimpses of his advent and first summer there:

Clifton, June 11th, 1839 (*To his Mother*).—'As yet I am 'personally very uncomfortable from the general confusion of 'this house, which deprives me of my room to sit and read and 'write in; all being more or less lumbered by boxes, and in-'vaded by servile domesticities aproned, handled, bristled, and 'of nondescript varieties. We have very fine warm weather, 'with occasional showers; and the verdure of the woods and 'fields is very beautiful. Bristol seems as busy as need be; 'and the shops and all kinds of practical conveniences are ex-'cellent; but those of Clifton have the usual sentimental, not 'to say meretricious fraudulence of commercial establishments 'in Watering-places.

'The bag which Hannah forgot reached us safely at Bath 'on Friday morning; but I cannot quite unriddle the mystery 'of the change of padlocks, for I left the right one in care of the 'Head Steam-engine at Paddington, which seemed a very de-'cent person with a good black coat on, and a pen behind its 'ear. I have been meditating much on the story of Palarea's '"box of papers;" which does not appear to be in my posses-'sion, and I have a strong impression that I gave it to young 'Florez Calderon. I will write to say so to Madam Torrijos 'speedily.' Palarea, Dr. Palarea, I understand, was 'an old guerrilla leader whom they called *El Medico*.' Of him and of the vanished shadows, now gone to Paris, to Madrid, or out of the world, let us say nothing!

June 15th, 1839 (*To myself*).—'We have a room now oc-'cupied by Robert Barton,' a brother-in-law; 'to which 'Anthony may perhaps succeed; but which after him, or in lieu 'of him, would expand itself to receive you. Is there no hope 'of your coming? I would undertake to ride with you at all 'possible paces, and in all existing directions.

'As yet my books are lying as ghost books, in a limbo on 'the banks of a certain Bristolian Styx, humanly speaking, a '*Canal*; but the other apparatus of life is gathered about me, 'and performs its diurnal functions. The place pleases me 'better than I expected: a far look-out on all sides, over green 'country; a sufficient old City lying in the hollow near; and 'civilisation, in no tumultuous state, rather indeed stagnant, 'visible in the Rows of Houses and Gardens which call them-'selves Clifton. I hope soon to take a lease of a house, where

'I may arrange myself more methodically; keep myself equably 'boiling in my own kitchen; and spread myself over a series of 'book-shelves.'—'I have just been interrupted by a visit from 'Mrs. Strachey; with whom I dined yesterday. She seems a 'very good and thoroughly kind-hearted woman; and it is 'pleasant to have her for a neighbour.'—'I have read Emer- 'son's Pamphlets. I should find it more difficult than ever to 'write to him.'

June 30th, 1839 (*To his Father*).—'Of Books I shall have 'no lack, though no plethora; and the Reading-room supplies 'all one can want in the way of Papers and Reviews. I go 'there three or four times a week, and inquire how the human 'race goes on. I suppose this Turco-Egyptian War will throw 'several diplomatists into a state of great excitement, and mas- 'sacre a good many thousands of Africans and Asiatics?—For 'the present, it appears, the English Education Question is set- 'tled. I wish the Government had said that, in their inspection 'and superintendence, they would look only to secular matters, 'and leave religious ones to the persons who set-up the schools, 'whoever these might be. It seems to me monstrous that the 'State should be prevented taking any efficient measures for 'teaching Roman Catholic children to read, write and cipher, 'merely because they believe in the Pope, and the Pope is an 'impostor,—which I candidly confess he is! There is no ques- 'tion which I can so ill endure to see made a party one as that 'of Education.'—The following is of the same day:

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Manor House, Clifton Place, Clifton,
'30th June 1839.

'My dear Carlyle,—I have heard, this morning, from my 'Father, that you are to set-out on Tuesday for Scotland: so 'I have determined to fillip away some spurt of ink in your di- 'rection, which may reach you before you move towards Thule.

'Writing to you, in fact, is considerably easier than writing 'about you; which has been my employment of late, at leisure 'moments,—that is, moments of leisure from idleness, not work. 'As you partly guessed, I took in hand a Review of *Teufels- 'dröckh*—for want of a better Heuschrecke to do the work;

'and when I have been well enough, and alert enough, during 'the last fortnight, have tried to set down some notions about 'Tobacco, Radicalism, Christianity, Assafœtida and so forth. 'But a few abortive pages are all the result as yet. If my spe- 'culations should ever see daylight, they may chance to get you 'into scrapes, but will certainly get me into worse.' * * * 'But 'one must work; *sic itur ad astra*,—and the *astra* are always 'there to befriend one, at least as asterisks, filling-up the gaps 'which yawn in vain for words.

'Except my unsuccessful efforts to discuss you and your 'offences, I have done nothing that leaves a trace behind;— 'unless the endeavour to teach my little boy the Latin de- 'clensions shall be found, at some time short of the Last Day, 'to have done so. I have,—rather I think from dyspepsia than 'dyspneumony,—been often and for days disabled from doing 'anything but read. In this way I have gone through a good 'deal of Strauss's Book; which is exceedingly clever and clear- 'headed; with more of insight, and less of destructive rage than 'I expected. It will work deep and far, in such a time as ours. 'When so many minds are distracted about the history, or 'rather genesis of the Gospel, it is a great thing for partisans 'on the one side to have, what the other never have wanted, a 'Book of which they can say, This is our Creed and Code,—or 'rather Anti-creed and Anti-code. And Strauss seems perfectly 'secure against the sort of answer to which Voltaire's critical 'and historical shallowness perpetually exposed him. I mean 'to read the Book through. It seems admitted that the orthodox 'theologians have failed to give any sufficient answer.—I have 'also looked through Michelet's *Luther*, with great delight; and 'have read the fourth volume of Coleridge's *Literary Remains*, 'in which there are things that would interest you. He has a 'great hankering after Cromwell, and explicitly defends the 'execution of Charles.

'Of Mrs. Strachey we have seen a great deal; and might 'have seen more, had I had time and spirits for it. She is a 'warm-hearted, enthusiastic creature, whom one cannot but like. 'She seems always excited by the wish for more excitement than 'her life affords. And such a person is always in danger of 'doing something less wise than his best knowledge and aspira- 'tions; because he must do something, and circumstances do

'not allow him to do what he desires. Thence, after the first 'glow of novelty, endless self-tormenting comes from the con- 'trast between aims and acts. She sets out, with her daughter 'and two boys, for a Tour in Wales tomorrow morning. Her 'talk of you is always most affectionate; and few, I guess, will 'read *Sartor* with more interest than she.

'I am still in a very extempore condition as to house, books, '&c. One which I have hired for three years will be given up 'to me in the middle of August; and then I may hope to have 'something like a house,—so far as that is possible for any one 'to whom Time itself is often but a worse or a better kind of 'cave in the desert. We have had rainy and cheerless weather 'almost since the day of our arrival. But the sun now shines 'more lovingly, and the skies seem less disdainful of man and 'his perplexities. The earth is green, abundant and beautiful. 'But human life, so far as I can learn, is mean and meagre 'enough in its purposes, however striking to the speculative or 'sentimental bystander. Pray be assured that whatever you 'may say of the "landlord at Clifton,"[1] the more I know of 'him, the less I shall like him. Well with me if I can put-up 'with him for the present, and make use of him, till at last I 'can joyfully turn him off forever!

'Love to your Wife and self. My little Charlotte desires me 'to tell you that she has new shoes for her Doll, which she will 'show you when you come.—Yours, JOHN STERLING.'

The visit to Clifton never took effect; nor to any of Sterling's subsequent homes; which now is matter of regret to me. Concerning the 'Review of *Teufelsdröckh*' there will be more to say anon. As to 'little Charlotte and her Doll,' I remember well enough and was more than once reminded, this bright little creature, on one of my first visits to Bayswater, had earnestly applied to me to put her Doll's shoes on for her; which feat was performed.—The next fragment indicates a household settled, fallen into wholesome routine again; and may close the series here:

July 22d, 1839 (*To his Mother*).—'A few evenings ago we 'went to Mr. Griffin's, and met there Dr. Prichard, the author 'of a well-known Book on the *Races of Mankind*, to which it

[1] Of Sterling himself, I suppose.

'stands in the same relation among English books as the Racing 'Calendar does to those of Horsekind. He is a very intelligent, 'accomplished person. We had also there the Dean; a certain 'Dr. —— of Corpus College, Cambridge (a booby); and a 'clever fellow, a Mr. Fisher, one of the Tutors of Trinity in my 'days. We had a very pleasant evening.'—

At London we were in the habit of expecting Sterling pretty often; his presence, in this house as in others, was looked for, once in the month or two, and came always as sunshine in the gray weather to me and mine. My daily walks with him had long since been cut-short without renewal; that walk to Eltham and Edgeworth's perhaps the last of the kind he and I had: but our intimacy, deepening and widening year after year, knew no interruption or abatement of increase; an honest, frank and truly human mutual relation, valuable or even invaluable to both parties, and a lasting loss, hardly to be replaced in this world, to the survivor of the two.

His visits, which were usually of two or three days, were always full of business, rapid in movement as all his life was. To me, if possible, he would come in the evening; a whole cornucopia of talk and speculation was to be discharged. If the evening would not do, and my affairs otherwise permitted, I had to mount into cabs with him; fly far and wide, shuttling athwart the big Babel, wherever his calls and pauses had to be. This was his way to husband time! Our talk, in such straitened circumstances, was loud or low as the circumambient groaning rage of wheels and sound prescribed,—very loud it had to be in such thoroughfares as London Bridge and Cheapside; but except while he was absent, off for minutes into some banker's office, lawyer's, stationer's, haberdasher's or what office there might be, it never paused. In this way extensive strange dialogues were carried on: to me also very strange,—private friendly colloquies, on all manner of rich subjects, held thus amid the chaotic roar of things. Sterling was full of speculations, observations and bright sallies; vividly awake to what was passing in the world; glanced pertinently with victorious clearness, without spleen, though often enough with a dash of mockery, into its Puseyisms, Liberalisms, literary Lionisms, or what else the mad hour might be producing,—always prompt to recognise what grain of sanity might be in the same. He was opulent in talk, and the rapid

movement and vicissitude on such occasions seemed to give him new excitement.

Once, I still remember,—it was some years before, probably in May, on his return from Madeira,—he undertook a day's riding with me; once and never again. We coursed extensively over the Hampstead and Highgate regions, and the country beyond, sauntering or galloping through many leafy lanes and pleasant places, in everflowing, everchanging talk; and returned down Regent Street at nightfall: one of the cheerfulest days I ever had;—not to be repeated, said the Fates. Sterling was charming on such occasions: at once a child and a gifted man. A serious fund of thought he always had, a serious drift you never missed in him: nor indeed had he much depth of real laughter or sense of the ludicrous, as I have elsewhere said; but what he had was genuine, free and continual: his sparkling sallies bubbled-up as from aerated natural fountains; a mild dash of gaiety was native to the man, and had moulded his physiognomy in a very graceful way. We got once into a cab, about Charing Cross; I know not now whence or well whitherward, nor that our haste was at all special; however, the cabman, sensible that his pace was slowish, took to whipping, with a steady, passionless, business-like assiduity which, though the horse seemed lazy rather than weak, became afflictive; and I urged remonstrance with the savage fellow: "Let him alone," answered Sterling; "he is kindling the enthusiasm of his horse, "you perceive; that is the first thing, then we shall do very "well!"—as accordingly we did.

At Clifton, though his thoughts began to turn more on poetic forms of composition, he was diligent in prose elaborations too,—doing Criticism, for one thing, as we incidentally observed. He wrote there, and sent forth in this autumn of 1839, his most important contribution to John Mill's Review, the article on *Carlyle*, which stands also in Mr. Hare's collection.[2] What its effect on the public was I knew not, and know not; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation; as it well might. The first generous human recognition, ex-

[2] Hare, i. p. 252.

pressed with heroic emphasis, and clear conviction visible amid its fiery exaggeration, that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile, that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet: this fact is a memorable one in every history; and for me Sterling, often enough the stiff gainsayer in our private communings, was the doer of this. The thought burnt in me like a lamp, for several days; lighting-up into a kind of heroic splendour the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of said poor battle, and secretly I was very grateful to my daring friend, and am still, and ought to be. What the public might be thinking about him and his audacities, and me in consequence, or whether it thought at all, I never learned, or much heeded to learn.

Sterling's gainsaying had given way on many points; but on others it continued stiff as ever, as may be seen in that article; indeed he fought Parthian-like in such cases, holding out his last position as doggedly as the first: and to some of my notions he seemed to grow in stubbornness of opposition, with the growing inevitability, and never would surrender. Especially that doctrine of the 'greatness and fruitfulness of Silence,' remained afflictive and incomprehensible: "Silence?" he would say: "Yes, truly; if they give you leave to proclaim silence by cannon-salvoes! My Harpocrates-Stentor!" In like manner, 'Intellect and Virtue,' how they are proportional, or are indeed one gift in us, the same great summary of gifts; and again, 'Might and Right,' the identity of these two, if a man will understand this God's-Universe, and that only he who conforms to the law of *it* can in the longrun have any 'might:' all this, at the first blush, often awakened Sterling's musketry upon me, and many volleys I have had to stand,—the thing not being decidable by that kind of weapon or strategy.

In such cases your one method was to leave our friend in peace. By small-arms practice no mortal could dislodge him: but if you were in the right, the silent hours would work continually for you; and Sterling, more certainly than any man, would and must at length swear fealty to the right, and passionately adopt it, burying all hostilities under foot. A more candid soul, once let the stormful velocities of it expend themselves, was nowhere to be met with. A son of light, if I have ever seen one; recognising the truth, if truth there were;

hurling overboard his vanities, petulances, big and small interests, in ready loyalty to truth: very beautiful; at once a loyal child, as I said, and a gifted man!—Here is a very pertinent passage from one of his Letters, which, though the name continues blank, I will insert:

October 15*th*, 1839 (*To his Father*).—'As to my "over-'estimate of ——," your expressions rather puzzle me. I 'suppose there may be, at the outside, a hundred persons in 'England whose opinions on such a matter are worth as much 'as mine. If by "the public" you and my Mother mean the 'other ninety-nine, I submit. I have no doubt that, on any 'matter not relating peculiarly to myself, the judgment of the 'ninety-nine most philosophical heads in the country, if unanimous, would be right, and mine, if opposed to them, wrong. 'But then I am at a loss to make out, How the decision of the 'very few really competent persons has been ascertained to be 'thus in contradiction to me? And on the other hand, I con-'ceive myself, from my opportunities, knowledge and attention 'to the subject, to be alone quite entitled to outvote tens of 'thousands of gentlemen, however much my superiors as men 'of business, men of the world, or men of merely dry or merely 'frivolous literature.

'I do not remember ever before to have heard the saying, 'whether of Talleyrand or of any one else, That *all* the world 'is a wiser man than any man in the world. Had it been said 'even by the Devil, it would nevertheless be false. I have often indeed heard the saying, *On peut être plus* FIN *qu'un* 'autre, *mais pas plus* FIN *que tous les autres.* But observe 'that "*fin*" means *cunning*, not *wise.* The difference between 'this assertion and the one you refer to is curious and worth 'examining. It is quite certain, there is always some one man 'in the world wiser than all the rest; as Socrates was declared 'by the oracle to be; and as, I suppose, Bacon was in his 'day, and perhaps Burke in his. There is also some one, 'whose opinion would be probably true, if opposed to that of 'all around him; and it is always indubitable that the wise 'men are the scores, and the unwise the millions. The millions indeed come round, in the course of a generation or 'two, to the opinions of the wise; but by that time a new race 'of wise men have again shot ahead of their contemporaries:

'so it has always been, and so, in the nature of things, it 'always must be. But with cunning, the matter is quite dif- 'ferent. Cunning is not *dishonest wisdom*, which would be a 'contradiction in terms; it is *dishonest prudence*, acuteness in 'practice, not in thought: and though there must always be 'some one the most cunning in the world, as well as some one 'the most wise, these two superlatives will fare very differently 'in the world. In the case of cunning, the shrewdness of a 'whole people, of a whole generation, may doubtless be com- 'bined against that of the one, and so triumph over it; which 'was pretty much the case with Napoleon. But although a 'man of the greatest cunning can hardly conceal his designs 'and true character from millions of unfriendly eyes, it is quite 'impossible thus to club the eyes of the mind, and to consti- 'tute by the union of ten thousand follies an equivalent for a 'single wisdom. A hundred schoolboys can easily unite and 'thrash their one master; but a hundred thousand school- 'boys would not be nearer than a score to knowing as much 'Greek among them as Bentley or Scaliger. To all which, I be- 'lieve, you will assent as readily as I;—and I have written it 'down only because I have nothing more important to say.'—

Besides his prose labours, Sterling had by this time written, publishing chiefly in *Blackwood*, a large assortment of verses, *Sexton's Daughter*, *Hymns of a Hermit*, and I know not what other extensive stock of pieces; concerning which he was now somewhat at a loss as to his true course. He could write verses with astonishing facility, in any given form of metre; and to various readers they seemed excellent, and high judges had freely called them so, but he himself had grave misgivings on that latter essential point. In fact here once more was a part- ing of the ways, "Write in Poetry; write in Prose?" upon which, before all else, it much concerned him to come to a settlement.

My own advice was, as it had always been, steady against Poetry; and we had colloquies upon it, which must have tried his patience, for in him there was a strong leaning the other way. But, as I remarked and urged: Had he not already gained superior excellence in delivering, by way of *speech* or prose, what thoughts were in him, which is the grand and only intrinsic function of a writing man, call him by what title you

will? Cultivate that superior excellence till it become a perfect and superlative one. Why *sing* your bits of thoughts, if you *can* contrive to speak them? By your thought, not by your mode of delivering it, you must live or die.—Besides I had to observe there was in Sterling intrinsically no depth of *tune;* which surely is the real test of a Poet or Singer, as distinguished from a Speaker? In music proper he had not the slightest ear; all music was mere impertinent noise to him, nothing in it perceptible but the mere march or time. Nor in his way of conception and utterance, in the verses he wrote, was there any contradiction, but a constant confirmation to me, of that fatal prognostic;—as indeed the whole man, in ear and heart and tongue, is one; and he whose soul does not sing, need not try to do it with his throat. Sterling's verses had a monotonous rub-a-dub, instead of tune; no trace of music deeper than that of a well-beaten drum; to which limited range of excellence the substance also corresponded; being intrinsically always a rhymed and slightly rhythmical *speech*, not a *song*.

In short, all seemed to me to say, in his case: "You can "speak with supreme excellence; sing with considerable excel- "lence you never can. And the Age itself, does it not, beyond "most ages, demand and require clear speech; an Age in- "capable of being sung to, in any but a trivial manner, till "these convulsive agonies and wild revolutionary overturnings "readjust themselves? Intelligible word of command, not "musical psalmody and fiddling, is possible in this fell storm "of battle. Beyond all ages, our Age admonishes whatsoever "thinking or writing man it has: O, speak to me some wise "intelligible speech; your wise meaning in the shortest and "clearest way; behold I am dying for want of wise meaning, "and insight into the devouring fact: speak, if you have any "wisdom! As to song so-called, and your fiddling talent,— "even if you have one, much more if you have none,—we will "talk of that a couple of centuries hence, when things are "calmer again. Homer shall be thrice welcome; but only "when Troy is *taken:* alas, while the siege lasts, and battle's "fury rages everywhere, what can I do with the Homer? I "want Achilleus and Odysseus, and am enraged to see them "trying to be Homers!"—

Sterling, who respected my sincerity, and always was amen-

able enough to counsel, was doubtless much confused by such contradictory diagnosis of his case. The question, Poetry or Prose? became more and more pressing, more and more insoluble. He decided, at last, to appeal to the public upon it; —got ready, in the late autumn, a small select Volume of his verses; and was now busy pushing it through the press. Unfortunately, in the mean while, a grave illness, of the old pulmonary sort, overtook him, which at one time threatened to be dangerous. This is a glance again into his interior household in these circumstances:

December 21st, 1839 (*To his Mother*).—'The Tin-box came 'quite safe, with all its miscellaneous contents. I suppose we 'are to thank you for the *Comic Almanack*, which, as usual, is 'very amusing; and for the Book on *Watt*, which disappointed 'me. The scientific part is no doubt very good, and particu-'larly clear and simple; but there is nothing remarkable in the 'account of Watt's character; and it is an absurd piece of 'French impertinence in Arago to say, that England has not 'yet learnt to appreciate men like Watt, because he was not 'made a peer; which, were our peerage an institution like that 'of France, would have been very proper.

'I have now finished correcting the proofs of my little 'Volume of Poems. It has been a great plague to me, and one 'that I would not have incurred, had I expected to be laid-up 'as I have been; but the matter was begun before I had any 'notion of being disabled by such an illness,—the severest I 'have suffered since I went to the West Indies. The Book 'will, after all, be a botched business in many respects; and I 'much doubt whether it will pay its expenses: but I try to con-'sider it as out of my hands, and not to fret myself about it. 'I shall be very curious to see Carlyle's Tractate on *Chartism;* 'which'—But we need not enter upon that.

Sterling's little Book was printed at his own expense;[3] published by Moxon in the very end of this year. It carries an appropriate and pretty Epigraph:

'Feeling, Thought, and Fancy be
Gentle sister Graces three:
If these prove averse to me,
They will punish,—pardon Ye!'

[3] *Poems by John Sterling.* London (Moxon), 1839.

He had dedicated the little Volume to Mr. Hare;—and he submitted very patiently to the discouraging neglect with which it was received by the world; for indeed the 'Ye' said nothing audible, in the way of pardon or other doom; so that whether the 'sister Graces' were averse or not, remained as doubtful as ever.

CHAPTER II.

TWO WINTERS.

As we said above, it had been hoped by Sterling's friends, not very confidently by himself, that in the gentler air of Clifton his health might so far recover as to enable him to dispense with autumnal voyages, and to spend the year all round in a house of his own. These hopes, favourable while the warm season lasted, broke-down when winter came. In November of this same year, while his little Volume was passing through the press, bad and worse symptoms, spitting of blood to crown the sad list, reappeared; and Sterling had to equip himself again, at this late season, for a new flight to Madeira; wherein the good Calvert, himself suffering, and ready on all grounds for such an adventure, offered to accompany him. Sterling went by land to Falmouth, meaning there to wait for Calvert, who was to come by the Madeira Packet, and there take him on board.

Calvert and the Packet did arrive, in stormy January weather; which continued wildly blowing for weeks; forbidding all egress Westward, especially for invalids. These elemental tumults, and blustering wars of sea and sky, with nothing but the misty solitude of Madeira in the distance, formed a very discouraging outlook. In the mean while Falmouth itself had offered so many resources, and seemed so tolerable in climate and otherwise, while this wintry ocean looked so inhospitable for invalids, it was resolved our voyagers should stay where they were till spring returned. Which accordingly was done; with good effect for that season, and also with results for the coming seasons. Here again, from Letters to Knightsbridge, are some glimpses of his winter-life:

Falmouth, February 5th, 1840.—'I have been today to see 'a new tin-mine, two or three miles off, which is expected to

'turn into a copper-mine by and by, so they will have the two 'constituents of bronze close together. This, by the way, was 'the "brass" of Homer and the Ancients generally, who do 'not seem to have known our brass made of copper and zinc. 'Achilles in his armour must have looked like a bronze statue. '—I took Sheridan's advice, and did not go down the mine.'

February 15th.—'To some iron-works the other day; where 'I saw half the beam of a great steam-engine, a piece of iron 'forty feet long and seven broad, cast in about five minutes. 'It was a very striking spectacle. I hope to go to Penzance 'before I leave this country, and will not fail to tell you about 'it.'—He did make trial of Penzance, among other places, next year; but only of Falmouth this.

February 20th.—'I am going on *asy* here, in spite of a great 'change of weather. The East winds are come at last, bring- 'ing with them snow, which has been driving about for the 'last twenty-four hours; not falling heavily, nor lying long 'when fallen. Neither is it as yet very cold, but I suppose 'there will be some six weeks of unpleasant temperature. The 'marine climate of this part of England will, no doubt, modify 'and mollify the air into a happier sort of substance than that 'you breathe in London.

'The large vessels that had been lying here for weeks, wait- 'ing for a wind, have now sailed; two of them for the East 'Indies, and having three hundred soldiers on board. It is a 'curious thing that the long-continued westerly winds had so 'prevented the coasters arriving, that the Town was almost on 'the point of a famine as to bread. The change has brought 'in abundance of flour.—The people in general seem extremely 'comfortable; their houses are excellent, almost all of stone. 'Their habits are very little agricultural, but mining and fishing 'seem to prosper with them. There are hardly any gentry here; 'I have not seen more than two gentlemen's carriages in the 'Town; indeed I think the nearest one comes from five miles off.'

'I have been obliged to try to occupy myself with Natural 'Science, in order to give some interest to my walks; and have 'begun to feel my way in Geology. I have now learnt to recog- 'nise three or four of the common kinds of stone about here, 'when I see them; but I find it stupid work compared with 'Poetry and Philosophy. In the mornings, however, for an hour

'or so before I get up, I generally light my candle, and try to 'write some verses; and since I have been here, I have put 'together short poems, almost enough for another small volume. 'In the evenings I have gone on translating some of Goethe. 'But six or seven hours spent on my legs, in the open air, do 'not leave my brain much energy for thinking. Thus my life 'is a dull and unprofitable one, but still better than it would 'have been in Madeira or on board ship. I hear from Susan 'every day, and write to her by return of post.'

At Falmouth Sterling had been warmly welcomed by the well-known Quaker family of the Foxes, principal people in that place, persons of cultivated opulent habits, and joining to the fine purities and pieties of their sect a reverence for human intelligence in all kinds; to whom such a visitor as Sterling was naturally a welcome windfall. The family had grave elders, bright cheery younger branches, men and women; truly amiable all, after their sort: they made a pleasant image of home for Sterling in his winter exile. 'Most worthy, respectable and 'highly cultivated people, with a great deal of money among 'them,' writes Sterling in the end of February; 'who make the 'place pleasant to me. They are connected with all the large 'Quaker circle, the Gurneys, Frys, &c., and also with Buxton 'the Abolitionist. It is droll to hear them talking of all the 'common topics of science, literature and life, and in the midst 'of it: "Does thou know Wordsworth?" or, "Did thou see the 'Coronation?" or "Will thou take some refreshment?" They 'are very kind and pleasant people to know.

'Calvert,' continues our Diarist, 'is better than he lately 'was, though he has not been at all laid-up. He shoots little 'birds, and dissects and stuffs them; while I carry a hammer, 'and break flints and slates, to look for diamonds and rubies 'inside; and admire my success in the evening, when I empty 'my greatcoat pocket of its specimens. On the whole, I doubt 'whether my physical proceedings will set the Thames on fire. 'Give my love to Anthony's Charlotte; also remember me 'affectionately to the Carlyles.'—

At this time, too, John Mill, probably encouraged by Sterling, arrived in Falmouth, seeking refuge of climate for a sickly younger Brother, to whom also, while he continued there, and to his poor patient, the doors and hearts of this kind family

were thrown wide open. Falmouth, during these winter weeks, especially while Mill continued, was an unexpectedly engaging place to Sterling; and he left it in spring, for Clifton, with a very kindly image of it in his thoughts. So ended, better than it might have done, his first year's flight from the Clifton winter.

In April 1840 he was at his own hearth again; cheerily pursuing his old labours,—struggling to redeem, as he did with a gallant constancy, the available months and days, out of the wreck of so many that were unavailable, for the business allotted him in this world. His swift, decisive energy of character; the valiant rally he made again and ever again, starting up fresh from amid the wounded, and cheerily storming-in anew, was admirable, and showed a noble fund of natural health amid such an element of disease. Somehow one could never rightly fancy that he was diseased; that those fatal ever-recurring downbreaks were not almost rather the penalties paid for exuberance of health, and of faculty for living and working; criminal forfeitures, incurred by excess of self-exertion and such irrepressible over-rapidity of movement: and the vague hope was habitual with us, that increase of years, as it deadened this over-energy, would first make the man secure of life, and a sober prosperous worker among his fellows. It was always as if with a kind of blame that one heard of his being ill again! Poor Sterling;—no man knows another's burden: these things were not, and were not to be, in the way we had fancied them!

Summer went along in its usual quiet tenor at Clifton; health good, as usual while the warm weather lasted, and activity abundant; the scene as still as the busiest could wish. 'You 'metropolitan signors,' writes Sterling to his Father, 'cannot 'conceive the dulness and scantiness of our provincial chronicle.' Here is a little excursion to the seaside; the lady of the family being again,—for good reasons,—in a weakly state:

'*To Edward Sterling, Esq., Knightsbridge, London.*

'Portshead, Bristol, 1st Sept. 1840.

'My dear Father,—This place is a southern headland at 'the mouth of the Avon. Susan, and the Children too, were 'all suffering from languor; and as she is quite unfit to travel in a carriage, we were obliged to move, if at all, to some place

'accessible by water; and this is the nearest where we could 'get the fresher air of the Bristol Channel. We sent to take a 'house, for a week; and came down here in a steamer yester- 'day morning. It seems likely to do every one good. We have 'a comfortable house, with eight rather small bedrooms, for 'which we pay four guineas and a half for the week. We have 'brought three of our own maids, and leave one to take care of 'the house at Clifton.

'A week ago my horse fell with me, but did not hurt seri- 'ously either himself or me: it was, however, rather hard that, 'as there were six legs to be damaged, the one that did scratch 'itself should belong to the part of the machine possessing only 'two, instead of the quadrupedal portion. I grazed about the 'size of a halfpenny on my left knee; and for a couple of days 'walked about as if nothing had happened. I found, however, 'that the skin was not returning correctly; and so sent for a 'doctor: he treated the thing as quite insignificant, but said I 'must keep my leg quiet for a few days. It is still not quite 'healed; and I lie all day on a sofa, much to my discomposure; 'but the thing is now rapidly disappearing; and I hope, in a 'day or two more, I shall be free again. I find I can do no 'work, while thus crippled in my leg. The man in Horace who 'made verses *stans pede in uno* had the advantage of me.

'The Great Western came-in last night about eleven, and 'has just been making a flourish past our windows; looking 'very grand, with four streamers of bunting, and one of smoke. 'Of course I do not yet know whether I have Letters by her, 'as if so they will have gone to Clifton first. This place is quiet, 'green and pleasant; and will suit us very well, if we have good 'weather, of which there seems every appearance.

'Milnes spent last Sunday with me at Clifton; and was very 'amusing and cordial. It is impossible for those who know him 'well not to like him.—I send this to Knightsbridge, not know- 'ing where else to hit you. Love to my Mother.—Your affec- 'tionate, JOHN STERLING.'

The expected 'Letters by the Great Western' are from Anthony, now in Canada, doing military duties there. The 'Milnes' is our excellent Richard, whom all men know, and truly whom none can know well without even doing as Sterling says.—In

a week the family had returned to Clifton ; and Sterling was at his poetisings and equitations again. His grand business was now Poetry ; all effort, outlook and aim exclusively directed thither, this good while.

Of the published Volume Moxon gave the worst tidings ; no man had hailed it with welcome ; unsold it lay, under the leaden seal of general neglect ; the public when asked what it thought, had answered hitherto by a lazy stare. It shall answer otherwise, thought Sterling ; by no means taking that as the final response. It was in this same September that he announced to me and other friends, under seal of secrecy as usual, the completion, or complete first-draught of "a new Poem reaching to two thousand verses." By working 'three hours every morning' he had brought it so far. This Piece, entitled *The Election*, of which in due time we obtained perusal, and had to give some judgment, proved to be in a new vein,—what might be called the mock-heroic, or sentimental Hudibrastic, reminding one a little, too, of Wieland's *Oberon ;*—it had touches of true drollery combined not ill with grave clear insight ; showed spirit everywhere, and a plainly improved power of execution. Our stingy verdict was to the effect, "Better, but still not good enough :— 'why follow that sad 'metrical' course, climbing the loose sand-"hills, when you have a firm path along the plain ?" To Sterling himself it remained dubious whether so slight a strain, new though it were, would suffice to awaken the sleeping public ; and the Piece was thrown away and taken up again, at intervals ; and the question, Publish or not publish ? lay many months undecided.

Meanwhile his own feeling was now set more and more towards Poetry ; and in spite of symptoms and dissuasions, and perverse prognostics of outward wind and weather, he was rallying all his force for a downright struggle with it ; resolute to see which *was* the stronger. It must be owned, he takes his failures in the kindliest manner ; and goes along, bating no jot of heart or hope. Perhaps I should have more admired this than I did ! My dissuasions, in that case, might have been fainter. But then my sincerity, which was all the use of my poor counsel in assent or dissent, would have been less. He was now furthermore busy with a *Tragedy of Strafford*, the theme of many failures in Tragedy ; planning it industriously in his

head ; eagerly reading in *Whitlocke*, *Rushworth* and the Puritan Books, to attain a vesture and local habitation for it. Faithful assiduous studies I do believe ;—of which, knowing my stubborn realism, and savage humour towards singing by the Thespian or other methods, he told me little, during his visits that summer.

The advance of the dark weather sent him adrift again ; to Torquay, for this winter : there, in his old Falmouth climate, he hoped to do well ;—and did, so far as welldoing was readily possible, in that sad wandering way of life. However, be where he may, he tries to work 'two or three hours in the morning,' were it even 'with a lamp,' in bed, before the fires are lit ; and so makes something of it. From abundant Letters of his now before me, I glean these two or three small glimpses ; sufficient for our purpose at present. The general date is 'Tor, near Torquay:'

Tor, November 30th, 1840 (*To Mrs. Charles Fox, Falmouth*). —'I reached this place on Thursday ; having, after much hesi-'tation, resolved to come here, at least for the next three weeks, '—with some obscure purpose of embarking at the New Year, 'from Falmouth for Malta, and so reaching Naples, which I 'have not seen. There was also a doubt whether I should not, 'after Christmas, bring my family here for the first four months 'of the year. All this, however, is still doubtful. But for certain 'inhabitants of Falmouth and its neighbourhood, this place 'would be far more attractive than it. But I have here also 'friends, whose kindness, like much that I met with last winter, 'perpetually makes me wonder at the stock of benignity in 'human nature. A brother of my friend Julius Hare, Marcus 'by name, a Naval man, and though not a man of letters, full 'of sense and knowledge, lives here in a beautiful place, with a 'most agreeable and excellent wife, a daughter of Lord Stanley 'of Alderley. I had hardly seen them before ; but they are fra-'ternising with me, in a much better than the Jacobin fashion ; 'and one only feels ashamed at the enormity of some people's 'good-nature. I am in a little rural sort of lodging ; and as 'comfortable as a solitary oyster can expect to be.'—

December 5th (*To C. Barton*).—'This place is extremely 'small, much more so than Falmouth even ; but pretty, cheerful, 'and very mild in climate. There are a great many villas in

'and about the little Town, having three or four reception-
'rooms, eight or ten bedrooms; and costing about fifteen hun-
'dred or two thousand pounds each, and occupied by persons
'spending a thousand or more pounds a-year. If the Country
'would acknowledge my merits by the gift of one of these, I
'could prevail on myself to come and live here; which would
'be the best move for my health I could make in England; but,
'in the absence of any such expression of public feeling, it would
'come rather dear.'—

December 22*d* (*To Mrs. Fox again*).—'By the way, did you
'ever read a Novel? If you ever mean to do so hereafter, let
'it be Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*. It is really very striking;
'and parts of it are very true and very beautiful. It is not so
'true, or so thoroughly clear and harmonious, among delinea-
'tions of English middle-class gentility, as Miss Austin's books,
'especially as *Pride and Prejudice*, which I think exquisite; but
'it is worth reading. *The Hour and the Man* is eloquent, but
'an absurd exaggeration.—I hold out so valorously against this
'Scandinavian weather, that I deserve to be ranked with Odin
'and Thor, and fancy I may go to live at Clifton or Drontheim.
'Have you had the same icy desolation as prevails here?'

December 28*th* (*To W. Coningham, Esq.*).—'Looking back
'to him' (a deceased Uncle, father of his correspondent), 'as
'I now very often do, I feel strongly, what the loss of other
'friends has also impressed on me, how much Death deepens
'our affection; and sharpens our regret for whatever has been
'even slightly amiss in our conduct towards those who are
'gone. What trifles then swell into painful importance; how
'we believe that, could the past be recalled, life would present
'no worthier, happier task, than that of so bearing ourselves
'towards those we love, that we might ever after find nothing
'but melodious tranquillity breathing about their graves! Yet,
'too often, I feel the difficulty of always practising such mild
'wisdom towards those who are still left me.—You will wonder
'less at my rambling off in this way, when I tell you that my
'little lodging is close to a picturesque old Church and Church-
'yard, where, every day, I brush past a tombstone, recording
'that an Italian, of Manferrato, has buried there a girl of six-
'teen, his only daughter: "*L' unica speranza di mia vita.*"—
'No doubt, as you say, our Mechanical Age is necessary as a

'passage to something better; but, at least, do not let us go 'back.'—

At the New-year time, feeling unusually well, he returns to Clifton. His plans, of course, were ever fluctuating; his movements were swift and uncertain. Alas, his whole life, especially his winter-life, had to be built as if on wavering drift-sand; nothing certain in it, except if possible the 'two or three hours of work' snatched from the general whirlpool of the dubious four-and-twenty!

Clifton, January 10th, 1841 (*To Dr. Carlyle*).—'I stood 'the sharp frost at Torquay with such entire impunity, that at 'last I took courage, and resolved to return home. I have been 'here a week, in extreme cold; and have suffered not at all; 'so that I hope, with care I may prosper in spite of medical 'prognostics,—if you permit such profane language. I am even 'able to work a good deal; and write for some hours every 'morning, by dint of getting up early, which an Arnott-stove 'in my study enables me to do.'—But at Clifton he cannot continue. Again, before long, the rude weather has driven him Southward; the spring finds him in his former haunts; doubtful as ever what to decide upon for the future; but tending evidently towards a new change of residence for household and self:

Penzance, April 19th, 1841 (*To W. Coningham, Esq.*).—'My little Boy and I have been wandering about between Tor-'quay and this place; and latterly have had my Father for a 'few days with us,—he left us yesterday. In all probability I 'shall endeavour to settle either at Torquay, at Falmouth, or 'here; as it is pretty clear that I cannot stand the sharp air 'of Clifton, and still less the London east winds. Penzance is, 'on the whole, a pleasant-looking, cheerful place; with a de-'lightful mildness of air, and a great appearance of comfort 'among the people: the view of Mount's Bay is certainly a 'very noble one. Torquay would suit the health of my Wife 'and Children better; or else I should be glad to live here 'always, London and its neighbourhood being impracticable.' —Such was his second wandering winter; enough to render the prospect of a third at Clifton very uninviting.

With the Falmouth friends, young and old, his intercourse

had meanwhile continued cordial and frequent. The omens were pointing towards that region as his next place of abode. Accordingly, in few weeks hence, in the June of this Summer 1841, his dubitations and inquirings are again ended for a time; he has fixed upon a house in Falmouth, and removed thither; bidding Clifton, and the regretful Clifton friends, a kind farewell. This was the *fifth* change of place for his family since Bayswater; the fifth, and to one chief member of it the last. Mrs. Sterling had brought him a new child in October last; and went hopefully to Falmouth, dreading *other* than what befell there.

CHAPTER III.

FALMOUTH : POEMS.

At Falmouth, as usual, he was soon at home in his new environment; resumed his labours; had his new small circle of acquaintance, the ready and constant centre of which was the Fox family, with whom he lived on an altogether intimate, honoured and beloved footing; realising his best anticipations in that respect, which doubtless were among his first inducements to settle in this new place. Open cheery heights, rather bare of wood; fresh south-western breezes; a brisk laughing sea, swept by industrious sails, and the nets of a most stalwart, wholesome, frank and interesting population: the clean little fishing, trading and packet Town; hanging on its slope towards the Eastern sun, close on the waters of its basin and intricate bay,—with the miniature Pendennis Castle seaward on the right, the miniature St. Mawes landward to left, and the mining world and the farming world open boundlessly to the rear:—all this made a pleasant outlook and environment. And in all this, as in the other new elements of his position, Sterling, open beyond most men to the worth of things about him, took his frank share. From the first, he had liked the general aspect of the population, and their healthy, lively ways; not to speak of the special friendships he had formed there, which shed a charm over them all. 'Men of strong character, clear heads and genuine good-'ness,' writes he, 'are by no means wanting.' And long after: 'The common people here dress better than in most parts of

'England; and on Sundays, if the weather be at all fine, their 'appearance is very pleasant. One sees them all round the 'Town, especially towards Pendennis Castle, streaming in a 'succession of little groups, and seeming for the most part really 'and quietly happy.' On the whole he reckoned himself lucky; and, so far as locality went, found this a handsome shelter for the next two years of his life. Two years, and not without an interruption; that was all. Here we have no continuing city; he less than any of us! One other flight for shelter; and then it is ended, and he has found an inexpugnable refuge. Let us trace his remote footsteps, as we have opportunity:

Falmouth, June 28th, 1841 (*To Dr. Symonds, Clifton*).—'Newman writes to me that he is gone to the Rhine. I wish I 'were! And yet the only "wish" at the bottom of my heart, 'is to be able to work vigorously in my own way anywhere, 'were it in some Circle of Dante's Inferno. This, however, is 'the secret of my soul, which I disclose only to a few.'

Falmouth, July 6th, 1841 (*To his Mother*).—'I have at 'last my own study made comfortable; the carpet being now 'laid down, and most of my appurtenances in tolerable order. 'By and by I shall, unless stopped by illness, get myself to-'gether, and begin living an orderly life and doing my daily 'task. I have swung a cot in my dressing-room; partly as a 'convenience for myself, partly as a sort of memorial of my 'poor Uncle, in whose cot in his dressing-room at Lisworney 'I remember to have slept when a child. I have put a good 'large bookcase in my drawing-room, and all the rest of my 'books fit very well into the study.'

Same day (*To myself*).—'No books have come in my way 'but Emerson's, which I value full as much as you, though as 'yet I have read only some corners of it. We have had an 'Election here, of the usual stamp; to me a droll "realised 'Ideal," after my late metrical adventures in that line. But 'the oddest sign of the Times I know, is a cheap Translation 'of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, now publishing in numbers, and said 'to be circulating far and wide. What does,—or rather, what 'does not,—this portend?'—

With the Poem called *The Election*, here alluded to, which had been more than once revised and reconsidered, he was still

under some hesitations; but at last had wellnigh resolved, as from the first it was clear he would do, on publishing it. This occupied some occasional portion of his thoughts. But his grand private affair, I believe, was now *Strafford;* to which, or to its adjuncts, all working hours were devoted. Sterling's notions of Tragedy are high enough. This is what he writes once, in reference to his own task in these weeks: 'Few, I 'fancy, know how much harder it is to write a Tragedy than 'to realise or be one. Every man has in his heart and lot, if 'he pleases, and too many whether they please or no, all the 'woes of Œdipus and Antigone. But it takes the One, the 'Sophocles of a thousand years, to utter these in the full depth 'and harmony of creative song. Curious, by the way, how that 'Dramatic Form of the old Greek, with only some superficial 'changes, remains a law not only for the stage, but for the 'thoughts of all Poets; and what a charm it has even for the 'reader who never saw a theatre. The Greek Plays and Shak-'speare have interested a hundred as books, for one who has 'seen their writings acted. How lightly does the mere clown, 'the idle school-girl, build a private theatre in the fancy, and 'laugh or weep with Falstaff and Macbeth: with how entire 'an oblivion of the artificial nature of the whole contrivance, 'which thus compels them to be their own architects, machinists, 'scene-painters, and actors! In fact, the artifice succeeds,—— 'becomes grounded in the substance of the soul: and every 'one loves to feel how he is thus brought face to face with the 'brave, the fair, the woful and the great of all past ages; looks 'into their eyes, and feels the beatings of their hearts; and 'reads, over the shoulder, the secret written tablets of the 'busiest and the largest brains; while the Juggler, by whose 'cunning the whole strange beautiful absurdity is set in motion, 'keeps himself hidden; sings loud with a mouth unmoving as 'that of a statue, and makes the human race cheat itself unani-'mously and delightfully by the illusion that he preordains; 'while as an obscure Fate, he sits invisible, and hardly lets his 'being be divined by those who cannot flee him. The Lyric 'Art is childish, and the Epic barbarous, compared to this. 'But of the true and perfect Drama it may be said, as of even 'higher mysteries, Who is sufficient for these things?'—On this *Tragedy of Strafford*, writing it and again writing it, studying

for it, and bending himself with his whole strength to do his best on it, he expended many strenuous months,—'above a year of his life,' he computes, in all.

For the rest, what Falmouth has to give him he is willing to take, and mingles freely in it. In Hare's Collection there is given a *Lecture* which he read in Autumn 1841 (Mr. Hare says '1842,' by mistake), to a certain Public Institution in the place, —of which more anon;—a piece interesting in this, if not much in any other respect. Doubtless his friends the Foxes were at the heart of that lecturing enterprise, and had urged and solicited him. Something like proficiency in certain branches of science, as I have understood, characterised one or more of this estimable family; love of knowledge, taste for art, wish to consort with wisdom and wise men, were the tendencies of all; to opulent means superadd the Quaker beneficence, Quaker purity and reverence, there is a circle in which wise men also may love to be. Sterling made acquaintance here with whatever of notable in worthy persons or things might be afoot in those parts; and was led thereby, now and then, into pleasant reunions, in new circles of activity, which might otherwise have continued foreign to him. The good Calvert, too, was now here; and intended to remain;—which he mostly did henceforth, lodging in Sterling's neighbourhood, so long as lodging in this world was permitted him. Still good and clear and cheerful; still a lively comrade, within doors or without,—a diligent rider always,—though now wearing visibly weaker, and less able to exert himself.

Among those accidental Falmouth reunions, perhaps the notablest for Sterling occurred in this his first season. There is in Falmouth an Association called the *Cornwall Polytechnic Society*, established about twenty years ago, and supported by the wealthy people of the Town and neighbourhood, for the encouragement of the arts in that region; it has its Library, its Museum, some kind of Annual Exhibition withal; gives prizes, publishes reports: the main patrons, I believe, are Sir Charles Lemon, a well-known country gentleman of those parts, and the Messrs. Fox. To this, so far as he liked to go in it, Sterling was sure to be introduced and solicited. The Polytechnic meeting of 1841 was unusually distinguished; and Sterling's part in it formed one of the pleasant occurrences for him in Falmouth.

It was here that, among other profitable as well as pleasant things, he made acquaintance with Professor Owen (an event of which I too had my benefit in due time, and still have): the bigger assemblage, called *British Association*, which met at Plymouth this year, having now just finished its affairs there, Owen and other distinguished persons had taken Falmouth in their route from it. Sterling's account of this Polytechnic gala still remains,—in three Letters to his Father, which, omitting the extraneous portions, I will give in one,—as a piece worth reading among those still-life pictures:

'*To Edward Sterling, Esq., Knightsbridge, London.*

'Falmouth, 10th August 1841.

'My dear Father,—I was not well for a day or two after 'you went; and since, I have been busy about an annual show 'of the Polytechnic Society here, in which my friends take much 'interest, and for which I have been acting as one of the judges 'in the department of the Fine Arts, and have written a little 'Report for them. As I have not said that Falmouth is as 'eminent as Athens or Florence, perhaps the Committee will 'not adopt my statement. But if they do, it will be of some 'use; for I have hinted, as delicately as possible, that people 'should not paint historical pictures before they have the power 'of drawing a decent outline of a pig or a cabbage. I saw Sir 'Charles Lemon yesterday, who was kind as well as civil in 'his manner; and promises to be a pleasant neighbour. There 'are several of the British Association heroes here; but not 'Whewell, or any one whom I know.'

August 17th.—'At the Polytechnic Meeting here we had 'several very eminent men; among others, Professor Owen, 'said to be the first of comparative anatomists, and Conybeare 'the geologist. Both of these gave evening Lectures; and after 'Conybeare's, at which I happened to be present, I said I 'would, if they chose, make some remarks on the Busts which 'happened to be standing there, intended for prizes in the de-'partment of the Fine Arts. They agreed gladly. The heads 'were Homer, Pericles, Augustus, Dante and Michael Angelo. 'I got into the boxlike platform, with these on a shelf before 'me; and began a talk which must have lasted some three 'quarters of an hour; describing partly the characters and cir-

' cumstances of the men, illustrated by anecdotes and compared ' with their physiognomies, and partly the several styles of sculp- ' ture exhibited in the Casts, referring these to what I consi- ' dered the true principles of the Art. The subject was one that ' interests me, and I got on in famous style; and had both pit ' and galleries all applauding, in a way that had had no prece- ' dent during any other part of the meeting. Conybeare paid ' me high compliments; Owen looked much pleased,—an hon- ' our well purchased by a year's hard work;—and everybody, ' in short, seemed delighted. Susan was not there, and I had ' nothing to make me nervous; so that I worked away freely, ' and got vigorously over the ground. After so many years' ' disuse of rhetoric, it was a pleasant surprise to myself to find ' that I could still handle the old weapons without awkwardness. ' More by good luck than good guidance, it has done my health ' no harm. I have been at Sir Charles Lemon's, though only ' to pay a morning visit, having declined to stay there or dine, ' the hours not suiting me. They were very civil. The person ' I saw most of was his sister, Lady Dunstanville; a pleasant, ' well-informed and well-bred woman. He seems a most ami- ' able, kindly man, of fair good sense and cultivated tastes.— ' I had a letter today from my Mother' in Scotland; ' who says ' she sent you one which you were to forward me; which I hope ' soon to have.'

August 29th.—' I returned yesterday from Carclew, Sir C. ' Lemon's fine place about five miles off; where I had been ' staying a couple of days, with apparently the heartiest welcome. ' Susan was asked; but wanting a Governess, could not leave ' home.

' Sir Charles is a widower (his Wife was sister to Lord Il- ' chester) without children; but had a niece staying with him, ' and his sister Lady Dunstanville, a pleasant and very civil ' woman. There were also Mr. Bunbury, eldest son of Sir Henry ' Bunbury, a man of much cultivation and strong talents; Mr. ' Fox Talbot, son, I think, of another Ilchester lady, and bro- ' ther of *the* Talbot of Wales, but himself a man of large fortune, ' and known for photogenic and other scientific plans of extract- ' ing sunbeams from cucumbers. He also is a man of known ' ability, but chiefly employed in that peculiar department. *Item* ' Professors Lloyd and Owen: the former, of Dublin, son of the

'late Provost, I had seen before and knew ; a great mathema-
'tician and optician, and a discoverer in those matters ; with
'a clever little Wife, who has a great deal of knowledge, quite
'free from pretension. Owen is a first-rate comparative anato-
'mist, they say the greatest since Cuvier ; lives in London, and
'lectures there. On the whole, he interested me more than any
'of them,—by an apparent force and downrightness of mind,
'combined with much simplicity and frankness.

'Nothing could be pleasanter and easier than the habits of
'life, with what to me was a very unusual degree of luxury,
'though probably nothing but what is common among people of
'large fortune. The library and pictures are nothing extraordin-
'ary. The general tone of good nature, good sense and quiet
'freedom, was what struck me most ; and I think besides this
'there was a disposition to be cordially courteous towards me.'

'I took Edward a ride of two hours yesterday on Calvert's
'pony, and he is improving fast in horsemanship. The school
'appears to answer very well. We shall have the Governess in
'a day or two, which will be a great satisfaction. Will you send
'my Mother this scribble with my love ; and believe me,—Your
'affectionate son, JOHN STERLING.'

One other little event dwells with me, out of those Falmouth times, exact date now forgotten ; a pleasant little matter, in which Sterling, and principally the Misses Fox, bright cheery young creatures, were concerned ; which, for the sake of its human interest, is worth mention. In a certain Cornish mine, said the Newspapers duly specifying it, two miners deep down in the shaft were engaged putting in a shot for blasting : they had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up,—one at a time was all their coadjutor at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed. Now it chanced while they were both still below, one of them thought the match too long ; tried to break it shorter, took a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, to cut it shorter ; did cut it of the due length, but, horrible to relate, kindled it at the same time, and both were still below ! Both shouted vehemently to the coadjutor at the windlass, both sprang at the basket ; the windlass man could not move it with them both. Here was a moment for poor miner

Jack and miner Will! Instant horrible death hangs over both, —when Will generously resigns himself: "Go aloft, Jack," and sits down; "away; in one minute I shall be in Heaven!" Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruises his face as he looks over; he is safe above ground: and poor Will? Descending eagerly they find Will too, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him, and little injured: he too is brought up safe, and all ends joyfully, say the Newspapers.

Such a piece of manful promptitude, and salutary human heroism, was worth investigating. It was investigated; found to be accurate to the letter,—with this addition and explanation, that Will, an honest, ignorant good man, entirely given-up to Methodism, had been perfect in the "faith of assurance," certain that *he* should get to Heaven if he died, certain that Jack would not, which had been the ground of his decision in that great moment;—for the rest, that he much wished to learn reading and writing, and find some way of life above ground instead of below. By aid of the Misses Fox and the rest of that family, a subscription (modest *Anti*-Hudson testimonial) was raised to this Methodist hero: he emerged into daylight with fifty pounds in his pocket; did strenuously try, for certain months, to learn reading and writing; found he could not learn those arts or either of them; took his money and bought cows with it, wedding at the same time some religious likely milkmaid; and is, last time I heard of him, a prosperous modest dairyman, thankful for the upper light and safety from the wrath to come. Sterling had some hand in this affair: but, as I said, it was the two young ladies of the family that mainly did it.

In the end of 1841, after many hesitations and revisals, *The Election* came out; a tiny Duodecimo without name attached;[1] again inquiring of the public what its suffrage was; again to little purpose. My vote had never been loud for this step, but neither was it quite adverse; and now, in reading the poor little Poem over again, after ten years' space, I find it, with a touching mixture of pleasure and repentance, considerably better than it then seemed to me. My encouragement, if not to print this poem, yet to proceed with Poetry, since there was such a resolution for it, might have been a little more decided!

[1] *The Election: a Poem, in Seven Books.* London, Murray, 1841.

This is a small Piece, but aims at containing great things; a *multum in parvo* after its sort; and is executed here and there with undeniable success. The style is free and flowing, the rhyme dances along with a certain joyful triumph; everything of due brevity withal. That mixture of mockery on the surface, which finely relieves the real earnestness within, and flavours even what is not very earnest and might even be insipid otherwise, is not ill managed: an amalgam difficult to effect well in writing; nay, impossible in writing,—unless it stand already done and effected, as a general fact, in the writer's mind and character; which will betoken a certain ripeness there.

As I said, great things are intended in this little Piece; the motto itself foreshadowing them:

> '*Fluellen.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.
> *Pistol.* Why, then, rejoice therefor.'

A stupid commonplace English Borough has lost its Member suddenly, by apoplexy or otherwise; resolves, in the usual explosive temper of mind, to replace him by one of two others; whereupon strange stirring-up of rival-attorney and other human interests and catastrophes. 'Frank Vane' (Sterling himself), and 'Peter Mogg,' the pattern English blockhead of elections: these are the candidates. There are, of course, fierce rival attorneys; electors of all creeds and complexions to be canvassed: a poor stupid Borough thrown all into red or white heat; into blazing paroxysms of activity and enthusiasm, which render the inner life of it (and of England and the world through it) luminously transparent, so to speak;—of which opportunity our friend and his 'Muse' take dexterous advantage, to delineate the same. His pictures are uncommonly good; brief, joyous, sometimes conclusively true: in rigorously compressed shape; all is merry freshness and exuberance: we have leafy summer embowering red bricks and small human interests, presented as in glowing miniature; a mock-heroic action fitly interwoven;—and many a clear glance is carelessly given into the deepest things by the way. Very happy also is the little love-episode; and the absorption of all the interest into that, on the part of Frank Vane and of us, when once this gallant Frank,—having fairly from his barrelhead stated his own (and John Sterling's) views on the aspects of the world, and of course having quite broken

down with his attorney and his public,—handsomely, by stratagem, gallops off with the fair Anne; and leaves free field to Mogg, free field to the Hippopotamus if it like. This portrait of Mogg may be considered to have merit:

'Though short of days, how large the mind of man;
A godlike force enclosed within a span!
To climb the skies we spurn our nature's clog,
And toil as Titans to elect a Mogg.
'And who was Mogg? O Muse! the man declare,
How excellent his worth, his parts how rare.
A younger son, he learnt in Oxford's halls
The spheral harmonies of billiard-balls,
Drank, hunted, drove, and hid from Virtue's frown
His venial follies in Decorum's gown.
Too wise to doubt on insufficient cause,
He signed old Cranmer's lore without a pause;
And knew that logic's cunning rules are taught
To guard our creed, and not invigorate thought,—
As those bronze steeds at Venice, kept for pride,
Adorn a Town where not one man can ride.
'From Isis sent with all her loud acclaims,
The Laws he studied on the banks of Thames.
Park, race and play, in his capacious plan,
Combined with Coke to form the finished man,
Until the wig's ambrosial influence shed
Its last full glories on the lawyer's head.
'But vain are mortal schemes. The eldest son
At Harrier Hall had scarce his stud begun,
When Death's pale courser took the Squire away
To lands where never dawns a hunting-day:
And so, while Thomas vanished 'mid the fog,
Bright rose the morning-star of Peter Mogg.'[2]

And this little picture, in a quite opposite way:

'Now, in her chamber all alone, the maid
Her polished limbs and shoulders disarrayed;
One little taper gave the only light,
One little mirror caught so dear a sight;
'Mid hangings dusk and shadows wide she stood,
Like some pale Nymph in dark-leafed solitude
Of rocks and gloomy waters all alone,
Where sunshine scarcely breaks on stump or stone

[2] Pp. 7, 8.

To scare the dreamy vision. Thus did she,
A star in deepest night, intent but free,
Gleam through the eyeless darkness, heeding not
Her beauty's praise, but musing o'er her lot.
'Her garments one by one she laid aside,
And then her knotted hair's long locks untied
With careless hand, and down her cheeks they fell,
And o'er her maiden bosom's blue-veined swell.
The right-hand fingers played amidst her hair,
And with her reverie wandered here and there:
The other hand sustained the only dress
That now but half concealed her loveliness;
And pausing, aimlessly she stood and thought,
In virgin beauty by no fear distraught.'

Manifold, and beautiful of their sort, are Anne's musings, in this interesting attitude, in the summer midnight, in the crisis of her destiny now near;—at last:

'But Anne, at last her mute devotions o'er,
Perceived the fact she had forgot before
Of her too shocking nudity; and shame
Flushed from her heart o'er all the snowy frame:
And, struck from top to toe with burning dread,
She blew the light out, and escaped to bed.'[3]

—which also is a very pretty movement.

It must be owned withal, the Piece is crude in parts, and far enough from perfect. Our good painter has yet several things to learn, and to unlearn. His brush is not always of the finest; and dashes about, sometimes, in a recognisably sprawling way: but it hits many a feature with decisive accuracy and felicity; and on the palette, as usual, lie the richest colours. A grand merit, too, is the brevity of everything; by no means a spontaneous, or quite common merit with Sterling.

This new poetic Duodecimo, as the last had done and as the next also did, met with little or no recognition from the world: which was not very inexcusable on the world's part; though many a poem with far less proof of merit than this offers, has run, when the accidents favoured it, through its tens of editions, and raised the writer to the demigods for a year or two, if not longer. Such as it is, we may take it as marking, in its small way, in a noticed or unnoticed manner, a new height

[3] Pp. 89-93.

arrived at by Sterling in his Poetic course; and almost as vindicating the determination he had formed to keep climbing by that method. Poor Poem, or rather Promise of a Poem! In Sterling's brave struggle, this little *Election* is the highest point he fairly lived to see attained, and openly demonstrated in print. His next public adventure in this kind was of inferior worth; and a third, which had perhaps intrinsically gone much higher than any of its antecessors, was cut-off as a fragment, and has not hitherto been published. Steady courage is needed on the Poetic course, as on all courses!—

Shortly after this Publication, in the beginning of 1842, poor Calvert, long a hopeless sufferer, was delivered by death: Sterling's faithful fellow-pilgrim could no more attend him in his wayfarings through this world. The weary and heavy-laden man had borne his burden well. Sterling says of him to Hare: 'Since I wrote last, I have lost Calvert; the man with whom, 'of all others, I have been during late years the most intimate. 'Simplicity, benevolence, practical good sense and moral earn-'estness were his great unfailing characteristics; and no man, 'I believe, ever possessed them more entirely. His illness had 'latterly so prostrated him, both in mind and body, that those 'who most loved him were most anxious for his departure.' There was something touching in this exit; in the quenching of so kind and bright a little life under the dark billows of death. To me he left a curious old Print of James Nayler the Quaker, which I still affectionately preserve.

Sterling, from this greater distance, came perhaps rather seldomer to London; but we saw him still at moderate intervals; and, through his family here and other direct and indirect channels, were kept in lively communication with him. Literature was still his constant pursuit; and, with encouragement or without, Poetic composition his chosen department therein. On the ill success of *The Election*, or any ill success with the world, nobody ever heard him utter the least murmur; condolence upon that or any such subject might have been a questionable operation, by no means called for! Nay, my own approval, higher than this of the world, had been languid, by no means enthusiastic. But our valiant friend took all quietly; and was not to be repulsed from his Poetics either by the world's coldness or

by mine ; he laboured at his *Strafford;*—determined to labour, in all ways, till he felt the end of his tether in this direction.

He sometimes spoke, with a certain zeal, of my starting a Periodical : Why not lift-up some kind of war-flag against the obese platitudes, and sickly superstitious aperies and impostures of the time ? But I had to answer, " Who will join it, my friend ?" He seemed to say, " I, for one ;" and there was occasionally a transient temptation in the thought, but transient only. No fighting regiment, with the smallest attempt towards drill, coöperation, commissariat, or the like unspeakable advantages, could be raised in Sterling's time or mine ; which truly, to honest fighters, is a rather grievous want. A grievous, but not quite a fatal one. For, failing this, failing all things and all men, there remains the solitary battle (and were it by the poorest weapon, the tongue only, or were it even by wise abstinence and silence and without any weapon), such as each man for himself can wage while he has life : an indubitable and infinitely comfortable fact for every man ! Said battle shaped itself for Sterling, as we have long since seen, chiefly in the poetic form, in the singing or hymning rather than the speaking form ; and in that he was cheerfully assiduous according to his light. The unfortunate *Strafford* is far on towards completion ; a *Cœur-de-Lion*, of which we shall hear farther, '*Cœur-de-Lion*, greatly the best of all his Poems,' unluckily not completed, and still unpublished, already hangs in the wind.

His Letters to friends continue copious ; and he has, as always, a loyally interested eye on whatsoever of notable is passing in the world. Especially on whatsoever indicates to him the spiritual condition of the world. Of 'Strauss,' in English or in German, we now hear nothing more ; of Church matters, and that only to special correspondents, less and less. Strauss, whom he used to mention, had interested him only as a sign of the times ; in which sense alone do we find, for a year or two back, any notice of the Church, or its affairs by Sterling ; and at last even this as good as ceases : " Adieu, O Church ; thy road is that way, mine is this : in God's name, adieu !" 'What we are going *to*,' says he once, 'is abundantly obscure ; 'but what all men are going *from*, is very plain.'—Sifted out of many pages, not of sufficient interest, here are one or two miscellaneous sentences, about the date we are now arrived at :

Falmouth, 3d November 1841 (*To Dr. Symonds*).—'Yesterday was my Wedding-day: eleven years of marriage; and on the whole my verdict is clear for matrimony. I solemnised the day by reading *John Gilpin* to the children, who with their Mother are all pretty well.' * * * 'There is a trick of sham Elizabethan writing now prevalent, that looks plausible, but in most cases means nothing at all. Darley has real (lyrical) genius; Taylor, wonderful sense, clearness and weight of purpose; Tennyson, a rich and exquisite fancy. All the other men of our tiny generation that I know of are, in Poetry, either feeble or fraudulent. I know nothing of the Reviewer you ask about.'

December 11th (*To his Mother*).—'I have seen no new books; but am reading your last. I got hold of the two first Numbers of the *Hoggarty Diamond;* and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius; and, with quiet and comfort, might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all ——'s Novels together.'—Thackeray, always a close friend of the Sterling house, will observe that this is dated 1841, not 1851, and have his own reflections on the matter.

December 17th (*To the same*).—'I am not much surprised at Lady ——'s views of Coleridge's little Book on *Inspiration*.'—'Great part of the obscurity of the Letters arises from his anxiety to avoid the difficulties and absurdities of the common views, and his panic terror of saying anything that bishops and good people would disapprove. He paid a heavy price, viz. all his own candour and simplicity, in hope of gaining the favour of persons like Lady ——; and you see what his reward is! A good lesson for us all.'

February 1st, 1842 (*To the same*).—'English Toryism has, even in my eyes, about as much to say for itself as any other form of doctrine; but Irish Toryism is the downright proclamation of brutal injustice, and all in the name of God and the Bible! It is almost enough to make one turn Mahometan, but for the fear of the four wives.'

March 12th, 1842 (*To his Father*).—'* * * Important to me as these matters are, it almost seems as if there were

'something unfeeling in writing of them, under the pressure of 'such news as ours from India. If the Cabool Troops have 'perished, England has not received such a blow from an ene- 'my, nor anything approaching it, since Buckingham's Expe- 'dition to the Isle of Rhé. Walcheren destroyed us by climate; 'and Corunna, with all its losses, had much of glory. But here 'we are dismally injured by mere Barbarians, in a War on our 'part shamefully unjust as well as foolish: a combination of 'disgrace and calamity that would have shocked Augustus even 'more than the defeat of Varus. One of the four officers with 'Macnaghten was George Lawrence, a brother-in-law of Nat 'Barton; a distinguished man, and the father of five totally 'unprovided children. He is a prisoner, if not since murdered. 'Macnaghten I do not pity; he was the prime author of the 'whole mad War. But Burnes; and the women; and our 'regiments! India, however, I feel sure, is safe.'

So roll the months at Falmouth; such is the ticking of the great World-Horologe as heard there by a good ear. 'I will- 'ingly add' (so ends he, once), 'that I lately found somewhere 'this fragment of an Arab's love-song: "O Ghalia! If my 'father were a jackass, I would sell him to purchase Ghalia!" 'A beautiful parallel to the French "*Avec cette sauce on man- 'gerait son père.*"'

CHAPTER IV.

NAPLES: POEMS.

In the bleak weather of this spring 1842, he was again abroad for a little while; partly from necessity, or at least utility; and partly, as I guess, because the circumstances favoured, and he could with a good countenance indulge a little wish he had long had. In the Italian Tour, which ended suddenly by Mrs. Sterling's illness recalling him, he had missed Naples; a loss which he always thought to be considerable; and which, from time to time, he had formed little projects, failures hitherto, for supplying. The rigours of spring were always dangerous to him in England, and it was always of advantage to get out of them: and then the sight of Naples, too; this, always a thing to be

done some day, was now possible. Enough, with the real or imaginary hope of bettering himself in health, and the certain one of seeing Naples, and catching a glance of Italy again, he now made a run thither. It was not long after Calvert's death. The Tragedy of *Strafford* lay finished in his desk. Several things, sad and bright, were finished. A little intermezzo of ramble was not unadvisable.

His tour by water and by land was brief and rapid enough; hardly above two months in all. Of which the following Letters will, with some abridgment, give us what details are needful:

'*To Charles Barton, Esq., Leamington.*

'Falmouth, 25th March 1842.

'My dear Charles,—My attempts to shoot you flying 'with my paper pellets turned out very ill. I hope young ladies 'succeed better when they happen to make appointments with 'you. Even now, I hardly know whether you have received a 'Letter I wrote on Sunday last, and addressed to The Caven- 'dish. I sent it thither by Susan's advice.

'In this missive,—happily for us both, it did not contain a 'hundred-pound note or any trifle of that kind,—I informed 'you that I was compelled to plan an expedition towards the 'South Pole, stopping, however, in the Mediterranean; and 'that I designed leaving this on Monday next for Cadiz or Gib- 'raltar, and then going on to Malta, whence Italy and Sicily 'would be accessible. Of course your company would be a 'great pleasure, if it were possible for you to join me. The 'delay in hearing from you, through no fault of yours, has na- 'turally put me out a little; but, on the whole, my plan still 'holds, and I shall leave this on Monday for Gibraltar, where 'the *Great Liverpool* will catch me, and carry me to Malta. 'The *Great Liverpool* leaves Southampton on the 1st of April, 'and Falmouth on the 2d; and will reach Gibraltar in from 'four to five days.

'Now, if you *should* be able and disposed to join me, you 'have only to embark in that sumptuous tea-kettle, and pick 'me up under the guns of the Rock. We could then cruise on 'to Malta, Sicily, Naples, Rome, &c. *à discrétion*. It is just '*possible*, though extremely improbable, that my steamer of 'Monday (most likely the *Montrose*) may not reach Gibraltar

'so soon as the *Liverpool*. If so, and if you should actually be 'on board, you must stop at Gibraltar. But there are ninety-'nine chances to one against this. Write at all events to Susan, 'to let her know what you propose.

'I do not wait till the *Great Liverpool* goes, because the 'object for me is to get into a warm climate as soon as pos-'sible. I am decidedly better.—Your affectionate Brother,

'JOHN STERLING.'

Barton did not go with him, none went; but he arrives safe, and not *hurt* in health, which is something.

'*To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.*

'Malta, 14th April 1842.

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I am writing to Susan through France, 'by tomorrow's mail; and will also send you a line, instead of 'waiting for the longer English conveyance.

'We reached this the day before yesterday, in the evening; 'having had a strong breeze against us for a day or two before; 'which made me extremely uncomfortable,—and indeed my 'headache is hardly gone yet. From about the 4th to the 9th 'of the month, we had beautiful weather, and I was happy 'enough. You will see by the map that the straightest line from 'Gibraltar to this place goes close along the African coast; 'which accordingly we saw with the utmost clearness; and 'found it generally a line of mountains, the higher peaks and 'ridges covered with snow. We went close-in to Algiers; which 'looks strong, but entirely from art. The town lies on the 'slope of a straight coast; and is not at all embayed, though 'there is some little shelter for shipping within the mole. It 'is a square patch of white buildings huddled together; fringed 'with batteries; and commanded by large forts on the ridge 'above: a most uncomfortable-looking place; though, no doubt, 'there are *cafés* and billiard-rooms and a theatre within,—for 'the French like to have their Houris &c. on *this* side of Para-'dise, if possible.

'Our party of fifty people (we had taken some on board at 'Gibraltar) broke up, on reaching this; never, of course to 'meet again. The greater part do not proceed to Alexandria. 'Considering that there was a bundle of midshipmen, ensigns

'&c., we had as much reason among us as could perhaps be 'looked for; and from several I gained bits of information and 'traits of character, though nothing very remarkable.'

'I have established myself in an inn, rather than go to Lady 'Louis's;[1] not feeling quite equal to company, except in mode- 'rate doses. I have, however, seen her a good deal; and dine 'there today, very privately, for Sir John is not quite well, and 'they will have no guests. The place, however, is full of offi- 'cial banqueting, for various unimportant reasons. When here 'before, I was in much distress and anxiety, on my way from 'Rome; and I suppose this it was that prevented its making 'the same impression on me as now, when it seems really the 'stateliest town I have ever seen. The architecture is gene- 'rally of a corrupt Roman kind; with something of the varied 'and picturesque look, though much more massive, of our 'Elizabethan buildings. We have the finest English summer 'and a pellucid sky.' * * 'Your affectionate

'JOHN STERLING.'

At Naples next, for three weeks, was due admiration of the sceneries and antiquities, Bay and Mountain, by no means forgetting Art and the Museum: 'to Pozzuoli, to Baiæ, round the Promontory of Sorrento;'—above all, 'twice to Pompeii,' where the elegance and classic simplicity of Ancient Housekeeping strikes us much; and again to Pæstum, where 'the Temple of 'Neptune is far the noblest building I have ever seen; and 'makes both Greek and Revived Roman seem quite barbaric.' 'Lord Ponsonby lodges in the same house with me;—but, of 'course, I do not countenance an adherent of a beaten Party!'[2] —Or let us take this more compendious account, which has much more of human in it, from an onward stage, ten days later:

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Rome, 13th May 1842.

'MY DEAR CARLYLE,—I hope I wrote to you before leav- 'ing England, to tell you of the necessity for my doing so.

[1] Sister of Mrs. Strachey and Mrs. Buller: Sir John Louis was now in a high Naval post at Malta.

[2] Long Letter to his Father: Naples, 3d May 1842.

'Though coming to Italy, there was little comfort in the pro-
'spect of being divided from my family, and pursuits which
'grew on me every day. However, I tried to make the best
'of it, and have gained both health and pleasure.

'In spite of scanty communications from England (owing
'to the uncertainty of my position), a word or two concerning
'you and your dear Wife have reached me. Lately it has often
'occurred to me, that the sight of the Bay of Naples, of the
'beautiful coast from that to this place, and of Rome itself, all
'bathed in summer sunshine, and green with spring foliage,
'would be some consolation to her.[3] Pray give her my love.

'I have been two days here; and almost the first thing I
'did was to visit the Protestant burial-ground, and the graves
'of those I knew when here before. But much as being now
'alone here I feel the difference, there is no scene where Death
'seems so little dreadful and miserable as in the lonelier neigh-
'bourhoods of this old place. All one's impressions, however,
'as to that and everything else, appear to me, on reflection,
'more affected than I had for a long time any notion of, by
'one's own isolation. All the feelings and activities which
'family, friends and occupation commonly engage, are turned,
'here in one's solitude, with strange force into the channels of
'mere observation and contemplation; and the objects one is
'conversant with seem to gain a tenfold significance from the
'abundance of spare interest one now has to bestow on them.
'This explains to me a good deal of the peculiar effect that Italy
'has always had on me: and something of that artistic enthu-
'siasm which I remember you used to think so singular in
'Goethe's *Travels*. Darley, who is as much a brooding hermit
'in England as here, felt nothing but disappointment from a
'country which fills me with childish wonder and delight.

'Of you I have received some slight notice from Mrs.
'Strachey; who is on her way hither; and will (she writes) be
'at Florence on the 15th, and here before the end of the month.
'She notices having received a Letter of yours which had pleased
'her much. She now proposes spending the summer at Sor-
'rento, or thereabouts; and if mere delight of landscape and
'climate were enough, Adam and Eve, had their courier taken
'them to that region, might have done well enough without

[3] Death of her Mother, four months before. (*Note of* 1870.)

'Paradise,—and not been tempted, either, by any Tree of Know-
'ledge; a kind that does not flourish in the Two Sicilies.

'The ignorance of the Neapolitans, from the highest to the
'lowest, is very eminent; and excites the admiration of all the
'rest of Italy. In the great building containing all the Works
'of Art, and a Library of 150,000 volumes, I asked for the
'best existing Book (a German one published ten years ago) on
'the Statues in that very Collection; and, after a rabble of
'clerks and custodes, got up to a dirty priest, who bowing to
'the ground regretted "they did not possess it," but at last
'remembered that "they *had* entered into negotiations on the
'subject, which as yet had been unsuccessful."—The favourite
'device on the walls at Naples is a vermilion Picture of a Male
'and Female Soul respectively up to the waist (the waist of a
'*soul*) in fire, and an Angel above each, watering the sufferers
'from a watering-pot. This is intended to gain alms for Masses.
'The same populace sit for hours on the Mole, listening to
'rhapsodists who recite Ariosto. I have seen I think five of
'them all within a hundred yards of each other, and some sets
'of fiddlers to boot. Yet there are few parts of the world where
'I have seen less laughter than there. The Miracle of Janu-
'arius's Blood is, on the whole, my most curious experience.
'The furious entreaties, shrieks and sobs, of a set of old women,
'yelling till the Miracle was successfully performed, are things
'never to be forgotten.

'I spent three weeks in this most glittering of countries,
'and saw most of the usual wonders,—the Pæstan Temples
'being to me much the most valuable. But Pompeii and all
'that it has yielded, especially the Fresco Paintings, have also
'an infinite interest. When one considers that this prodigious
'series of beautiful designs supplied the place of our common
'room-papers,—the wealth of poetic imagery among the An-
'cients, and the corresponding traditional variety and elegance
'of pictorial treatment, seem equally remarkable. The Greek
'and Latin Books do not give one quite so fully this sort of
'impression; because they afford no direct measure of the ex-
'tent of their own diffusion. But these are ornaments from the
'smaller class of decent houses in a little Country Town; and
'the greater number of them, by the slightness of the execution,
'show very clearly that they were adapted to ordinary taste,

'and done by mere artisans. In general clearness, symmetry 'and simplicity of feeling, I cannot say that, on the whole, the 'works of Raffaelle equal them; though of course he has end- 'less beauties such as we could not find unless in the great 'original works from which these sketches at Pompeii were 'taken. Yet with all my much increased reverence for the 'Greeks, it seems more plain than ever that they had hardly 'anything of the peculiar devotional feeling of Christianity.

'Rome, which I loved before above all the earth, now de- 'lights me more than ever;—though at this moment there is 'rain falling that would not discredit Oxford Street. The depth, 'sincerity and splendour that there once was in the semi-pagan- 'ism of the old Catholics comes out in St. Peter's and its de- 'pendencies, almost as grandly as does Greek and Roman Art 'in the Forum and the Vatican Galleries. I wish you were 'here: but, at all events, hope to see you and your Wife once 'more during this summer.—Yours, JOHN STERLING.'

At Paris, where he stopped a day and night, and generally through his whole journey from Marseilles to Havre, one thing attended him: the prevailing epidemic of the place and year; now gone, and nigh forgotten, as other influenzas are. He writes to his Father: 'I have not yet met a single Frenchman, 'who could give me any rational explanation *why* they were all 'in such a confounded rage against us. Definite causes of 'quarrel a statesman may know how to deal with, inasmuch as 'the removal of them may help to settle the dispute. But it 'must be a puzzling task to negotiate about instincts; to which class, as it seems to me, we must have recourse for an under- 'standing of the present abhorrence which everybody on the 'other side of the Channel not only feels, but makes a point to 'boast of, against the name of Britain. France is slowly arm- 'ing, especially with Steam, *en attendant* a more than possible 'contest, in which they reckon confidently on the eager coöpera- 'tion of the Yankees; as, *vice versa*, an American told me that 'his countrymen do on that of France. One person at Paris '(M. —— whom you know) provoked me to tell him that '"England did not want another battle of Trafalgar; but if 'France did, she might compel England to gratify her."'— After a couple of pleasant and profitable months, he was safe

home again in the first days of June; and saw Falmouth not under gray iron skys, and whirls of March dust, but bright with summer opulence and the roses coming out.

It was what I call his '*fifth* peregrinity;' his fifth and last. He soon afterwards came up to London; spent a couple of weeks, with all his old vivacity, among us here. The Æsculapian oracles, it would appear, gave altogether cheerful prophecy; the highest medical authority 'expresses the most decided opi-'nion that I have gradually mended for some years; and in 'truth I have not, for six or seven, been so free from serious 'symptoms of illness as at present.' So uncertain are all oracles, Æsculapian and other!

During this visit, he made one new acquaintance which he much valued; drawn thither, as I guess, by the wish to take counsel about *Strafford*. He writes to his Clifton friend, under date, 1*st July* 1842: 'Lockhart, of the *Quarterly Review*, I 'made my first oral acquaintance with; and found him as neat, 'clear and cutting a brain as you would expect; but with an 'amount of knowledge, good nature and liberal antibigotry, that 'would much surprise many. The tone of his children towards 'him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness. He quite 'agreed with me as to the threatening seriousness of our present 'social perplexities, and the necessity and difficulty of doing 'something effectual for so satisfying the manual multitude as 'not to overthrow all legal security.'

'Of other persons whom I saw in London,' continues he, 'there are several that would much interest you,—though I 'missed Tennyson, by a mere chance.' * * * 'John Mill has 'completely finished, and sent to the bookseller, his great work 'on Logic; the labour of many years of a singularly subtle, 'patient and comprehensive mind. It will be our chief specu-'lative monument of this age. Mill and I could not meet above 'two or three times; but it was with the openness and fresh-'ness of schoolboy friends, though our friendship only dates 'from the manhood of both.'

He himself was busier than ever; occupied continually with all manner of Poetic interests. *Cœur-de-Lion*, a new and more elaborate attempt in the mock-heroic or comico-didactic vein, had been on hand for some time, the scope of it greatly deepening and expanding itself since it first took hold of him; and now,

soon after the Naples journey, it rose into shape on the wider plan ; shaken-up probably by this new excitement, and indebted to Calabria, Palermo and the Mediterranean scenes for much of the vesture it had. With this, which opened higher hopes for him than any of his previous efforts, he was now employing all his time and strength ;—and continued to do so, this being the last effort granted him among us.

Already, for some months, *Strafford* lay complete : but how to get it from the stocks ; in what method to launch it ? The step was questionable. Before going to Italy he had sent me the Manuscript ; still loyal and friendly ; and willing to hear the worst that could be said of his poetic enterprise. I had to afflict him again, the good brave soul, with the deliberate report that I could *not* accept this Drama as his Picture of the Life of Strafford, or as any *Picture* of that strange Fact. To which he answered, with an honest manfulness, in a tone which is now pathetic enough to me, that he was much grieved yet much obliged, and uncertain how to decide. On the other hand, Mr. Hare wrote, warmly eulogising. Lockhart too spoke kindly, though taking some exceptions. It was a questionable case. On the whole, *Strafford* remained, for the present, unlaunched ; and *Cœur-de-Lion* was getting its first timbers diligently laid down. So passed, in peaceable seclusion, in wholesome employment and endeavour, the autumn and winter of 1842-3. On Christmas-day, he reports to his Mother :

' I wished to write to you yesterday ; but was prevented by ' the important business of preparing a Tree, in the German ' fashion, for the children. This project answered perfectly, as ' it did last year ; and gave them the greatest pleasure. I wish ' you and my Father could have been here to see their merry ' faces. Johnny was in the thick of the fun, and much happier ' than Lord Anson on capturing the galleon. We are all going ' on well and quietly, but with nothing very new among us.'— ' The last book I have lighted on is Moffat's *Missionary Labours ' in South Africa ;* which is worth reading. There is the best ' collection of lion stories in it that I have ever seen. But the ' man is, also, really a very good fellow ; and fit for something ' much better than most lions are. He is very ignorant, and ' mistaken in some things ; but has strong sense and heart : and ' his Narrative adds another to the many proofs of the enormous

'power of Christianity on rude minds. Nothing can be more 'chaotic, that is human at all, than the notions of these p or 'Blacks, even after what is called their conversion; but the 'effect is produced. They do adopt pantaloons, and abandon 'polygamy; and I suppose will soon have newspapers and lite-'rary soirees.'

CHAPTER V.

DISASTER ON DISASTER.

DURING all these years of struggle and wayfaring, his Father's household at Knightsbridge had stood healthful, happy, increasing in wealth, free diligence, solidity and honest prosperity; a fixed sunny islet, towards which, in all his voyagings and overclouded roamings, he could look with satisfaction, as to an ever-open port of refuge.

The elder Sterling, after many battles, had reached his field of conquest in these years; and was to be regarded as a victorious man. Wealth sufficient, increasing not diminishing, had rewarded his labours in the *Times*, which were now in their full flower; he had influence of a sort; went busily among busy public men; and enjoyed, in the questionable form attached to journalism and anonymity, a social consideration and position which were abundantly gratifying to him. A singular figure of the epoch; and when you came to know him, which it was easy to fail of doing if you had not eyes and candid insight, a gallant, truly gifted, and manful figure, of his kind. We saw much of him in this house; much of all his family; and had grown to love them all right well,—him too, though that was the difficult part of the feat. For in his Irish way he played the conjuror very much,—"three-hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year upon every subject," as a wag once said. In fact his talk, ever ingenious, emphatic and spirited in detail, was much defective in earnestness, at least in clear earnestness, of purport and outcome; but went tumbling as if in mere welters of explosive unreason; a volcano heaving under vague deluges of scoriæ, ashes and imponderous pumice-stones, you could not say in what direction, nor well whether in any. Not till after good study did you see the deep molten lava-flood, which simmered

steadily enough, and showed very well by and by whither *it* was bound. For I must say of Edward Sterling, after all his daily explosive sophistries, and fallacies of talk, he had a stubborn instinctive sense of what was manful, strong and worthy; recognised, with quick feeling, the charlatan under his solemnest wig; knew as clearly as any man a pusillanimous tailor in buckram, an ass under the lion's skin, and did with his whole heart despise the same.

The sudden changes of doctrine in the *Times*, which failed not to excite loud censure and indignant amazement in those days, were first intelligible to you when you came to interpret them as his changes. These sudden whirls from east to west on his part, and total changes of party and articulate opinion at a day's warning, lay in the nature of the man, and could not be helped; products of his fiery impatience, of the combined impetuosity and limitation of an intellect, which did nevertheless continually gravitate towards what was loyal, true and right on all manner of subjects. These, as I define them, were the mere scoriæ and pumice wreck of a steady central lava-flood, which truly was volcanic and explosive to a strange degree, but did rest as few others on the grand fire-depths of the world. Thus, if he stormed along, ten thousand strong, in the time of the Reform Bill, indignantly denouncing Toryism and its obsolete insane pretensions; and then if, after some experience of Whig management, he discerned that Wellington and Peel, by whatever name entitled, were the men to be depended on by England,—there lay in all this, visible enough, a deeper consistency far more important than the superficial one, so much clamoured after by the vulgar. Which is the lion's-skin; which is the real lion? Let a man, if he is prudent, ascertain that before speaking;—but above and beyond all things, *let* him ascertain it, and stand valiantly to it when ascertained! In the latter essential part of the operation Edward Sterling was honourably successful to a really marked degree; in the former, or prudential part, very much the reverse, as his history in the Journalistic department at least, was continually teaching him.

An amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man, this "Captain Whirlwind," as I used to call him! Great sensibility lay in him, too; a real sympathy, and affectionate pity and softness

which he had an over-tendency to express even by tears,—a singular sight in so leonine a man. Enemies called them maudlin and hypocritical, these tears; but that was nowise the complete account of them. On the whole, there did conspicuously lie a dash of ostentation, a self-consciousness apt to become loud and braggart, over all he said and did and felt: this was the alloy of the man, and you had to be thankful for the abundant gold along with it.

Quizzing enough he got among us for all this, and for the singular *chiaroscuro* manner of procedure, like that of an Archimagus Cagliostro, or Kaiser Joseph Incognito, which his anonymous known-unknown thunderings in the *Times* necessitated in him; and much we laughed,—not without explosive counter-banterings on his part;—but, in fine, one could not do without him; one knew him at heart for a right brave man. "By Jove, sir!" thus he would swear to you, with radiant face; sometimes, not often, by a deeper oath. With persons of dignity, especially with women, to whom he was always very gallant, he had courtly delicate manners, verging towards the wiredrawn and elaborate; on common occasions, he bloomed-out at once into jolly familiarity of the gracefully-boisterous kind, reminding you of mess-rooms and old Dublin days. His offhand mode of speech was always precise, emphatic, ingenious his laugh, which was frequent rather than otherwise, had a sincerity of banter, but no real depth of sense for the ludicrous; and soon ended, if it grew too loud, in a mere dissonant scream. He was broad, well-built, stout of stature; had a long lowish head, sharp gray eyes, with large strong aquiline face to match; and walked, or sat, in an erect decisive manner. A remarkable man; and playing, especially in those years 1830-40, a remarkable part in the world.

For it may be said, the emphatic, big-voiced, always influential and often strongly unreasonable *Times* Newspaper was the express emblem of Edward Sterling; he, more than any other man or circumstance, *was* the *Times* Newspaper, and thundered through it to the shaking of the spheres. And let us assert withal that his and its influence, in those days, was not ill-grounded but rather well; that the loud manifold unreason, often enough vituperated and groaned over, was of the surface mostly; that his conclusions, unreasonable, partial, hasty as

they might at first be, gravitated irresistibly towards the right: in virtue of which grand quality indeed, the root of all good insight in man, his *Times* oratory found acceptance, and influential audience, amid the loud whirl of an England itself logically very stupid, and wise chiefly by instinct.

England listened to this voice, as all might observe; and to one who knew England and it, the result was not quite a strange one, and was honourable rather than otherwise to both parties. A good judge of men's talents has been heard to say of Edward Sterling: "There is not a *faculty of improvising* "equal to this in all my circle. Sterling rushes out into the "clubs, into London society, rolls about all day, copiously talk- "ing modish nonsense or sense, and listening to the like, with "the multifarious miscellany of men; comes home at night; "redacts it into a *Times* Leader,—and is found to have hit the "essential purport of the world's immeasurable babblement that "day, with an accuracy beyond all other men. This is what "the multifarious Babel sound did mean to say in clear words; "this, more nearly than anything else. Let the most gifted "intellect, capable of writing epics, try to write such a Leader "for the Morning Newspapers! No intellect but Edward Ster- "ling's can do it. An improvising faculty without parallel in "my experience."—In this 'improvising faculty,' much more nobly developed, as well as in other faculties and qualities with unexpectedly new and improved figure, John Sterling, to the accurate observer, showed himself very much the son of Edward.

Connected with this matter, a remarkable Note has come into my hands; honourable to the man I am writing of, and in some sort to another higher man; which, as it may now (unhappily for us all) be published without scruple, I will not withhold here. The support, by Edward Sterling and the *Times*, of Sir Robert Peel's first Ministry, and generally of Peel's statesmanship, was a conspicuous fact in its day; but the return it met with from the person chiefly interested may be considered well worth recording. The following Letter, after meandering through I know not what intricate conduits, and consultations of the Mysterious Entity whose address it bore, came to Edward Sterling, as the real flesh-and-blood proprietor, and has been found among his papers. It is marked *Private:*

'(Private) *To the Editor of the Times.*

'Whitehall, 18th April 1835.

'SIR,—Having this day delivered into the hands of the 'King the Seals of Office, I can, without any imputation of an 'interested motive, or any impediment from scrupulous feelings 'of delicacy, express my deep sense of the powerful support 'which that Government over which I had the honour to pre-'side received from the *Times* Newspaper.

'If I do not offer the expressions of personal gratitude, it 'is because I feel that such expressions would do injustice to 'the character of a support which was given exclusively on the 'highest and most independent grounds of public principle. I 'can say this with perfect truth, as I am addressing one whose 'person even is unknown to me, and who during my tenure of 'power studiously avoided every species of intercourse which 'could throw a suspicion upon the motives by which he was 'actuated. I should, however, be doing injustice to my own 'feelings, if I were to retire from Office without one word of 'acknowledgment; without at least assuring you of the admir-'ation with which I witnessed, during the arduous contest in 'which I was engaged, the daily exhibition of that extraordinary 'ability to which I was indebted for a support, the more valu-'able because it was an impartial and discriminating support. '—I have the honour to be, Sir,—Ever your most obedient 'and faithful servant, ROBERT PEEL.'

To which, with due loftiness and diplomatic gravity and brevity, there is Answer, Draught of Answer in Edward Sterling's hand, from the Mysterious Entity so honoured, in the following terms:

'*To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart. &c. &c. &c.*

'SIR,—It gives me sincere satisfaction to learn from the 'Letter with which you have honoured me, bearing yesterday's 'date, that you estimate so highly the efforts which have been 'made during the last five months by the *Times* Newspaper to 'support the cause of rational and wholesome Government 'which his Majesty had intrusted to your guidance; and that 'you appreciate fairly the disinterested motive, of regard to the

'public welfare, and to that alone, through which this Journal 'has been prompted to pursue a policy in accordance with that 'of your Administration. It is, permit me to say, by such 'motives only, that the *Times*, ever since I have known it, has 'been influenced, whether in defence of the Government of the 'day, or in constitutional resistance to it: and indeed there 'exist no other motives of action for a Journalist, compatible 'either with the safety of the press, or with the political mo- 'rality of the great bulk of its readers.—With much respect, I 'have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c. &c.

'THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."'

Of this Note I do not think there was the least whisper during Edward Sterling's lifetime; which fact also one likes to remember of him, so ostentatious and little-reticent a man. For the rest, his loyal admiration of Sir Robert Peel,—sanctioned, and as it were almost consecrated to his mind, by the great example of the Duke of Wellington, whom he reverenced always with true hero-worship,—was not a journalistic one, but a most intimate authentic feeling, sufficiently apparent in the very heart of his mind. Among the many opinions 'liable to three hundred and sixty-five changes in the course of the year,' this in reference to Peel and Wellington was one which never changed, but was the same all days and hours. To which, equally genuine, and coming still oftener to light in those times, there might one other be added, one and hardly more: fixed contempt, not unmingled with detestation, for Daniel O'Connell. This latter feeling, we used often laughingly to say, was his grand political principle, the one firm centre where all else went revolving. But internally the other also was deep and constant; and indeed these were properly his *two* centres,—poles of the same axis, negative and positive, the one presupposing the other.

O'Connell he had known in young Dublin days;—and surely no man could well venerate another less! It was his deliberate, unalterable opinion of the then Great O, that good would never come of him; that only mischief, and this in huge measure, would come. That however showy, and adroit in rhetoric and management, he was a man of incurably commonplace intellect, and of no character but a hollow, blustery, pusillanimous and unsound one; great only in maudlin patriotisms,

in speciosities, astucities,—in the miserable gifts for becoming Chief *Demagogos*, Leader of a deep-sunk Populace towards *its* Lands of Promise; which trade, in any age or country, and especially in the Ireland of this age, our indignant friend regarded (and with reason) as an extremely ugly one for a man. He had himself zealously advocated Catholic Emancipation, and was not without his Irish patriotism, very different from the Orange sort; but the 'Liberator' was not admirable to him, and grew daily less so to an extreme degree. Truly, his scorn of the said Liberator, now riding in supreme dominion on the wings of *blarney*, devil-ward of a surety, with the Liberated all following and huzzaing; his fierce gusts of wrath and abhorrence over him,—rose occasionally almost to the sublime. We laughed often at these vehemences:—and they were not wholly laughable; there was something very serious, and very true, in them! This creed of Edward Sterling's would not now, in either pole of its axis, look so strange as it then did in many quarters.

During those ten years which might be defined as the culminating period of Edward Sterling's life, his house at South Place, Knightsbridge, had worn a gay and solid aspect, as if built at last on the high tableland of sunshine and success, the region of storms and dark weather now all victoriously traversed and lying safe below. Health, work, wages, whatever is needful to a man, he had, in rich measure; and a frank stout heart to guide the same: he lived in such style as pleased him; drove his own chariot up and down (himself often acting as Jehu, and reminding you a little of *Times* thunder even in driving); consorted, after a fashion, with the powerful of the world; saw in due vicissitude a miscellany of social faces round him,—pleasant parties, which he liked well enough to garnish by a lord; "Irish lord, if no better might be," as the banter went. For the rest, he loved men of worth and intellect, and recognised them well, whatever their title: this was his own patent of worth which Nature had given him; a central light in the man, which illuminated into a kind of beauty, serious or humorous, all the artificialities he had accumulated on the surface of him. So rolled his days, not quietly, yet prosperously, in manifold commerce with men. At one in the morning, when all had vanished into sleep, his lamp was kindled in his library; and

there, twice or thrice a week, for a three-hours space, he launched his bolts, which next morning were to shake the high places of the world.

John's relation to his Father, when one saw John here, was altogether frank, joyful and amiable: he ignored the *Times* thunder for most part, coldly taking the Anonymous for non-extant; spoke of it floutingly, if he spoke at all: indeed a pleasant half-bantering dialect was the common one between Father and Son; and they, especially with the gentle, simple-hearted, just-minded Mother for treble-voice between them, made a very pretty glee-harmony together.

So had it lasted, ever since poor John's voyagings began; his Father's house standing always as a fixed sunny islet with safe harbour for him. So it could not always last. This sunny islet was now also to break and go down: so many firm islets, fixed pillars in his fluctuating world, pillar after pillar, were to break and go down; till swiftly all, so to speak, were sunk in the dark waters, and he with them! Our little History is now hastening to a close.

In the beginning of 1843 news reached us that Sterling had, in his too reckless way, encountered a dangerous accident: maids, in the room where he was, were lifting a heavy table; he, seeing them in difficulty, had snatched at the burden; heaved it away,—but had broken a bloodvessel by the business; and was now, after extensive hemorrhage, lying dangerously ill. The doctors hoped the worst was over; but the case was evidently serious. In the same days, too, his Mother had been seized here by some painful disease, which from its continuance grew alarming. Sad omens for Edward Sterling, who by this time had as good as ceased writing or working in the *Times*, having comfortably winded-up his affairs there; and was looking forward to a freer idle life befitting his advanced years henceforth. Fatal eclipse had fallen over that household of his; never to be lifted off again till all darkened into night.

By dint of watchful nursing, John Sterling got on foot once more: but his Mother did not recover, quite the contrary. Her case too grew very questionable. Disease of the heart, said the medical men at last; not immediately, not perhaps for a length of years, dangerous to life, said they; but without hope

of cure. The poor lady suffered much; and, though affecting hope always, grew weaker and weaker. John ran up to Town in March; I saw him, on the morrow or next day after, in his own room at Knightsbridge: he had caught fresh cold overnight, the servant having left his window up, but I was charged to say nothing of it, not to flutter the already troubled house: he was going home again that very day, and nothing ill would come of it. We understood the family at Falmouth, his Wife being now near her confinement again, could at any rate comport with no long absence. He was cheerful, even rudely merry; himself pale and ill, his poor Mother's cough audible occasionally through the wall. Very kind, too, and gracefully affectionate; but I observed a certain grimness in his mood of mind, and under his light laughter lay something unusual, something stern, as if already dimmed in the coming shadows of Fate. "Yes, yes, "you are a good man: but I understand they mean to appoint "you to Rhadamanthus's post, which has been vacant for "some time; and you will see how you like that!" This was one of the things he said; a strange effulgence of wild drollery flashing through the ice of earnest pain and sorrow. He looked paler than usual: almost for the first time, I had myself a twinge of misgiving as to his own health; for hitherto I had been used to blame as much as pity his fits of dangerous illness, and would often angrily remonstrate with him that he might have excellent health, would he but take reasonable care of himself, and learn the art of sitting still. Alas, as if he *could* learn it; as if Nature had not laid her ban on him even there, and said in smiles and frowns manifoldly, "No, that thou shalt not learn!"

He went that day; he never saw his good true Mother more. Very shortly afterwards, in spite of doctors' prophecies, and affectionate illusions, she grew alarmingly and soon hopelessly worse. Here are his last two Letters to her:

'*To Mrs. Sterling, Knightsbridge, London.*

'Falmouth, 8th April 1843.

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I could do you no good, but it would 'be the greatest comfort to me if I could be near you. Nothing 'would detain me but Susan's condition. I feel that until her 'confinement is over, I ought to remain here,—unless you 'wished me to go to you; in which case she would be the first

'to send me off. Happily she is doing as well as possible, 'and seems even to gain strength every day. She sends her 'love to you.

'The children are all doing well. I rode with Edward to-'day through some of the pleasant lanes in the neighbourhood; 'and was delighted, as I have often been at the same season, 'to see the primroses under every hedge. It is pleasant to 'think that the Maker of them can make other flowers for the 'gardens of his other mansions. We have here a softness in 'the air, a smoothness of the clouds, and a mild sunshine, that 'combine in lovely peace with the first green of spring and the 'mellow whiteness of the sails upon the quiet sea. The whole 'aspect of the world is full of a quiet harmony, that influences 'even one's bodily frame, and seems to make one's very limbs 'aware of something living, good and immortal in all around 'us. Knowing how you suffer, and how weak you are, anything 'is a blessing to me that helps me to rise out of confusion and 'grief into the sense of God and joy. I could not indeed but 'feel how much happier I should have been, this morning, had 'you been with me, and delighting as you would have done in 'all the little as well as the large beauty of the world. But it 'was still a satisfaction to feel how much I owe to you of the 'power of perceiving meaning, reality and sweetness in all 'healthful life. And thus I could fancy that you were still near 'me; and that I could see you, as I have so often seen you, 'looking with earnest eyes at wayside flowers.

'I would rather not have written what must recall your 'thoughts to your present sufferings: but, dear Mother, I wrote 'only what I felt; and perhaps you would rather have it so, 'than that I should try to find other topics. I still hope to be 'with you before long. Meanwhile and always, God bless you, 'is the prayer of—Your affectionate son,

'JOHN STERLING.'

To the same.

'Falmouth, 12th April 1843.

'DEAREST MOTHER,—I have just received my Father's Let-'ter; which gives me at least the comfort of believing that you 'do not suffer very much pain. That your mind has remained 'so clear and strong, is an infinite blessing.

'I do not know anything in the world that would make up 'to me at all for wanting the recollection of the days I spent 'with you lately, when I was amazed at the freshness and life 'of all your thoughts. It brought back far-distant years, in the 'strangest, most peaceful way. I felt myself walking with you 'in Greenwich Park, and on the seashore at Sandgate; almost 'even I seemed a baby, with you bending over me. Dear 'Mother, there is surely something uniting us that cannot perish. 'I seem so sure of a love which shall last and reunite us, that 'even the remembrance, painful as that is, of all my own follies 'and ill tempers, cannot shake this faith. When I think of 'you, and know how you feel towards me, and have felt for 'every moment of almost forty years, it would be too dark to 'believe that we shall never meet again. It was from you that 'I first learnt to think, to feel, to imagine, to believe; and these 'powers, which cannot be extinguished, will one day enter anew 'into communion with you. I have bought it very dear by the 'prospect of losing you in this world,—but since you have been 'so ill, everything has seemed to me holier, loftier and more 'lasting, more full of hope and final joy.

'It would be a very great happiness to see you once more 'even here; but I do not know if that will be granted to me. 'But for Susan's state, I should not hesitate an instant; as it 'is, my duty seems to be to remain, and I have no right to 'repine. There is no sacrifice that she would not make for me, 'and it would be too cruel to endanger her by mere anxiety on 'my account. Nothing can exceed her sympathy with my sor- 'row. But she cannot know, no one can, the recollections of 'all you have been and done for me; which now are the most 'sacred and deepest, as well as most beautiful, thoughts that 'abide with me. May God bless you, dearest Mother. It is 'much to believe that He feels for you all that you have ever 'felt for your children. JOHN STERLING.'

A day or two after this, 'on Good Friday, 1843,' his Wife got happily through her confinement, bringing him, he writes, 'a stout little girl, who and the Mother are doing as well as 'possible.' The little girl still lives and does well; but for the Mother there was another lot. Till the Monday following she too did altogether well, he affectionately watching her; but in the

course of that day, some change for the worse was noticed, though nothing to alarm either the doctors or him; he watched by her bedside all night, still without alarm; but sent again in the morning, Tuesday morning, for the doctors,—who did not seem able to make much of the symptoms. She appeared weak and low, but made no particular complaint. The London post meanwhile was announced; Sterling went into another room to learn what tidings of his Mother it brought him. Returning speedily with a face which in vain strove to be calm, his Wife asked, How at Knightsbridge? "My Mother is dead," answered Sterling; "died on Sunday: She is gone." "Poor old man!" murmured the other, thinking of old Edward Sterling now left alone in the world; and these were her own last words: in two hours more she too was dead. In two hours Mother and Wife were suddenly both snatched away from him.

'It came with awful suddenness!' writes he to his Clifton friend. 'Still for a short time I had my Susan: but I soon saw 'that the medical men were in terror; and almost within half 'an hour of that fatal Knightsbridge news, I began to suspect 'our own pressing danger. I received her last breath upon 'my lips. Her mind was much sunk, and her perceptions slow; 'but a few minutes before the last, she must have caught the 'idea of dissolution; and signed that I should kiss her. She 'faltered painfully, "Yes! yes!"—returned with fervency the 'pressure of my lips; and in a few moments her eyes began to 'fix, her pulse to cease.' She too is gone from me! It was Tuesday morning, April 18th, 1843. His Mother had died on the Sunday before.

He had loved his excellent kind Mother, as he ought and well might: in that good heart, in all the wanderings of his own, there had ever been a shrine of warm pity, of mother's love and blessed soft affections for him; and now it was closed in the Eternities forevermore. His poor Life-partner too, his other self, who had faithfully attended him so long in all his pilgrimings, cheerily footing the heavy tortuous ways along with him, can follow him no farther; sinks now at his side: "The rest of your pilgrimings alone, O Friend,—adieu, adieu!" She too is forever hidden from his eyes; and he stands, on the sudden, very solitary amid the tumult of fallen and falling things. 'My

'little baby girl is doing well; poor little wreck cast upon the 'seabeach of life. My children require me tenfold now. What 'I shall do, is all confusion and darkness.'

The younger Mrs. Sterling was a true good woman; loyal-hearted, willing to do well, and struggling wonderfully to do it amid her languors and infirmities; rescuing, in many ways, with beautiful female heroism and adroitness, what of fertility their uncertain, wandering, unfertile way of life still left possible, and cheerily making the most of it. A genial, pious and harmonious fund of character was in her; and withal an indolent, half-unconscious force of intellect, and justness and delicacy of perception, which the casual acquaintance scarcely gave her credit for. Sterling much respected her decision in matters literary; often altering and modifying where her feeling clearly went against him; and in verses especially trusting to her ear, which was excellent, while he knew his own to be worth little. I remember her melodious rich plaintive tone of voice; and an exceedingly bright smile which she sometimes had, effulgent with sunny gaiety and true humour, among other fine qualities.

Sterling has lost much in these two hours; how much that has long been can never again be for him! Twice in one morning, so to speak, has a mighty wind smitten the corners of his house; and much lies in dismal ruins round him.

CHAPTER VI.

VENTNOR: DEATH.

In this sudden avalanche of sorrows Sterling, weak and worn as we have seen, bore up manfully, and with pious valour fronted what had come upon him. He was not a man to yield to vain wailings, or make repinings at the unalterable: here was enough to be long mourned over; but here, for the moment, was very much imperatively requiring to be done. That evening, he called his children round him; spoke words of religious admonition and affection to them; said, "He must now be a Mother as well as Father to them." On the evening of the funeral, writes Mr. Hare, he bade them good night, adding these words, "If I am taken from you, God will take

care of you." He had six children left to his charge, two of them infants; and a dark outlook ahead of them and him. The good Mrs. Maurice, the children's young Aunt, present at this time and often afterwards till all ended, was a great consolation.

Falmouth, it may be supposed, had grown a sorrowful place to him, peopled with haggard memories in his weak state; and now again, as had been usual with him, change of place suggested itself as a desirable alleviation;—and indeed, in some sort, as a necessity. He has 'friends here,' he admits to himself, 'whose kindness is beyond all price, all description;' but his little children, if anything befell him, have no relative within two hundred miles. He is now sole watcher over them; and his very life is so precarious; nay, at any rate, it would appear, he has to leave Falmouth every spring, or run the hazard of worse. Once more, what is to be done? Once more,—and now, as it turned out, for the last time.

A still gentler climate, greater proximity to London, where his Brother Anthony now was and most of his friends and interests were: these considerations recommended Ventnor, in the beautiful South-eastern corner of the Isle of Wight; where on inquiry an eligible house was found for sale. The house and its surrounding piece of ground, improvable both, were purchased; he removed thither in June of this year 1843; and set about improvements and adjustments on a frank scale. By the decease of his Mother, he had become rich in money; his share of the West-India properties having now fallen to him, which, added to his former incomings, made a revenue he could consider ample and abundant. Falmouth friends looked lovingly towards him, promising occasional visits; old Herstmonceux, which he often spoke of revisiting but never did, was not far off; and London, with all its resources and remembrances, was now again accessible. He resumed his work; and had hopes of again achieving something.

The Poem of *Cœur-de-Lion* has been already mentioned, and the wider form and aim it had got since he first took it in hand. It was above a year before the date of these tragedies and changes, that he had sent me a Canto, or couple of Cantos, of *Cœur-de-Lion;* loyally again demanding my opinion, harsh as it had often been on that side. This time I felt right glad

to answer in another tone: "That here was real felicity and "ingenuity, on the prescribed conditions; a decisively rhythmic "quality in this composition; thought and phraseology actu- "ally *dancing*, after a sort. What the plan and scope of the "Work might be, he had not said, and I could not judge; but "here was a light opulence of airy fancy, picturesque concep- "tion, vigorous delineation, all marching on as with cheerful "drum and fife if without more rich and complicated forms "of melody: if a man *would* write in metre, this sure enough "was the way to try doing it." For such encouragement from that stinted quarter, Sterling, I doubt not, was very thankful; and of course it might coöperate with the inspirations from his Naples Tour to further him a little in this his now chief task in the way of Poetry; a thought which, among my many almost pathetic remembrances of contradictions to his Poetic tendency, is pleasant for me.

But, on the whole, it was no matter. With or without encouragement, he was resolute to persevere in Poetry, and did persevere. When I think now of his modest, quiet stedfastness in this business of Poetry; how, in spite of friend and foe, he silently persisted, without wavering, in the form of utterance he had chosen for himself; and to what length he carried it, and vindicated himself against us all,—his character comes out in a new light to me, with more of a certain central inflexibility and noble silent resolution than I had elsewhere noticed in it. This summer, moved by natural feelings, which were sanctioned, too, and in a sort sanctified to him, by the remembered counsel of his late Wife, he printed the *Tragedy of Strafford*. But there was in the public no contradiction to the hard vote I had given about it: the little Book fell dead-born; and Sterling had again to take his disappointment;—which it must be owned he cheerfully did; and, resolute to try it again and ever again, went along with his *Cœur-de-Lion*, as if the public had been all with him. An honourable capacity to stand single against the whole world; such as all men need, from time to time! After all, who knows whether, in his over-clouded, broken, flighty way of life, incapable of long hard drudgery, and so shut-out from the solid forms of Prose, this Poetic Form, which he could well learn as he could all forms, was not the suitablest for him?

This work of *Cœur-de-Lion* he prosecuted stedfastly in his new home; and indeed employed on it henceforth all the available days that were left him in this world. As was already said, he did not live to complete it; but some eight Cantos, three or four of which I know to possess high worth, were finished, before Death intervened, and there he had to leave it. Perhaps it will yet be given to the public; and in that case be better received than the others were, by men of judgment; and serve to put Sterling's Poetic pretensions on a much truer footing. I can say, that to readers who do prefer a poetic diet, this ought to be welcome: if you can contrive to love the thing which is still called "poetry" in these days, here is a decidedly superior article in that kind,—richer than one of a hundred that you smilingly consume.

In this same month of June 1843, while the house at Ventnor was getting ready, Sterling was again in London for a few days. Of course at Knightsbridge, now fallen under such sad change, many private matters needed to be settled by his Father and Brother and him. Captain Anthony, now minded to remove with his family to London and quit the military way of life, had agreed to purchase the big family house, which he still occupies; the old man, now rid of that encumbrance, retired to a smaller establishment of his own;—came ultimately to be Anthony's guest, and spent his last days so. He was much lamed and broken, the half of his old life suddenly torn away;—and other losses, which he yet knew not of, lay close ahead of him. In a year or two, the rugged old man, borne down by these pressures, quite gave way; sank into paralytic and other infirmities; and was released from life's sorrows, under his son Anthony's roof, in the fall of 1847.—The house in Knightsbridge was, at the time we now speak of, empty except of servants; Anthony having returned to Dublin, I suppose to conclude his affairs there, prior to removal. John lodged in a Hotel.

We had our fair share of his company in this visit, as in all the past ones; but the intercourse, I recollect, was dim and broken, a disastrous shadow hanging over it, not to be cleared away by effort. Two American gentlemen, acquaintances also of mine, had been recommended to him, by Emerson most likely: one morning Sterling appeared here with a strenuous proposal

that we should come to Knightsbridge, and dine with him and them. Objections, general dissuasions were not wanting: The empty dark house, such needless trouble, and the like;—but he answered in his quizzing way, "Nature herself prompts you, "when a stranger comes, to give him a dinner. There are ser- "vants yonder; it is all easy; come; both of you are bound "to come." And accordingly we went. I remember it as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends, Theodore Parker one of them, were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations; sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum. Our conversation was waste and logical, I forget quite on what, not joyful and harmoniously effusive: Sterling's silent sadness was painfully apparent through the bright mask he had bound himself to wear. Withal one could notice now, as on his last visit, a certain sternness of mood, unknown in better days; as if strange gorgon-faces of earnest Destiny were more and more rising round him, and the time for sport were passed. He looked always hurried, abrupt, even beyond wont; and indeed was, I suppose, overwhelmed in details of business.

One evening, I remember, he came down hither, designing to have a freer talk with us. We were all sad enough; and strove rather to avoid speaking of what might make us sadder. Before any true talk had been got into, an interruption occurred, some unwelcome arrival; Sterling abruptly rose; gave me the signal to rise; and we unpolitely walked away, adjourning to his Hotel, which I recollect was in the Strand, near Hungerford Market; some ancient comfortable quaint-looking place, off the street; where, in a good warm queer old room, the remainder of our colloquy was duly finished. We spoke of Cromwell, among other things which I have now forgotten; on which subject Sterling was trenchant, positive, and in some essential points wrong,—as I said I would convince him some day. "Well, well!" answered he, with a shake of the head.—We parted before long; bed-time for invalids being come: he escorted me down certain carpeted backstairs, and would not be forbidden: we took leave under the dim skies;—and alas, little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a common

evening, the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me forevermore.

Through the summer he was occupied with fitting-up his new residence, selecting governesses, servants; earnestly endeavouring to set his house in order, on the new footing it had now assumed. Extensive improvements in his garden and grounds, in which he took due interest to the last, were also going on. His Brother, and Mr. Maurice his brother-in-law,—especially Mrs. Maurice the kind sister, faithfully endeavouring to be as a mother to her poor little nieces,—were occasionally with him. All hours available for labour on his literary tasks, he employed, almost exclusively I believe, on *Cœur-de-Lion;* with what energy, the progress he had made in that Work, and in the art of Poetic composition generally, amid so many sore impediments, best testifies. I perceive, his life in general lay heavier on him than it had done before; his mood of mind is grown more sombre;—indeed the very solitude of this Ventnor as a place, not to speak of other solitudes, must have been new and depressing. But he admits no hypochondria, now or ever; occasionally, though rarely, even flashes of a kind of wild gaiety break through. He works steadily at his task, with all the strength left him; endures the past as he may; and makes gallant front against the world. 'I am going on quietly here, rather 'than happily,' writes he to his friend Newman; 'sometimes 'quite helpless, not from distinct illness, but from sad thoughts 'and a ghastly dreaminess. The heart is gone out of my life. 'My children, however, are doing well; and the place is cheer-'ful and mild.'

From Letters of this period I might select some melancholy enough; but will prefer to give the following one (nearly the last I can give), as indicative of a less usual temper:

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Ventnor, 7th December 1843.

'My dear Carlyle,—My Irish Newspaper was *not* meant 'as a hint that I wanted a Letter. It contained an absurd long 'Advertisement,—some project for regenerating human know-'ledge, &c. &c., to which I prefixed my private mark (a blot), 'thinking that you might be pleased to know of a fellow-la-'bourer somewhere in Tipperary.

'Your Letter, like the Scriptural oil,—(they had no patent
'lamps then, and used the best oil, 7*s.* per gallon),—has made
'my face to shine. There is but one person in the world, I
'shall not tell you who, from whom a Letter would give me so
'much pleasure. It would be nearly as good at Pekin, in the
'centre of the most enlightened Mandarins; but here at Vent-
'nor, where there are few Mandarins and no enlightenment,—
'fountains in the wilderness, even were they miraculous, are
'nothing compared with your handwriting. Yet it is sad that
'you should be so melancholy. I often think that though Mer-
'cury was the pleasanter fellow, and probably the happier, Sa-
'turn was the greater god;—rather cannibal or so, but one
'excuses it in him, as in some other heroes one knows of.

'It is, as you say, your destiny to write about Cromwell:
'and you will make a book of him, at which the ears of our
'grandchildren will tingle;—and as one may hope that the ears
'of human nature will be growing longer and longer, the ting-
'ling will be proportionably greater than we are accustomed to.
'Do what you can, I fear there will be little gain from the Roy-
'alists. There is something very small about the biggest of them
'that I have ever fallen in with, unless you count old Hobbes
'a Royalist.

'Curious to see that you have them exactly preserved in the
'Country Gentlemen of our day; while of the Puritans not a
'trace remains except in History. Squirism had already, in that
'day, become the *caput mortuum* that it is now; and has
'therefore, like other mummies, been able to last. What was
'opposed to it was the Life of Puritanism,—then on the point
'of disappearing; and it too has left its mummy at Exeter Hall
'on the platform and elsewhere. One must go back to the
'Middle Ages to see Squirism as rampant and vivacious as
'Biblicism was in the Seventeenth Century: and I suppose our
'modern Country Gentlemen are about as near to what the old
'Knights and Barons were who fought the Crusades, as our
'modern Evangelicals to the fellows who sought the Lord by
'the light of their own pistol-shots.

'Those same Crusades are now pleasant matter for me.
'You remember, or perhaps you do not, a thing I once sent you
about Cœur-de-Lion. Long since, I settled to make the Cantos
'you saw part of a larger Book; and worked at it, last autumn

'and winter, till I had a bad illness. I am now at work on it 'again; and go full sail, like *my* hero. There are six Cantos 'done, roughly, besides what you saw. I have struck-out most 'of the absurdest couplets, and given the whole a higher though 'still sportive tone. It is becoming a kind of *Odyssey*, with a 'laughing and Christian Achilles for hero. One may manage 'to wrap, in that chivalrous brocade, many things belonging to 'our Time, and capable of interesting it. The thing is not bad; 'but will require great labour. Only it is labour that I thor- 'oughly like; and which keeps the maggots out of one's brain, 'until their time.

'I have never spoken to you, never been able to speak to 'you, of the change in my life,—almost as great, one fancies, 'as one's own death. Even now, although it seems as if I had 'so much to say, I cannot. If one could imagine'—* * * 'But 'it is no use; I cannot write wisely on this matter. I suppose 'no human being was ever devoted to another more entirely 'than she;—and that makes the change not less but more 'bearable. It seems as if she could not be gone quite; and that 'indeed is my faith.

'Mr. James, your New-England friend, was here only for a 'few days; I saw him several times, and liked him. They went, 'on the 24th of last month, back to London,—or so purposed, '—because there is no pavement here for him to walk on. I 'want to know where he is, and thought I should be able to 'learn from you. I gave him a Note for Mill, who perhaps may 'have seen him. I think this is all at present from,—Yours,

'JOHN STERLING.'

Of his health, all this while, we had heard little definite; and understood that he was very quiet and careful; in virtue of which grand improvement we vaguely considered all others would follow. Once let him learn well to be *slow* as the common run of men are, would not all be safe and well? Nor through the winter, or the cold spring months, did bad news reach us; perhaps less news of any kind than had been usual, which seemed to indicate a still and wholesome way of life and work. Not till 'April 4th, 1844,' did the new alarm occur: again on some slight accident, the breaking of a bloodvessel; again prostration under dangerous sickness, from which this time he never rose.

There had been so many sudden fallings and happy risings again in our poor Sterling's late course of health, we had grown so accustomed to mingle blame of his impetuosity with pity for his sad overthrows, we did not for many weeks quite realise to ourselves the stern fact that here at length had the peculiar fall come upon us,—the last of all these falls! This brittle life, which had so often held together and victoriously rallied under pressures and collisions, could not rally always, and must one time be shivered. It was not till the summer came and no improvement; and not even then without lingering glimmers of hope against hope, that I fairly had to own what had now come, what was now day by day sternly advancing with the steadiness of Time.

From the first, the doctors spoke despondently; and Sterling himself felt well that there was no longer any chance of life. He had often said so, in his former illnesses, and thought so, yet always till now with some tacit grain of counter-hope; he had never clearly felt so as now: Here *is* the end; the great change is now here!—Seeing how it was, then, he earnestly gathered all his strength to do this last act of his tragedy, as he had striven to do the others, in a pious and manful manner. As I believe we can say he did; few men in any time *more* piously or manfully. For about six months he sat looking stedfastly, at all moments, into the eyes of Death; he too who had eyes to *see* Death and the Terrors and Eternities; and surely it was with perfect courage and piety, and valiant simplicity of heart, that he bore himself, and did and thought and suffered, in this trying predicament, more terrible than the usual death of men. All strength left to him he still employed in working: day by day the end came nearer, but day by day also some new portion of his adjustments was completed, by some small stage his task was nearer done. His domestic and other affairs, of all sorts, he settled to the last item. Of his own Papers he saved a few, giving brief pertinent directions about them; great quantities, among which a certain Autobiography begun some years ago at Clifton, he ruthlessly burnt, judging that the best. To his friends he left messages, memorials of books: I have a *Gough's Camden*, and other relics, which came to me in that way, and are among my sacred possessions. The very Letters of his friends he sorted and returned; had each friend's Letters

made into a packet, sealed with black, and duly addressed for delivery when the time should come.

At an early period of his illness, all visitors had of course been excluded, except his most intimate ones: before long, so soon as the end became apparent, he took leave even of his Father, to avoid excitements and intolerable emotions; and except his Brother and the Maurices, who were generally about him coming and going, none were admitted. This latter form of life, I think, continued for above three months. Men were still working about his grounds, of whom he took some charge; needful works, great and small, let them not pause on account of him. He still rose from bed; had still some portion of his day which he could spend in his Library. Besides business there, he read a good deal,—earnest books; the Bible, most earnest of books, his chief favourite. He still even wrote a good deal. To his eldest Boy, now Mr. Newman's ward, who had been removed to the Maurices' since the beginning of this illness, he addressed, every day or two, sometimes daily, for eight or nine weeks, a Letter, of general paternal advice and exhortation; interspersing sparingly, now and then, such notices of his own feelings and condition as could be addressed to a boy. These Letters I have lately read: they give, beyond any he has written, a noble image of the intrinsic Sterling;—the same face we had long known; but painted now as on the azure of Eternity, serene, victorious, divinely sad; the dusts and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world, now washed away. One little Excerpt, not the best, but the fittest for its neighbourhood here, will be welcome to the reader:

'*To Master Edward C. Sterling, London.*

'Hillside, Ventnor, 29th June 1844.

'My dear Boy,—We have been going on here as quietly 'as possible, with no event that I know of. There is nothing 'except books to occupy me. But you may suppose that my 'thoughts often move towards you, and that I fancy what you 'may be doing in the great City,—the greatest on the Earth, '—where I spent so many years of my life. I first saw London when I was between eight and nine years old, and then 'lived in or near it for the whole of the next ten, and more 'there than anywhere else for seven years longer. Since then

'I have hardly ever been a year without seeing the place, and 'have often lived in it for a considerable time. There I grew 'from childhood to be a man. My little Brothers and Sisters, 'and since, my Mother, died and are buried there. There I 'first saw your Mamma, and was there married. It seems as 'if, in some strange way, London were a part of Me or I of 'London. I think of it often, not as full of noise and dust and 'confusion, but as something silent, grand and everlasting.

'When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, 'and moving along the same river, that I used to watch so 'intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are,—I 'could gladly burst into tears, not of grief, but with a feeling 'that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great 'and holy, so sad and yet not bitter, so full of Death and so 'bordering on Heaven. Can you understand anything of this? 'If you can, you will begin to know what a serious matter our 'Life is; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away with-'out heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature 'any one comes to be, who does not as soon as possible bend 'his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing what-'ever task lies first before him.' * * *

'We have a mist here today from the sea. It reminds me 'of that which I used to see from my house in St. Vincent, 'rolling over the great volcano and the mountains round it. I 'used to look at it from our windows with your Mamma, and 'you a little baby in her arms.

'This Letter is not so well written as I could wish, but I 'hope you will be able to read it.—Your affectionate Papa,

'JOHN STERLING.'

These Letters go from June 9th to August 2d, at which latter date vacation-time arrived, and the Boy returned to him. The Letters are preserved; and surely well worth preserving.

In this manner he wore the slow doomed months away. Day after day his little period of Library went on waning, shrinking into less and less; but I think it never altogether ended till the general end came. — For courage, for active audacity we had all known Sterling; but such a fund of mild stoicism, of devout patience and heroic composure, we did not hitherto know in him. His sufferings, his sorrows, all his un-

utterabilities in this slow agony, he held right manfully down; marched loyally, as at the bidding of the Eternal, into the dread Kingdoms, and no voice of weakness was heard from him. Poor noble Sterling, he had struggled so high and gained so little here! But this also he did gain, to be a brave man; and it was much.

Summer passed into Autumn: Sterling's earthly businesses, to the last detail of them, were now all as good as done; his strength too was wearing to its end, his daily turn in the Library shrunk now to a span. He had to hold himself as if in readiness for the great voyage at any moment. One other Letter I must give; not quite the last message I had from Sterling, but the last that can be inserted here: a brief Letter, fit to be forever memorable to the receiver of it:

'*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

'Hillside, Ventnor, 10th August 1844.

'MY DEAR CARLYLE,—For the first time for many months 'it seems possible to send you a few words; merely, however, 'for Remembrance and Farewell. On higher matters there 'is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great 'darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of 'hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to You 'and Me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to 'keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights 'that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than 'towards England that no man has been and done like you. 'Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that 'will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hun-'dredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

'Your Wife knows my mind towards her, and will believe 'it without asseverations.—Yours to the last,

'JOHN STERLING.'

It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me: if in the great Cathedral of Immensity I did no worship that day, the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me; which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death, there are some stanzas of verse for me,

written as if in star-fire and immortal tears; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone.

His business with the world was done; the one business now to await silently what may lie in other grander worlds. "God is great," he was wont to say: "God is great." The Maurices were now constantly near him; Mrs. Maurice assiduously watching over him. On the evening of Wednesday the 18th of September, his Brother, as he did every two or three days, came down; found him in the old temper, weak in strength but not very sensibly weaker; they talked calmly together for an hour; then Anthony left his bedside, and retired for the night, not expecting any change. But suddenly, about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and alarm: hurrying to his Brother's room, he found his Brother dying; and in a short while more the faint last struggle was ended, and all those struggles and strenuous often-foiled endeavours of eight-and-thirty years lay hushed in death.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

STERLING was of rather slim but well-boned wiry figure, perhaps an inch or two from six feet in height; of blonde complexion, without colour, yet not pale or sickly; dark-blonde hair, copious enough, which he usually wore short. The general aspect of him indicated freedom, perfect spontaneity, with a certain careless natural grace. In his apparel, you could notice, he affected dim colours, easy shapes; cleanly always, yet even in this not fastidious or conspicuous: he sat or stood, oftenest, in loose sloping postures; walked with long strides, body carelessly bent, head flung eagerly forward, right hand perhaps grasping a cane, and rather by the middle to swing it, than by the end to use it otherwise. An attitude of frank, cheerful impetuosity, of hopeful speed and alacrity; which indeed his physiognomy, on all sides of it, offered as the chief expression. Alacrity, velocity, joyous ardour, dwelt in the eyes too, which were of brownish gray, full of bright kindly life, rapid and frank rather than deep or strong. A smile, half of kindly impatience, half of real mirth, often sat on his face. The head was long;

high over the vertex; in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man.

In the voice, which was of good tenor sort, rapid and strikingly distinct, powerful too, and except in some of the higher notes harmonious, there was a clear-ringing *metallic* tone,—which I often thought was wonderfully physiognomic. A certain splendour, beautiful, but not the deepest or the softest, which I could call a splendour as of burnished metal,—fiery valour of heart, swift decisive insight and utterance, then a turn for brilliant elegance, also for ostentation, rashness, &c. &c.,—in short, a flash as of clear-glancing sharp-cutting steel, lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limits of them both. His laugh, which on light occasions was ready and frequent, had in it no great depth of gaiety, or sense for the ludicrous in men or things; you might call it rather a good smile become vocal than a deep real laugh: with his whole man I never saw him laugh. A clear sense of the humorous he had, as of most other things; but in himself little or no true humour;—nor did he attempt that side of things. To call him deficient in sympathy would seem strange, him whose radiances and resonances went thrilling over all the world, and kept him in brotherly contact with all: but I may say his sympathies dwelt rather with the high and sublime than with the low or ludicrous; and were, in any field, rather light, wide and lively, than deep, abiding or great.

There is no Portrait of him which tolerably resembles. The miniature Medallion, of which Mr. Hare has given an Engraving, offers us, with no great truth in physical details, one, and not the best, superficial expression of his face, as if that with vacuity had been what the face contained; and even that Mr. Hare's engraver has disfigured into the nearly or the utterly irrecognisable. Two Pencil-sketches, which no artist could approve of, hasty sketches done in some social hour, one by his friend Spedding, one by Baynim the Novelist, whom he slightly knew and had been kind to, tell a much truer story so far as they go: of these his Brother has engravings; but these also I must suppress as inadequate for strangers.

Nor in the way of Spiritual Portraiture does there, after so much writing and excerpting, anything of importance remain

for me to say. John Sterling and his Life in this world were—such as has been already said. In purity of character, in the so-called moralities, in all manner of proprieties of conduct, so as tea-tables and other human tribunals rule them, he might be defined as perfect, according to the world's pattern: in these outward tangible respects the world's criticism of him must have been praise and that only. An honourable man, and good citizen; discharging, with unblamable correctness, all functions and duties laid on him by the customs (*mores*) of the society he lived in,—with correctness and something more. In all these particulars, a man perfectly *moral*, or of approved virtue according to the rules.

Nay in the far more essential tacit virtues, which are not marked on stone tables, or so apt to be insisted on by human creatures over tea or elsewhere,—in clear and perfect fidelity to Truth wherever found, in childlike and soldierlike, pious and valiant loyalty to the Highest, and what of good and evil that might send him,—he excelled among good men. The joys and the sorrows of his lot he took with true simplicity and acquiescence. Like a true son, not like a miserable mutinous rebel, he comported himself in this Universe. Extremity of distress,—and surely his fervid temper had enough of contradiction in this world,—could not tempt him into impatience at any time. By no chance did you ever hear from him a whisper of those mean repinings, miserable arraignings and questionings of the Eternal Power, such as weak souls even well disposed will sometimes give way to in the pressure of their despair; to the like of this he never yielded, or showed the least tendency to yield;—which surely was well on his part. For the Eternal Power, I still remark, will not answer the like of this, but silently and terribly accounts it impious, blasphemous and damnable, and now as heretofore will visit it as such. Not a rebel but a son, I said; willing to suffer when Heaven said, Thou shalt;—and withal, what is perhaps rarer in such a combination, willing to rejoice also, and right cheerily taking the good that was sent, whensoever or in whatever form it came.

A pious soul we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things: the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and a delusion in man.

Doubtless, in so clear and filial a heart there must have dwelt the perennial feeling of silent worship ; which silent feeling, as we have seen, he was eager enough to express by all good ways of utterance; zealously adopting such appointed forms and creeds as the Dignitaries of the World had fixed upon and solemnly named recommendable ; prostrating his heart in such Church, by such accredited rituals and seemingly fit or half-fit methods, as his poor time and country had to offer him,—not rejecting the said methods till they stood convicted of palpable *un*fitness, and then doing it right gently withal, rather letting them drop as pitiably dead for him, than angrily hurling them out of doors as needing to be killed. By few Englishmen of his epoch had the thing called Church of England been more loyally appealed to as a spiritual mother.

And yet, as I said before, it may be questioned whether piety, what we call devotion or worship, was the principle deepest in him. In spite of his Coleridge discipleship, and his once headlong operations following thereon, I used to judge that his piety was prompt and pure rather than great or intense ; that, on the whole, religious devotion was not the deepest element of him. His reverence was ardent and just, ever ready for the thing or man that deserved revering, or seemed to deserve it: but he was of too joyful, light and hoping a nature to go to the depths of that feeling, much more to dwell perennially in it. He had no fear in his composition ; terror and awe did not blend with his respect of anything. In no scene or epoch could he have been a Church Saint, a fanatic enthusiast, or have worn-out his life in passive martyrdom, sitting patient in his grim coal-mine, looking at the 'three ells' of Heaven high overhead there. In sorrow he would not dwell ; all sorrow he swiftly subdued, and shook away from him. How could you have made an Indian Fakeer of the Greek Apollo, 'whose bright eye lends brightness, and never yet saw a shadow'?—I should say, not religious reverence, rather artistic admiration was the essential character of him : a fact connected with all other facts in the physiognomy of his life and self, and giving a tragic enough character to much of the history he had among us.

Poor Sterling, he was by nature appointed for a Poet, then, —a Poet after his sort, or recogniser and delineator of the Beav

tiful; and not for a Priest at all? Striving towards the sunny heights, out of such a level and through such an element as ours in these days is, he had strange aberrations appointed him, and painful wanderings amid the miserable gas-lights, bog-fires, dancing meteors and putrid phosphorescences which form the guidance of a young human soul at present! Not till after trying all manner of sublimely illuminated places, and finding that the basis of them was putridity, artificial gas and quaking bog, did he, when his strength was all done, discover his true sacred hill, and passionately climb thither while life was fast ebbing!—A tragic history, as all histories are; yet a gallant, brave and noble one, as not many are. It is what, to a radiant son of the Muses, and bright messenger of the harmonious Wisdoms, this poor world, — if he himself have not strength enough, and *inertia* enough, and amid his harmonious eloquences silence enough,—has provided at present. Many a high-striving, too-hasty soul, seeking guidance towards eternal excellence from the official Black-artists, and successful Professors of political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, commercial, general and particular Legerdemain, will recognise his own history in this image of a fellow-pilgrim's.

Over-haste was Sterling's continual fault; over-haste, and want of the due strength,—alas, mere want of the due *inertia* chiefly; which is so common a gift for most part; and proves so inexorably needful withal! But he was good and generous and true; joyful where there was joy, patient and silent where endurance was required of him; shook innumerable sorrows, and thick-crowding forms of pain, gallantly away from him; fared frankly forward, and with scrupulous care to tread on no one's toes. True, above all, one may call him; a man of perfect veracity in thought, word and deed. Integrity towards all men, —nay integrity had ripened with him into chivalrous generosity; there was no guile or baseness anywhere found in him. Transparent as crystal; he could not hide anything sinister, if such there had been to hide. A more perfectly transparent soul I have never known. It was beautiful, to read all those interior movements; the little shades of affectations, ostentations; transient spurts of anger, which never grew to the length of settled spleen: all so naive, so childlike, the very faults grew beautiful to you.

And so he played his part among us, and has now ended it: in this first half of the Nineteenth Century, such was the shape of human destinies the world and he made out between them. He sleeps now, in the little burying-ground of Bonchurch; bright, ever-young in the memory of others that must grow old; and was honourably released from his toils before the hottest of the day.

All that remains, in palpable shape, of John Sterling's activities in this world are those Two poor Volumes; scattered fragments gathered from the general waste of forgotten ephemera by the piety of a friend: an inconsiderable memorial; not pretending to have achieved greatness; only disclosing, mournfully, to the more observant, that a promise of greatness was there. Like other such lives, like all lives, this is a tragedy; high hopes, noble efforts; under thickening difficulties and impediments, ever-new nobleness of valiant effort;—and the result death, with conquests by no means corresponding. A life which cannot challenge the world's attention; yet which does modestly solicit it, and perhaps on clear study will be found to reward it.

On good evidence let the world understand that here was a remarkable soul born into it; who, more than others, sensible to its influences, took intensely into him such tint and shape of feature as the world had to offer there and then; fashioning himself eagerly by whatsoever of noble presented itself; participating ardently in the world's battle, and suffering deeply in its bewilderments;—whose Life-pilgrimage accordingly is an emblem, unusually significant, of the world's own during those years of his. A man of infinite susceptivity; who caught everywhere, more than others, the colour of the element he lived in, the infection of all that was or appeared honourable, beautiful and manful in the tendencies of his Time;—whose history therefore is, beyond others, emblematic of that of his Time.

In Sterling's Writings and Actions, were they capable of being well read, we consider that there is for all true hearts, and especially for young noble seekers, and strivers towards what is highest, a mirror in which some shadow of themselves and of their immeasurably complex arena will profitably present itself. Here also is one encompassed and struggling even as they now are. This man also had said to himself, not in mere Catechism-

words, but with all his instincts, and the question thrilled in every nerve of him, and pulsed in every drop of his blood: "What is the chief end of man? Behold, I too would live and "work as beseems a denizen of this Universe, a child of the "Highest God. By what means is a noble life still possible for "me here? Ye Heavens and thou Earth, oh, how?"—The history of this long-continued prayer and endeavour, lasting in various figures for near forty years, may now and for some time coming have something to say to men!

Nay, what of men or of the world? Here, visible to myself, for some while, was a brilliant human presence, distinguishable, honourable and lovable amid the dim common populations; among the million little beautiful, once more a beautiful human soul: whom I, among others, recognised and lovingly walked with, while the years and the hours were. Sitting now by his tomb in thoughtful mood, the new times bring a new duty for me. 'Why write the Life of Sterling?' I imagine I had a commission higher than the world's, the dictate of Nature herself, to do what is now done. *Sic prosit.*

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THE END

Richard Clay & Sons, Limited, London & Bungay.